THIS BOOK BELONGS TO THE
Rogers Hall School Library
LOWELL, MASS.

GIVEN BY.....

DATE .....

No. 2578

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Autumn Fires	1
Editorial	1
The Gentle Art of Skating	3
A Ten Mile Tramp	4
An Incident in the Steerage	8
Maria Jane, Quarter back	9
Across the Fence Monday Morning	13
A Moonlight Ride	15
The Habitant	17
A Medieval Knight	22
Jacqueline Meredith	23
Her First Vote	26
School News	30
Athletics	49
From My Study Window	53
Children's Page	57
Alumnæ Notes	59

This year four numbers will be issued.
Terms: One dollar and fifty cents a year. Single numbers forty cents.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editors in Chief . . . . . Hazelle Sleeper, Tracy L'Engle.

Assistant Editors { Gwendolen Perry, Alice Billings, Bonney Lilley, Amy Condit, Ethel Osgood, Josephine Howland.

School News { Evelyn Pike, *Chairman:* Helen Gallup, Harriet Hasty, Anna Kuttner, Esther Loveman, Helen Munroe, Gladys Carb, Elizabeth Callahan, Lucretia Walker, Helen Tyler, Dorothea Holland.

Advertising { Julia Burke, *Chairman:* Hilda Baxter, Sylvia Doutney, Helen Case, Kathryn Hopson, Ruth Lowell, Marian Colman, Leslie Brown, Leslie Hylan, Madeline White, Kathryn Redway.

Athletics { Carlotta Heath, *Chairman:* Dorothy Benton, Beatrice Chowen, Madeline Smith, Gertrude Parker, Elizabeth Talbot, Matilda Kloppenburg, Emma Arnold.

Children's Page { Ethel Hockmeyer, *Chairman:* Mary Holden, Ruth Greene, Carrie Baxter, Helen Foss, Ethel Dempsey, Marjorie Stover.

Business Managers { Millicent Painter, Cynthia Byington, Harriet Gage, Mildred Creese, Dorothy Jackson.

Treasurer . . . . . Helen Brown.

Alumnæ Editor . . . . . Alice Faulkner.

MOGAN
PS 508.S4S654
V.11-12
1910-1912
R0005020584

SPLINTERS.

Vol. 11. DECEMBER, 1910. No. 1

AUTUMN FIRES.

And this I saw,
Beyond the fence the hillside all aglow,
Aflame in all the wonder of the autumn day,
A branch of scarlet sumach hid the climbing way;
And looking down I watched the shifting wreaths of mist below.
Beside the brook a single crimson maple swayed
Against a background of the birches sodden greys,
And far away, the place from whence the dancing wind had strayed,
The far-off mountains in a purple haze.
All this I saw,
And then a bit of silver down swept by me up the dale,
And this I caught, and set it once again a-sail
Upon the autumn wind.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

EDITORIAL.

It's easy enough to have ambitions, most of us have them, of one sort or another; but it is anything but easy to live up to them. At the time when our pet ambition is most rampant, it seems to be the one and only thing worth living for, and we look with scorn at other people who are endeavoring feebly to keep up within seeing distance of their noble goal.

All the beautiful morals set forth in books, and still more valuable, all the good advice that is given us in Editorials, which we generally skip, or when we do read, don't more than half appreciate, stirs us to a more violent attempt, and for a time we start up our ambition to a trot, and feel that we are making vast progress along the road of character development. Then suddenly some new ambition is brought before us, we hesitate and are lost, and off we go, on a wild goose chase, after some hitherto unnoticed fad.

Speaking of fads, I wonder how many of us confuse our ambitions with our fads. I know a girl, and she is a very good friend of mine, who cherishes a fond affection for the eccentric. She likes to be different from ordinary people and adores being told she is queer. She really thinks that her greatest ambition is to avoid being commonplace. Doubtless this makes a very nice fad, but as an ambition it has its limitations.

Then, too, high ambitions may be the finest things in the world, but how many of us who successfully hitch our wagon to a star, according to the formula, ever reach the star? We may hitch it with a double knot, and rivet the rope down with all sorts of prejudices, but when we get ready to seize that star—it is somewhere up in the sky, blinking derisively.

And yet I don't think lowly ambitions are quite what we need either; the sort of person who contemplates with calmness a lifetime spent sitting before the steam heater, in company with the family pussy, darning socks, is not all that one could desire as a life comrade.

So perhaps what is needed in our ambitions as well as in most things, on this most extraordinary planet, is a happy medium—that much talked of, and seldom discovered stage, in which we succeed in satisfying the hopes and aspirations that our friends have for us, and still more, though doubtless it should be less, in satisfying ourselves. HAZELLE SLEEPER.

THE GENTLE ART OF SKATING.

Skating may be a pastime to some, but it is a tragedy to others. I am in the latter class. Vain have been my endeavors to glide like a bird over the shining ice, and I aspire no longer, but have become resigned to my fate and reconciled to admire from a distance.

I remember vaguely when scarcely more than an infant making a few clumsy attempts at skating with an ancient pair of wooden skates which were rusty. I was not discouraged then because of my failure, for, was it not due to my skates? But now no such excuse remains to me, I have become convinced that golden skates set with diamonds would not enable me to glide.

At intervals during the years that have passed I have gone on to the ice and with such aids as a chair, sled or broom deluded myself into thinking that the art was mine—only to find that I was pushing myself along with my left foot and striking out vainly with my right! I have been infinitely more surprised, however, when I have thought all going nicely to find myself seated forcibly on the groaning ice. Clearly this is not an accomplishment in which I am to shine.

Now whenever I see a sheet of smooth and glistening ice I have a frantic desire to run. It seems to shriek to me to keep off, nor am I tempted to come on. Whoever mentions skating to me in the future will be sadly lacking in tact, as it is now known this is a delicate subject and to be broached only with caution.

I admit I have laughed about it in the past but I am willing to confess to my best friends, in strict confidence, of course, that the laughter has been forced. DOROTHY JACKSON.

A TEN MILE TRAMP.

It was an August day, at the Sapphire mines, in old Montana. For a long time we had planned a tramp on this day, and as the afternoon wore on to its close, we were ready and eager to start. Our party consisted of my father and sister, Anna Rector, Cleo Wilson, Bessie Boal, Mr. Eliot, an elderly man, very fat and very jolly, and Mr. Burr, superintendent of the mines. We started at about four o'clock and took our supper along.

The first mile or so was a pleasant walk under the pines, but by the second, we began a steep ascent, where the trees were scarce, and the sun hot. The climb grew gradually steeper and hotter and we were almost exhausted when we reached the top. To make matters worse, my father, who was leading, missed the path, and instead of going straight on, we had to walk around a sort of gulch to get to the next hill. It was awful! We were so hot that we fairly melted!

I thought when I left home that I had on good climbing shoes, but they had rubbed so that my foot pained me terribly. I found out later that I had rubbed a blister on my foot and it had broken, causing a sore. When we reached the summit of the mountain, I was ready to lie down and die! Now for the descent!

We rested for a while, and then started down, holding fast to bushes and rocks and sliding more than walking. Mr. Eliot was puffing and panting as if his life depended upon it, and we were so spent that it really hurt us to laugh. A little more of this sliding and we walked right out upon a narrow projection.

As I looked over the edge, I gave a cry of pleasure! About three hundred and fifty feet below us, lay the Middle Fork, one of the prettiest little streams that I have ever seen. The water was deep and green and so clear that the bottom was visible. Where the stream turned was a monstrous cave into which the water flowed, as if by mistake, and then finding a

stone wall, turned partly and crawled leisurely out again, where a swifter current took it up. Mr. Burr sent a stone sailing down. We watched it; saw it strike the water, and a moment later a faint "splash" came to our ears, and the stone settled on the bottom, plainly visible from where we were. We took a few pictures there, and then turned from "Inspiration Point," and continued on our journey.

We had not gone far when I heard someone laugh near the head of the party. I made a dash forward over a surface of rock when I heard someone scream:

"Look out!"

I stopped short and looked down,—into one of the neatest little "cracks" I have ever seen. It was a sheer drop of fifty feet, the crevice being just wide enough to admit a person by squeezing. The bottom sloped up at one end so that one could be swung down. I had been at the point of stepping into it! I laughed when informed that we had to go through that crevice to get down to the water, but found that it was true. Already father was swinging the girls down by the arms. I was the last girl to go. I landed sideways and was obliged to edge my way along this way, the crevice being too narrow to turn in. We went along like this for a while, until we came to a drop of about twelve feet that we had to climb down. Finally it was Mr. Eliot's turn. He swore that he couldn't get into that crack. He made Mr. Burr measure him and then the crevice. Mr. Burr found him about three inches larger but he told him that he was smaller than the space, so he tried it. How he got down I don't know, for we were struggling to get down that drop. We slid and climbed and slipped and grasped at nothing and tore our clothes, and finally walked out into the sunlight to watch for Mr. Eliot. He came slowly but surely, now wedged in, now breaking loose again, panting and wheezing. When he got to the top of the rock, it was light enough to take pictures of him, which we did, while he vainly struggled to get down, swearing vengeance on us. We thought we would have to dynamite the rocks to get him out, but he finally emerged,

covered from head to foot with dirt and dust. Father and Mr. Burr came last. Too bad, for they missed all the fun.

The next half mile was slide—slide—slide! A walk along a cliff or so, and then—slide some more! until we reached the stream. How were we going to cross?

Father chopped down a tree. It fell sideways and reached half way across. Then he and Mr. Burr tried to place rocks the rest of the way. One of the two slipped off the log and then they went right in and tried to build some sort of bridge. Everything floated calmly away. Even the rocks rolled merrily down stream, laughing as they went. Mr. Burr was exasperated! To make matters a little worse I asked innocently how we were going to cross. He turned like a flash and said:

"Why, I'll carry you across!"

I thought he was joking until I found myself in midstream and then on the other side, high and dry, and Mr. Burr was going back for Anna. He carried all the girls except Aline, my sister. She had a kodak and thought it would be a good joke to get a picture of Mr. Burr carrying one of the girls. She started rapidly across the log. Then we heard a scream. Aline was gracefully balanced on one foot, on the log. Only for a moment, though, and then flopped over on her back on a slippery rock in the stream, poised there a moment like some dainty water sprite and then splashed in, arms waving wildly. We were convulsed! About all that wasn't wet was the kodak, and she did get a picture of Mr. Burr carrying Bessie, after all. Mr. Eliot teased her and said that if she had not been so anxious to be carried, she wouldn't have missed her chance.

We ate supper on the other side, and then started up what I thought was merely a little washout. To my surprise it widened out into a canyon, so narrow that one man could easily have held the whole pass. The sides of the canyon were so narrow that one could touch the rock on either side, yet on looking up, the blue sky and pines were visible. It was the most beautiful place I have ever seen.

In one place, a rock had fallen, wedged in between the walls, just before it reached the bottom. There was enough

room to pass under this. Some plants and one lone pine had grown on it, making a pretty natural bridge. We passed under this and came to another rock, which blocked the way. A dead tree leaned up against it, with the stumps of the branches left, so that one could climb up and over. Mr. Eliot went first despite our pleading with him to go last, and to our surprise, the branches held. We called him the "Baby Elephant" after that because he looked exactly like one when he was climbing over the rock.

The canyon narrowed and widened at intervals. We did not go much farther as it was getting dark. After it widened out enough to admit patches of firs, we sat down and rested, while Cleo told us a story. Then we got up with sighs and started home. I thought we would never get there. Mr. Burr carried us across the stream again. Mr. Eliot walked across, slipped when he got right in the middle and got somewhat wet.

It was getting dark rapidly. Mr. Burr led us home and we followed like faithful dogs. I was so tired that I had lost all sense of direction. Suddenly he switched off the path, plunged into a deep forest, went down gulches, over mountains, struck paths and left them. I was bewildered. I thought I knew the "lay of the land," but I guess I didn't. We went through a deep, dark forest for a while and then came out on a familiar path near home. I wondered how he could find the way but I was too tired to say so.

We reached home, very tired and very hungry. The "wimin-folks" had a nice hot supper for us. (The other did not count.) We did it justice! We were so glad to get home, (although we had had lots of fun) that we danced after supper despite our fatigue. No one got up early next morning. I wonder why!

BEATRICE CHOWEN.

AN INCIDENT IN THE STEERAGE.

It was a hot, sultry day and the crowd of pleasure seekers aboard the ocean steamer were anxious to leave the dock. On the first-class deck were a gay laughing crowd, saying good-bye to their many friends. There were two newly married couples who were being besieged with flowers and confetti.

In the steerage, in the front of the boat, there was a strange contrast. There were no flowers. Some foreigners, who had found the struggle in the new country too much for them, were going home discouraged, some to die; and others, who were fewer, had been successful and had earned enough to go home to live.

The bell, which warns everyone who is going ashore to go, rang and as the crowd hurried down to the dock a girl pushed her way through and ran up the gang plank. As she neared the top a steward stepped in front of her, and upon learning that she was not a passenger, ordered her back. But she tried to slip past him. There was a struggle but the steward stood firm and refused to let her pass. The watching crowd hissed, and an officer, attracted by the noise, leapt the rail between the first and third-class decks, and motioned the steward to one side. The girl stumbled up the gang plank, and fell into the arms of a man who awaited her at the top. She threw her arms around his neck, and as the crowd cheered, kissed him, then sobbing, she turned and ran down the gang plank.

In a minute the powerful engines were throbbing; the water surged between the dock and the steamer, and in the excitement the incident was forgotten by everyone except, perhaps, the man in the steerage.

ETHEL HOCKMEYER.

"MARIA JANE, QUARTER BACK."

"But she must be a perfectly bully football player, because she knows all about tackles and mass plays and goals and home runs and all those things which belong to football. She's always discussing the big college games, so you see she must know a lot about it."

This fervent speech came from a small blond. Her name was Wilma, by baptism, but she was called "Billie" by the common consent of her schoolmates.

Eight or ten girls were spending a rainy afternoon in Juny's room, one of the cosiest dens in Miss Andrews' School for Girls. The speaker was evidently defending a girl who was, of course, not in the little circle. Who of us are ever present when we are being discussed by our companions in boarding school!

"Yes, she says she knows all about the game, but I doubt it," spoke the "Pessimist," a large, homely girl who was steaming her face over some welsh rarebit which bore a very remarkable resemblance to rubber.

"Now Ruth, you know you're always doubting people. You never will give any of us any credit when we deserve it. I insist that Maria Jane is perfectly familiar with the game."

"Well, why on earth don't you settle this discussion by giving her a chance to prove her football ability! Hockey season is over and it's too early for basket ball. We are all hopelessly bored. Why not create some excitement in the form of a football tug? Then we can put Maria to the test."

Mary, whose brother played on the Cornell football team, was usually listened to with much respect by the other girls, and in this instance, especially, her advice was very well received.

"Just the thing!"

"How perfectly grand!"

"Won't we just have a circus!"

"Yes, Mary has a wonderful brother who is on the Cornell team, so she ought to be one Captain and of course Maria Jane will be the other."

"When shall we have the game?"

"Do you suppose Miss Andrews will allow it? You know she doesn't approve of anything boisterous."

"Honey, let me play first base."

"My dear woman, this is not going to be a baseball game!"

With a thousand ejaculations much similar to the above, the girls piled out of the room. Welsh rarebit, fudge, everything was forgotten in the hurry to tell the other girls of the new diversion. All the young ladies were "simply mad" about the idea.

From this time on, Maria Jane and Mary, the two captains, were much in demand. Football practice was called for every afternoon for one short delightful week. Then as the girls considered themselves sufficiently proficient at the game, the day for the great skirmish was set for the following Saturday.

The approaching contest formed a topic of much interest, as it was an entirely new idea. There were some doubts expressed as to whether the girls of the "elevens" really knew enough about the game to play, but these fears were well concealed, for as visitors were strictly prohibited from being present at any of the practices, the doubtful ones were not able to judge whether their fears were well founded or not.

The afternoon finally came. All the students who had not been so fortunate as to make one of the teams, assembled on the athletic field which was a miniature of the regulation field. All the spectators wore arm bands and waved school flags. A few husky souls were armed with horns, drums and rattles.

After a delay of several minutes, probably due to the fact that one of the players was not fully equipped, the two teams trotted upon the field. Such a motley crowd has never before been seen on a gridiron! Some of the players were wrapped up in their best oriental rugs. Others were more fortunate in having some college sweaters.

Mary, the captain, was the object of much envy and admiration, caused by her huge white sweater adorned with a red "C." Hockey guards, which encased many legs, were also in evidence. Some of the girls had sat up half of the preceding night, making knee and shoulder pads out of almost nothing. Others had manufactured nose guards and one girl was the proud possessor of a much battered helmet.

Cheers arose from the eager audience. The excitement was intense! Everyone expected a "bully" game. At this point, however, much confusion was caused by some of the players not knowing which goal was theirs or in what positions they were supposed to play. Maria Jane, who after much persuasion had finally consented to be the captain and play the important position of quarter back, did her best to make some order from chaos, and after much pushing into places and screaming out directions, she finally succeeded in getting the two line ups correctly arranged.

"Rah! Rah! She's all right!

Who's all right? Maria Jane!"

"Play ball!"

At last Annette, the referee, blew the whistle and the game began.

"One, two, four, eight," came falteringly from between Maria's frozen lips.

"Three, twelve—"

Then—the petrified quarter back halted.

The girls stood poised, ready to rush when they heard the proper signal. At last, after a long, ominous pause, the realization burst upon them that their captain, their quarter back, the star of the team, the girl who had boasted of her extensive knowledge of football—Maria Jane, had failed them when the crisis had come. She had forgotten her signals!

The spectators became suddenly silent. After a short interval of suspense, however, the cheers burst forth once more as loud as ever. Still the ball was not put in play.

"Play ball!"

"Go on! Start something!"

Driven to desperation by these encouraging cries, the center plucked up courage enough to pass the ball to the quarter back, without the proper signal. The unlucky quarter back caught at it, missed it by two or three feet. Finally, after much bouncing about the field, one of the half backs got a fairly good hold of it, then threw it back to the fifty yard line. There ensued much argument, for, as the girls had not counted on Maria's missing the ball, they were not prepared for this turn of events. They could not decide on any other course, so they recommenced the game.

"One, two, four, eight, three, twelve."

This time Maria's memory returned and the proper signal being given, the ball was passed swiftly from the center to the quarter back, who, assisted by the rest of the team, aimed a mass at the cowering tackle of the opposing line. Ruth, the center of the other team, heroically threw herself in the path of the approaching avalanche, and the play was stopped.

By some miracle an "accident" mass play took place with the result that twenty-one girls piled on top of one another, satisfied that they had the ball beneath them. Such was not the case, however, for when the pile of legs, feet and arms was finally disentangled, a terrible cry went up.

The ball was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly all eyes were directed as if by instinct toward one of the goals and there, calmly standing between the posts with the ball clasped tightly in her arms was Maria Jane! In the excitement of the moment, she had somehow made a grab at the ball. This time she did not miss it. While all the other girls were engrossed in the difficult task of making their mass play, a thing of gracefulness, she had calmly walked the entire length of the field and deposited the ball back of the line.

Screams of delight issued forth at this unexpected achievement, but their joy was destined for a short life. For when Mary, "the girl whose brother played on the Cornell team," was able to make herself heard above the rabble, she explained to them that it was customary to make a touchdown at the opposite end of the field, and Maria Jane had placed the ball

squarely in the center of Mary's own goal posts. Disgust and disappointment excelled the desire to continue the game and by mutual consent, it was called off.

One of the girls was heard afterwards to remark:

"It was a perfectly bully game! Just think, there wasn't anybody hurt in it and we played just as rough as the college teams do and they always have loads of awful accidents."

However unsuccessful the game turned out to be, do not think that it was not fully discussed that evening. In fact, the "Game" remained the favorite topic of conversation.

Whenever football is mentioned in her presence, Maria Jane maintains a discreet and dignified silence.

JOSEPHINE HOWLAND.

ACROSS THE FENCE MONDAY MORNING.

It is the usual custom of our servants to talk over Sunday's happenings and we hear many conversations like this on Monday morning.

"Mornin', Miss Anna, how's you alls dis mornin'?"

"I's kinder po'ly today, thank de Lawd, Miss Sarah, but my ole man he's all right. I lef' him to home a sleepin' when I come off. He's sho a mighty pow'ful sleeper. Would you b'lieve hit he went to sleep yesterday in church right when Bruder Johnson was most vehemencely talkin' 'bout de sinners!"

"Dat was a mighty fine preachin' we got yesterday."

"Yes suh ree! And Bruder Johnson was a lookin' at my ole man all de time and him jes' a snoosin'! I gib him a punch but I see it don' do no good, he'd jes' snore and snore de louder so I quit foolin' wid him and jes' make lack I didn't know nuthin' wus wrong."

"Law yes chil', I done foun' out ye can't do nuthin' wid a nigger when he wants ter sleep. Did you seed de way Miss

Pansy done carry on when Bruder Johnson was er tiradin' like? She mus' er been turrible scart de Lawd was atter her. Didn't you seed de way she acted?"

"To tell you de truth, Miss Sarah, I was so busy pokin' my ole man an' watchin' Miss Daisy in dat new dress er hern I didn'n have time to see much else."

"Dat was a turrible fine dress of Miss Daisy's, dat crush-berry gown."

"What you talkin' 'bout, niger, dat warn't no gown! No fool nigger would go to sleep in dat dress."

"Cose dat was a gown, don' all de swell white folks call fine clothes gowns?"

"Well ma'by you's right and ma'by you is wrong but she sho looked like a peach. I couldn'n make out wether de color o' dat gown, as you calls it, was pink or light red so I axes her an' den she put on all her no count airs and tells me it was crush-berry silk! That sho a mighty high soundin' word, eh, Miss Sarah? But dat Miss Daisy is about de most stingiest woman they ever was."

"Yes, I seen de way she come up de aisle, trailin' dat crush-berry silk an' hol'in' out a five dollar bill in huh han'. I wonders den ef she got a change er heart and how she could 'ford to give so much—but I might er knowed dat coon. I was sittin' in de fust pew and I saw dis wid my own eyes. She walk up to de table real grand like and lay de big bill right under Bruder Johnson's nose. Of course he was mightly susprised an' his eye jes' shine. Then Miss Daisy up an' says 'I want some change please.' Bruder Johnson's face did change a little mite but he up an' says real pleasant like, 'How much, mam?' An' would you think, Miss Anna, that nigger had the nerve to say, 'Four dollars an' ninety-five cents!' "

"You done mean to tell me atter all de florishin' of dat five dollar bill she only gabe five cents!"

"Lis'en a minute, I hears someone a callin' you."

"Yes honey I'm comin'. I got ter go see what ole Miss wants. Good mornin', Miss Sarah." TRACY L'ENGLE.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

Every full moon brings back many, many recollections of other moonlight nights to girls at boarding school. One girl describes the delights of canoeing or sailing, another is just as emphatic on the merits of automobiling, and one very outdoor sort of girl tells us of the wonderful feeling of swimming through the cold, dark water with the moonbeams dancing on the waves before her. But there is one thing that has not been mentioned and which I think wins over them all, a horseback ride on country roads with a horse that almost seems to understand each varying mood. Of course there must be company, but whether a crowd or just a friend who will not talk too much, depends upon the way you feel at the time.

Last fall, Dorothy, a friend of mine, and a girl equally devoted to riding, suggested we take a short ride to a neighboring town. We were very late in starting as we forgot how soon the night comes at that time of year, but the day had been very warm for so late in the season and the cool breeze that gives warning of approaching darkness was still absent. We rode along rather slowly, talking about everything as girls always have and always will, only stopping now and then to exclaim over some vivid spot of color. Autumn lay spread before us in all its beauty and wonder, a scene that is as old as the world, yet seems newer and more beautiful as it comes around each year.

When we reached the little village of Hopkington, night had fallen and from each house that we passed, tiny rays of light and warmth came slanting through the windows onto the lawn or sidewalks. The moon had been rising slowly, and as we left the main street and turned homeward, we saw it for the first time. It was the real harvest moon, full and golden, filling the open way before us with a cold, white light. The night air had grown chilly, making us realize that the warmth of the past day was a deception and fall was here with its keen

and biting winds. However the growing coolness only added to our enjoyment and even the horses pricked up their ears and quickened their steps as the breeze slightly ruffled their manes. We had to go very slowly now for the moon, though lighting the way, often deceived us and caused the horses to stumble occasionally on the loose stones. The road led us down into the hollows, where the cold mist penetrated like a knife; then up again to the summit of some little hill from which we could see light gleaming here and there below us, flickering ever so slightly as a branch in the distance swayed back and forth cutting across our vision.

The farmhouses that we passed were scattered some distance apart, separated by fields and woods. But now and then we saw a little house with its large barn and outbuildings in the background, giving no sign of life save a faint light in the very back where the housewife was preparing the evening meal. Sometimes we saw the dancing flame of a lantern as the men moved about finishing their chores for the night, or stopped to peer at us as Dot and I rode by. The woods and fields now stretched on either side of the road, the former dark and mysterious with no sound other than a little rustle as some small creature, frightened by the sound of our horses' feet, dashed quickly through the dead leaves and into the darkness barely penetrated by the moon. In the fields lay stacks of squashes and pumpkins, piled high to be carried into the barns the next day. The old cornstalks leaning against each other in solitary bunches, cast queer and almost fearful shadows from the moon. Even Dot, with all her New England sense, jerked her horse up suddenly when we passed one especially big and fearsome blot of darkness in the field, spread out in the moonlight.

Once a hay wagon, filled with a crowd of boys and girls singing and laughing, dashed by us. They called some merry badinage as they passed, then their voices melted away into the night.

We had one last chance for a swift canter up a little slope ahead of us, and as we felt the movement of the horses under us, the sharp breeze against our faces and the road stretching

ahead of us all white and shining in the moonlight, we could not be blamed for the desire to ride on and on forever with no thought for the material things,—as supper. Home was reached very quickly after that last swift ride and father hastened out to meet us, a little worried at our delayed return. He stood in the open door for an instant, the soft light from the lamp in the hall streaming out into the night, while through one of the windows we caught a glimpse of the table set for supper, the firelight dancing on plates and glasses. It was a scene of warmth and light very different from the chill air outside and the cold light shed by the moon. After all this, homecoming was not so hard, and if anything ever could equal that wonderful ride through the moonlight, it was the home itself.

H. Madeline Smith.

THE HABITANT.

The old man pulled himself up further onto the nail keg and settled his pipe in his mouth. "Dere ain much use you go, 'Poleon," he said. "What you goin' do w'en you get dere? And what for you wan to leave Canada?"

'Poleon looked up and shrugged his shoulders. He was a tall man, with great black eyes that laughed when he spoke. He stroked his short black mustache as he answered, "Pierre, mon ami, I'm too much educate fore make farmer. I go on de States, en bime by five year ten year maybe, I make rich man, den I come back and see all of you. You sit here an' smoke, smoke, jus' lak now, and Gene, he eat de cheese," he pointed over his shoulder, "but I shall be great man den."

Old Pierre grunted. "Mebbe," he said. "Mebbe, but how you goin' do for Jacqueline Doré, 'Poleon, hein?"

'Poleon stopped, and brought his chair down onto all four legs. "Jacqueline?" he said, "Jacqueline?" Then he shrugged

his shoulders again. "Jacques is a one ver' fine girl, Pierre, but I get me a wife on de States, mebbe." He rose and stretched himself. "I better be move," he said. "I tak one early train tomorrow." He took a heavy coat from the wall and drew it on. "Good-bye, to you, mes amis, "he laughed, "w'en I come back I shall be Monsieur, one ver' big man"—and he slammed the door.

A long time had gone by and 'Poleon had come up in the world after a fashion, he owned a circus—a mammoth production that toured the States, and tonight as he stood in the door of the big tent, he realized that from the crown of his derby to his glittering patent leather shoes he was what he had aspired to be—a man of importance.

There was a sound behind him and he turned quickly. A girl was coming out of the ring where she had been testing the ropes. He looked her over, and his eyes smiled approval. She was small, and her short blue skirts heightened the affect—her hair, light and thick, was curled and caught back with a blue ribbon. Even her slippers were blue, tiny, heelless things, much the worse for wear.

"What you doin'?" she asked, as she came to the door. 'Poleon smiled. "I was tinking," he said, "how much better we are than six month ago, we were. Den, all de towns we tour have just been tour, or all de crop dey ain' good—we lose, and lose, and lose, but now all de time de people come and we make money so fast as we can spend it."

The girl seated herself on a rope and swung easily back and forth—"Yes," she said, "business is sure a lot better—where is the next stop?" "Martinsville," 'Poleon answered. "Here we are ten miles away from the line and fifteen from where I live when I was in Canada. I go back tonight and mak dem all a little visit."

The girl looked up suddenly. "Take me along?" she begged. "Say, I'm sick of the bunch."

'Poleon looked doubtful. "It's a long drive, Bessie, and if it rains—" he glanced at the sky. "Then I drive right on to Martinsville afterwards." Bessie jumped up. "I'm goin',

'Poleon, so you may as well make up your mind to it. I'll be ready right after the act." And she ran into the tent.

'Poleon stood looking after her, and then as a few early arrivals for the evening performance appeared he turned toward the wagons.

The big bell in the steeple of the church had just rung nine as 'Poleon drove up in front of the village store. He jumped out and handed the reins to Bessie.

"Hold de horse two tree minutes," he ordered. "I don' know if you wan' to come in or not."

He opened the door and stood looking in on almost the same scene he had left a year before—old Pierre smoking and all the men gathered around the stove. Pierre looked up as the door opened and then got slowly to his feet. "'Poleon Savat," he said, "'Poleon, mon ami," he seized the big man and turned him around slowly.

The others were on their feet now, looking at 'Poleon and exclaiming over him. "Well, 'Poleon," said Gene, "You don lak you said, you ver' big man now," he looked gravely at the tall silk hat that 'Poleon wore. "An' dat hat—"

'Poleon sat down in front of the stove and took off his fur coat—then he drew a handful of cigars from his pocket and passed them around. "Now, tell me all de news," he said. "I ain' heard French spik for year—say all wat happen wile I'm gone." This was invitation enough and in a moment they were talking frantically.

Presently 'Poleon rose, and turned to the door. "Well," he said, "I got to go. I got business away in Martinsville, and I guess I drive on." The door opened and for a moment he stood silent. A girl had come in, tall, slender, with a wealth of black hair in long braids over her shoulders. She looked at him for a minute, then started to pass. He stopped her. "Jacques, mon amie," he cried. "You ain' know me, 'Poleon?" The girl hesitated and then showed her teeth in a smile of recognition. "'Poleon! w'y you are change, lak I don' know," she said, "I'm ver' glad to see you." 'Poleon turned up his collar. "I mus' be goin'," he repeated, "I—" he was embar-

rassed. Jacqueline laughed and turned to the counter. "Cider," she said to old Pierre—then to 'Poleon, "Au revoir, my friend, and good luck to you."

'Poleon opened the door quickly—he was conscious of feeling unpleasantly certain that she was laughing at him—but he took his cigar from his mouth, and smiled back at the men. "Good-bye, my friends," he said, "and when you try your luck may you have so good fortune as me."

The drive to Martinsville was quiet, for Bessie was tired, and 'Poleon was too busy thinking of the impression he had made to want to talk.

For two months the circus continued to have good luck and then after a run of rainy weather the manager fell ill, that took almost all the summer's profits. 'Poleon doctored him for two days and at last sent for a doctor. "He isn't much sick, I don' tink," he said, but under it all he was a little nervous, and he knew that he would have a bad night for already rumor of sickness among the show people had spread about the town. The doctor came out and called to him. "Do you know what's the matter with that man?" he asked. 'Poleon shook his head. "Mebbe little cold," he said, "mebbe little fever." The doctor frowned. "Mebbe not, too," he answered, "that man's got scarlet fever, and you'd better move quick for we don't want you around here."

'Poleon grunted. "Don' tell dat," he said, "and we won't stop here."

For a few days everything went well, then one of the tumblers fell ill, and the rest of the troupe demanded to be released from their contract.

'Poleon listened to their request in silence, and then his temper broke loose.

"Go on," he raged, "get out if you wan' to, all of you, every one. I don' care—dere ain' no contracts no more. Scared of nothin' but a man with a col'." He sat down on a box shaking with rage, and watched the troupe file out.

Presently the tent flap opened and Bessie came in. She had on her coat and hat and carried a bag. "W'y, Bessie," he

gasped, "you ain' goin', ain' you goin' to stay by the show?" Bessie laughed harshly. "Show," she said, "there ain't no show. Do you know what they're saying in there?" She pointed to the dressing tent. "They say the manager's got smallpox, and they're all leavin'."

'Poleon sprang to his feet, and then stopped. "W'y," he said, "w'y den I ain' got notin', not so much as w'en I start from Canada—" "Oh, well," said Bessie, "the Menagerie'll sell for something if you're goin' out of business." "Goin' out of business!" 'Poleon said. "Do you think den I'm going to stay any longer in it now?" Bessie laughed. "Hand over what you owe me, 'Poleon," she said. "I'd like to get it before the rest of 'em clean you out." She took the bills he gave her and went out. The tent flap opened far enough to let him see her walk away with the leading acrobat, and for a moment he stared blankly at the canvas wall. Then he stood up and laughed.

A month later, 'Poleon started walking up the road out of the village. A sudden Canadian shower had just passed, and the road was deep in mud, the trees on each side of the road were shining with water, and as the wind rustled their leaves, a miniature shower fell. At the gate to Philip Doré's house 'Poleon paused. Jacqueline was coming down the path, tall and slender in a white gown. The long braids were twisted around her small head, and she was looking back at the open doorway. In the middle of the path she stopped and reaching up caught at a branch of pine hanging above her and shook it free from the drops of water that clung to it. The whole garden was aglow with the just fallen rain, each leaf and branch shining with moisture. She stood silent looking up at the clouded sky and to 'Poleon she seemed almost a part of the garden, standing slim and tall at the foot of the great pine.

He opened the gate and went slowly up the path. "Jacques," he called. She turned and watched him coming up the path, his blue shirt open at the throat, straight and graceful, the habitant in every line and feature. "Jacques," he said, "dere ain't no more States for me. I guess you and me are habitants, bote of us—Oui." HAZELLE SLEEPER.

A MEDIEVAL KNIGHT.

Prescription: take the modern football suit plus a baseball catcher's outfit, imagine that the various sections are made of iron or tin and you will have a fair idea of the medieval knight's accoutrements. Perhaps if you place him on a fiery steed, which is also incased in metal, and have him carry a short flag pole and a greatly magnified stone lid, the general effect will be better.

Now that he is ready, start him off in search of an adventure. The one absolutely essential part is that the experience must involve a fair damsel. The most popular adventures provide dragons or ferocious monsters of some description for the brave knight to slay. A labyrinth is rather a good substitute if no dragon can be produced.

After the dragon has been conquered or the labyrinth successfully traversed, two or three formidable giants make their appearance to bar the path to the captive maiden. Then comes a moat and a well nigh insurmountable embattlement. Fortunately, the lady is always young and beautiful and perfectly willing to accompany her rescuer, and the knight is invariably in love with the object of his expedition although he has never seen her before. The worthy steed that has borne the knight and his few hundred pounds of armor is always capable of carrying the maiden, too, on the homeward journey.

Generally more difficulties are encountered on the return trip in order that the valiant hero may perform before an audience of one. Now that the knight has accomplished his end, the rescue of the fairest lady in the land, nothing more is ever heard of the lady and very often the hero himself is lost to history.

AMY D. CONDIT.

JACQUELINE MEREDITH.

A SKETCH.

Jacqueline Meredith—even her name was poetical, perhaps it was also sentimental, and if extravagant could describe a name, surely it ought to be applied to this one. It was proud, too, and had a very individual way of holding itself aloft from other names. Yet, it was attractive and perhaps so much so that you felt like praising it a great deal, and in the end you would be sure to spoil the soft, rhythmical sound which it held when first you saw it.

In short, it was all that its owner was—a proud, extravagant, and spoiled child. She was nearly eighteen, but she seemed like a child. It may have been because she loved to be petted, and she was petted. Everyone liked her, and notwithstanding her faults, she was attractive. "A perfect winner," as the boys used to say.

Possibly that was because they only knew her as she appeared when with them, and it is needless to say that she liked them. It may have been because they saw so far beneath the surface that they passed over her weaker qualities, and way down deep, they learned that Jacqueline Meredith would be a wonderful woman some day.

She couldn't have been over five feet two, and yet her very manner, the way she had of holding her little fat nose quite high in the air, and pressing her pretty red lips very tightly together seemed to say, "It's only a mistake that I'm small. It's your duty to imagine that I'm very large, much larger than yourself, because you see I'm really of vast importance." She had a quantity of black hair, and she wore it coiled about her head with six curls in the back, which persisted in bobbing up and down in a most fascinating manner. Naturally, the higher she tossed her saucy little nose, the more her curls would bob. Her cheeks were always very pink, and her hazel

eyes, and heavy eyelashes were even prettier than the average girl's eyes and eyelashes.

Then, too, she had such wonderful clothes and jewelry. Her sparkling little diamonds, and rubies, and satin dresses and furs all made one hesitate, and wonder if after all these were not what made their owner attractive, but really you are wrong. Why, if you saw that girl in her "nighty," and curl papers you couldn't help loving her. I'm sure of it. Of course "nighties" are becoming to some people, but I don't believe that there's a girl in existence, except Jacqueline Meredith, who can boast of looking just "sweet enough to kiss," when her hair is pulled back very tightly in curl papers.

Besides all this Jacqueline had a beautiful home. I know that houses are not half as interesting as people, but this house seemed to go so well with its mistress that I must tell you a little bit about it, so please try not to be bored.

It had ever-so-many rooms. The bedrooms were the daintiest things—the pink one, the blue room, the silver one, and the golden room. It seemed as though everything in here was made of gold, even to the brass bedstead with its pretty yellow and white puff. On the first floor the rooms and halls were quite wonderful with the huge stone fireplaces, the soft velvet draperies, carved furniture, and exquisite bric-a-brac. Everyone admired the hall with its ancient portraits, and huge clock which stood at the foot of the winding staircase, and ticked so steadily and sadly (?) from morning to night.

It is here that we first meet Jacqueline, and she looks very dainty in her white chiffon dress with just a tiny train, and white pearl necklace which rests on a most beautiful neck. In fact, she would be a real "symphony" in white if it were not for her rosy cheeks, and black hair which looks almost blacker than usual tonight.

Philip is coming down the stairs with her, and he persists in stepping on her train. O! I forgot to tell you about Phil. Well, he's her brother, and he's just the best kind of a brother, too. He's twenty-four, and not so good-looking as his sister, but I won't stop to describe him. You may just think of some

very nice man and call him Phil—then, of course you'll like him anyway.

"Phil, will you ever learn not to step all over my dress? It's just come from the dressmaker's and O! there you go again. Did you do that on purpose, Philip Meredith? You're simply horrid!"

She tried very hard to look cross, but it's awfully hard to keep from smiling when a big brother's arm goes around you in a most coaxing manner, and he laughs, and looks as though he were just teasing you because you looked so perfectly irresistible—and Jacqueline didn't do any better than most of us would have done.

"So you would condescend to smile, even if I did accidentally step on your majesty's train? Rather queer how brothers are such abominable creatures until their kid sisters are short of cash."

"O! how can you talk that way?"

"I tell you, kid, it's not how I can, but why I'm forced to."

"There, stop, Phil, you act as though you were really scolding me."

"Jack, what would you do if anyone really scolded you?"

"O! no one would—no one even thinks of scolding me."

They had reached the drawing-room and Phil walked to the fireplace and lighted his pipe rather carelessly. "Hang it all, it is hard to scold her, but she needs it."

The Japanese bells in the hall rang, ding, dong, down to the faintest kind of a tingle until Phil and Jacqueline have left us and entered the dining room.

LUCRETIA H. WALKER.

HER FIRST VOTE.

Isabel Stanley, B. A., had graduated from college with high honors in the social line, and felt herself fully qualified to take up the question of Woman Suffrage, of which she had been an advocate since her Junior year. Many of her friends had then worn attractive little badges, made of silver, and bearing in tiny gold letters the words, "Votes for Women." Naturally Isabel had become an ardent suffragist the minute she saw the pins and before a small gathering of friends she had made an eloquent speech on the "Rights of the Modern Woman."

Election day was approaching and she hurried home from a house party to cast her first vote, for, as she modestly told her father, "My vote probably won't elect the president, but nevertheless, I feel it is the duty of every intelligent woman to show her patriotism and interest in the country, by voting."

After she left the room her mother laughed heartily. "You know, Dick," she said to her husband, "I don't believe Belle knows you are running for representative although she does claim to know so much about politics. You had better tell her if you want her to vote."

Mr. Stanley chuckled merrily as he laid his hand reassuringly on his wife's arm. "Don't you worry about that, little mother, I'll stand by our little girl every time," and his face grew suddenly grave. "College seems to have changed her a lot, she somehow doesn't seem the same girl. I wish she wouldn't try to mix up in these politics, they are not what they ought to be, especially for a woman to enter. Just the same, let Belle have her try at it and don't tell her I'm running; she will know it soon enough, won't she, Rob?"

Rob was Belle's brother, a tall, manly fellow of twenty who had always made Belle's efforts in the "Woman's Rumpus" cause, as he called it, a subject to be treated with unconcealed mirth. He rose from his seat by the window where he was perusing a book on "Football Rules" and came over to the fire.

"Why mother, you and Dad seem to take the matter of Belle's voting seriously. In the first place she doesn't know anything about it, and in the second if she did it wouldn't appeal to her, she is too practical. Father," he cried, "I'll bet you anything you want if she does vote this time, though I doubt if she does, it will be the last time. Will you take me up?"

Mr. Stanley's face still wore a look of seriousness, but he held out his hand. "All right, Bob, what shall it be, a small Buick runabout? You see," as Bob gave a little gasp, "I can afford to go in deeply for I'm quite sure to win. When Belle becomes really interested in a thing she sees it through."

"Huh!" ejaculated Bob, contemptuously, "Sis deeply interested in politics! Oh come take a ride in my little car," he hummed as he sauntered out of the room.

During the closing hours of election day Isabel, not without some trepidation, started out for the precinct in which she was a registered voter. She still shuddered when she thought of the looks and the sly winks which had passed between the officials before whom she had been obliged to read a clause from the Constitution of the United States, in order to become a qualified voter.

She walked along briskly, for after the serious business of voting, she was going to a tea, and perhaps it was as much for that, that she hurried, as to cast her vote for President.

At the corner she collided with her friend Ethel Brown, who insisted upon stopping her to give a glowing description of the gowns which she had seen at a dance the night before. But Isabel interrupted, "Yes, oh yes, I want to hear all about that sometime, but just now I'm going to vote and afterward to a tea, and I'm in rather—" "Ah! Belle," broke in Ethel, "don't vote. It isn't one bit of fun, I've just come from the ordeal. Let's go right to the tea now."

"Not vote," said Belle, aghast. "Why, Ethel, after I've worked so hard for the suffrage! I consider it my duty as well as my right to have something to say about the government of the country."

"Fiddlesticks! what do you know about it? You are just—aching to hear about the dance. Come along like a sensible girl," and she took her arm and drew her in the opposite direction.

However, Belle was firm, and leaving Ethel standing at the corner gazing after her, she continued on her way to the precinct. She proceeded without further adventure until within sight of the precinct when she was accosted by a young man who walked with a military stride and wore gold braid on his cap.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I think you are Miss Stanley, are you not?"

"I am," she answered.

"Well, you see it is this way. Every voter, before he can enter the precinct, must answer certain questions satisfactorily. Now you see, Miss Stanley, there are such a number of officials engaged in taking down these answers just outside the polls, that in order to avoid too much crowding, some of us are sent out to meet the voters as they come. I happened to recognize you and knew, of course, whither you were bound. Will you kindly give me the answers quickly? The questions are very easy so they will not trouble you at all." He pulled out a note book in which to record her answers.

"I didn't know one had to pass a sort of examination. Isn't it a new rule?"

"Yes," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "it is a new rule just formed this year. It is to prevent the ignorant women from voting. Now, number one, just run over the names of the last six presidents."

Isabel clasped and unclasped her fingers nervously. "Taft, Roosevelt, McKinley," she said slowly, and stopped. "I can't remember the rest," she said.

"Very well." He smiled and took the names down.

"Now just tell me how often senators, representatives, governors, mayors, and the city officials are elected."

"I don't know," admitted Isabel, flushing.

He frowned, "Really you know this isn't quite what one would expect." Poor Isabel's pride was getting a sad blow.

He put several more questions, some of which were couched in terms she had never heard and did not understand.

Finally he said he would let it go, next year she would probably do better; nervous and crestfallen, she went into the precinct. Everyone seemed to be looking at her and everyone appeared very solemn. She was handed a ballot and without a word, shown to a stall where she could mark it. The maze of names on the large sheet bewildered her and the remembrance of the official's inquiry, "Do you want to vote the straight republican ticket?" still made her cheeks burn. As if she, Isabel Stanley, would do anything that was not perfectly square.

The room was hot and she was rather frightened. She put a cross here and there, hardly knowing against what names, then hurried out, and dropped her ballot in the ballot machine, heaved a sigh of relief and went out into the street.

She stayed at a friend's house for dinner and it was late when she returned home. Her mother met her at the door, and drew her into the hall. She looked very pale, for she had been crying.

"Why, Mumsie, what's the matter? Has anything happened?" cried Belle.

"Yes, oh Belle, your poor father is so cut up about losing the election. He's been counting on it for years, and to think he was defeated by one vote."

"What election?" almost shouted Belle. "Why, today's," as the truth suddenly flashed over her. "Belle, didn't you know it, didn't you vote for your father? Belle, didn't you?"

Isabel dropped her eyes. "I'm afraid I didn't. I was so nervous I didn't know who I voted for. I couldn't answer the questions they asked. Oh! the whole affair was horrid. I'll never vote again."

From the next room came a deep chuckle. "I thought George, with his gold braided cap would do the trick. Come ride with me in my little car."

Bonney Lilley.

SCHOOL NEWS.

THE NEW GIRLS' DANCE.

"May I take you to the New Girls' Dance?" How excited and pleased we were as each of us accepted some old girl's invitation! We were a little timid and homesick, to be sure, but the thought of a dance so soon made us feel better immediately. The next thing was clothes: and "what are you going to wear?" was the question from everyone. For we must look our best that we might make a favorable impression on the old girls.

Few of us were settled when the night of the formal welcome to our new home arrived. But we were just as ready for a good time as if our trunks were unpacked and our rooms all in order. What was our surprise, when, just before dinner we all received beautiful flowers with the cards of our escorts attached! Gaily we went down to dinner where everyone was lively and excited, past cares forgotten and homesickness far from our minds.

For the first time we began to find out who were old and who were new girls. Dinner over, we started for the Gym, some even dancing on the way. It was not until we were in the Gym, and the dance begun, that we realized what a wonderful place Rogers Hall was. Each old girl exerted herself to make us feel that the night of October first was the happiest of all our school life, and that there would be many more just as splendid at Rogers Hall.

Each girl had labeled herself with a card bearing her name and address, so that we looked quite like a walking directory. The amount of information procured in one night was remarkable. We learned of all sorts of places we had not heard of since we studied fourth grade geography.

The evening passed so quickly we were quite surprised and sorry when the bell rang. But with the promise of a birthday soon, which meant another dance, we went laughingly to our

rooms,—but not to sleep immediately; for we lay awake discussing the dance, as girls always do, pleased and charmed with our new friends and our new home. T. L'E.

A TRIP TO CONCORD AND LEXINGTON.

"The first battle of the Revolution was fought at Concord. The Americans won their first victory at Lexington." How many times had I been told this, and how many times had I given the answers in History tests! Now, I was actually going to see these old historical towns, and I looked forward to it with great enthusiasm.

We were to go in drags—two of them—but first of all, let me tell you what a drag is. It is a small tally-ho, on the sides of which are several steps. To mount, put one foot on the first step, then hang on to the railing, and put the other foot on the second step. Then give a strong pull, and throw yourself into one of the seats.

After scrambling up into them—not without stating where and with whom we wished to sit—we started on our journey.

And a wonderful trip it was indeed! Talking of old friends, telling of thrilling experiences, jumping down occasionally from the drags to gather big, ripe apples, and sometimes even reaching out to pull them from the trees, we reached Concord in what seemed to us, a very short time, and were driven to the Monument of the Minute Man.

A peculiar place for one to eat lunch, you will think, but we descended from the drags, and here in front of the defiant, determined Minute Man, we opened our boxes and fully enjoyed the contents.

"Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

It was very hard to picture those crude soldiers, fighting for the country they loved, but as we walked further into the village, passing the old Jones house, still showing the bullet

hole fired into it by the British, and coming to the Colonial Inn, we felt a deep reverence for the brave men who fought for right and liberty.

Every point of the town had a certain charm and interest; "Wayside," the home of Hawthorne; Emerson's home; the home of Louisa Alcott; the birthplace of Henry Thoreau; Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the resting place of so many heroes; —all, contribute to famous old Concord.

Regretting that our stay could not be prolonged, we again climbed into the drags and were driven through Lexington, passing the Minute Man there, and marvelling at the many quaint old houses.

Our homeward journey was rendered melodious with songs. Then as the last addition to a beautiful day was a sunset such as one sees but a few times in the course of her life—red and copper—the rays extending half way across the horizon, the crowning glory of our trip. H. M.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.

The tenth of October, Ian Robertson with his company in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" came to Lowell for a one night stand. A number of the girls had not seen the play, so a party went that evening, chaperoned by Miss Parsons.

The story of the play is somewhat on the order of the "Servant in the House," which we saw last year. The leading character is a mysterious man of almost miraculous power, through which a great reformation is worked in the characters of the people, with whom he is closely associated.

In the first act we are introduced to a landlady and her boarders. The people are for the most part extremely disagreeable; there is a quarrelsome married couple, a snob, a rogue, a coward, a cad, a painted lady and several others, each one with an unpleasant trait very much developed. There are, however, two who are different; Vivian, the daughter of

the couple already mentioned, and a struggling artist, her lover. This girl is being forced into a marriage with a wealthy bookkeeper, who is the cad; and in her fear of poverty is about to consent.

A new boarder comes to the house and from the moment of his arrival we feel a change in the atmosphere—a change for the better.

The second act shows us the "Passerby," as he is called, engaged in trying to bring out the best in the characters of the boarders and of the landlady. There is a strange, compelling force in this man that the people cannot resist. He appears to them as a vision of their better selves, and in so doing points out the best side of life, and appeals to the highest and noblest in their natures.

In the last act the reformation is completed. From the little serving maid up we see the result of the influence of the "Passerby." The husband and wife no longer find their only delight in quarreling but are now a peaceful and loving couple. The bookkeeper has ceased to annoy Vivian with his attentions, but shows his unselfish love for her by helping the artist on his road to success. Vivian has lost her fear of poverty and realizes that love, the greatest thing in life, will live on in spite of every opposition. The landlady is a charming woman intent only on pleasing her guests. And so it goes through the list of boarders. A truly wonderful change through the influence of a truly wonderful man. When he has completed his work the "Passerby" disappears as mysteriously as he came; but he leaves the house a better place because of his presence.

When the curtain drops we find it hard to come back into every day life, so deep is the impression made upon us, by Ian Robertson as the "Passerby." It is a strange play and one that we would not like to miss. M. S.

COLUMBUS DAY.

On the twelfth of October Miss Parsons announced that, as it was Columbus Day, we would have a half holiday. This, of course, did not make us feel badly.

We were all requested to meet in the Gym at eleven o'clock; so, at the appointed hour I went out there with the rest of the girls to do honor to Columbus. Each of us carried a chair and this caused quite a lot of confusion, but finally we got settled and the exercises began.

First the whole school sang Katherine Lee Bates' "America," a song which bids fair to be as well known as "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then different girls read poems about Columbus and his voyage, essays on his achievements, and stories of his life.

We heard the tales of his trials and hardships before he could persuade the King and Queen of Spain to grant his request, and of his joy when he finally got the ships.

We followed Columbus in his voyage of three months and witnessed his happiness at the discovery of the New World, that world in which we now live.

When we had been thoroughly posted on the facts of his life we all sang "America" and then filed out of the Gym with our chairs, each of us feeling that she knew all about the great explorer—especially that

"Columbus sailed the ocean blue
In 1492."

E. C.

THE HARVARD-AMHERST GAME.

The weather couldn't have been more favorable for a football game than it was the day of the Harvard-Amherst battle, fought on the Cambridge Green. As this was not my first varsity game, I was not much thrilled by the novelty of seeing Harvard "trim" Amherst; but then, to go to Boston

meant noise, people and excitement. So it was with a light heart and a heavy coat that I took the famous "twelve-twelve" for Boston. I was not the only girl to root for Harvard that day as another Rogers Hall girl went in on the same train that I did.

At the North Station our escorts met us and we separated in couples, promising to meet again for the "five o'clock train". The regular duties were gone through with; I was lead through the "Yard" and introduced to the various buildings; we bought the usual necessities for a football skirmish—flowers, banners, etc.,—and then we started at a fast pace for the Harvard Stadium.

I shall not attempt to describe "The Stadium." Suffice it to say that I was much more favorably impressed by it than I was by either the Yale or West Point fields. The architecture of the Stadium is so remarkable that its appearance adds much to the imposing sight of thousands of people, collected in this one building.

We found our places and waited, keeping one eye on the field so as not to miss the entrance of the heroes, and the other eye on the crowd that swarmed like bees to flowers. At last, the players trotted onto the field. We were fortunate in having our positions in the center of the Stadium, near the cheering sections and how my old heart did thump as cheer after cheer, song after song, swelled on the breeze awakening the echoes from the opposite side. Ah, these cheers! Ah, these songs! And ah, the joy of living! Although Yale and West Point are renowned for the cheering capacity of their students, they never seemed to excite me as much as did these cheers for the Crimson. Perhaps it was on account of my having lived for several months in a town where the only noise was made by the passing of the "twenty minute" street car. Be that as it may, tears of Harvard patriotism arose to my eyes and I stood on my bench, shouting with the rest of the football mad crowd.

The game was fairly well-played, the weaker college putting up a brave fight against their stronger foe. But nothing could get past the "Crimson Invincibles," and at the finish of the fourth quarter, the score was seventeen to nothing in favor of

the Cambridgites. I was so lost in the contemplation of the game, that, when it began to rain, I had to be literally dragged up the stairs to the covered colonnade.

On our way to the station we splashed through puddles a half a foot deep but we were amply repaid for our haste and I had the extreme satisfaction of being the only girl to make the five o'clock train.

I felt very much bedraggled, a feeling due to the large water supply, which I carried home in my clothing, and very hoarse on account of the unusual strain on my vocal organs. But I retired to bed that night feeling quite satisfied with my first Harvard game, and spent half of the night giving the details of my little outing, to my long-suffering roommate.

J. H.

THE ANDOVER–HARVARD FRESHMAN GAME.

How well we looked starting out in two large "drags" for the Andover vs. Harvard Freshman game at Andover! Some of us were sporting new, white polo coats, others velvet hats and satin shoes. We drove merrily along singing, eating candy, and laughing at our dashing driver as he sat very straight, and snapped his whip with a vim. Thus, in high feather, we made our triumphal entry into the football grounds.

After debating for some time, we decided, or rather our chaperons decided, to descend and mingle with the common herd. This we did and one by one we filed along the bleachers. No sooner had we settled down to enjoy the game than splash!—and there was a mad scramble for umbrellas as the rain descended upon us. In great consternation we remained a few moments, and then repaired to the shelter of a neighboring tree, followed by cheers from Andover for Rogers Hall.

We waited under the tree for about half an hour while mischievous rain drops, dodging the branches of the tree, trickled gaily down upon us. We withstood the torrents for some time

with dignity but at length we were forced, wet and shivering, a much bedraggled lot of girls, to climb into our no longer bright and shining equipages and start for home.

Despite the rather depressing atmospheric condition and the fact that our new hats were being ruined, our spirits were not damped, and even as we started we returned, singing, without a regret that we had gone.

Some of the nice hats and shoes have vanished from amongst our midst and our pet polo coats are now being aired as an antidote for gasoline. J. B.

A RECIPE FOR A BACON-BAT.

Tried and Approved, October twenty-second, nineteen-ten.

Leave Rogers Hall with a congenial crowd of happy girls clad in walking shoes, short skirts, sweaters, "Monkey-caps," in other words, the oldest clothes one has—and board the street car for some picturesque hill. Put in a basket, plenty of lamb chops, bacon, sweet potatoes, rolls, pickles, butter, coffee, cream, sugar, and marshmallows. Carry a tin bucket, tin cups, knives, and broilers. Fill the bucket with water at some house along the road—not more than two miles from destination, and carry it peaceably—it is not permissible to spill more than half—until you reach the desired—shall we say longed for?—spot.

Then with paper, old wood, limbs from trees, and rocks, make a fire and place the water on to boil.

On long forks, slip several pieces of bacon, and patiently watch it broil. Don't mind smoke! Between each roll put a small amount of butter and two slices of sour pickle. Add a piece of bacon when fully done. Serve with salt and eat with fingers.

Into the flames throw a dozen or more sweet potatoes, and do not mind the black which will form over them.

Now place the chops in the broilers and hold them firmly over the flames. If slightly burned, it is of no consequence. When entirely black, remove chops from the broilers by means of small pieces of paper, and eat by holding chop between the thumb and second finger.

When the water comes to the boiling point, throw a bag of coffee into it, and stir gently with a fairly clean stick. Then, without pushing, dip a tin cup into the bucket, and slowly draw out one share of coffee. To this add a bit of cream, and sweeten. Sugar may be used freely.

With a nice, sharp, not too dirty stick, pull out the potatoes, and when cool, cut them open. Apply butter, by means of flat sticks, and eat—preferably with knives.

Place one marshmallow on the end of a fork and stand over the red coals. It may burn, but the blacker, the better. Sit down for a short rest, and after putting out every spark of the fire, start on your homeward journey. All flowers, fruit, etc., along the way are free to passers-by. If a drug or grocery store is accessible, a few minutes may be spent in buying drinks and articles, necessary to prevent starvation.

Wait a half hour for a car and after obtaining a seat, talk quietly, as Rogers Hall students should, until you are again at school.

If any outside information is desired, it will be willingly given to the interested party. H. M.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

About a month after school opened—to be exact, October twenty-fourth—the officers of the different houses were elected. By this time the girls had become pretty well acquainted and knew what girls they thought were fitted for offices. The girls who were elected will, I am sure, fill their offices well.

The results of the elections were as follows:

	Hall	House
President	Gwendolen Perry	Helen Gallup
Vice President	Tracy L'Engle	Madeline Smith
Secretary and Treasurer	Millicent Painter	Natalie Kemp
Councillors	Helen Brown	Grace Lambden
	Helen Munroe	Anna Kuttner
	Julia Burke	
Entertainment Committees	Rachel Jones	Evelyn Pike
	Carlotta Heath	Hazelle Sleeper
	Hildegarde Baxter	Ruth Lowell
	Cottage	
President	Esther Loveman	
Vice President	Marcelle Sabel	

THE HALLOWE'EN CELEBRATION.

The gymnasium is filled with farmers, pumpkins, ballet dancers, and all sorts of queer looking people. What can all this noise be about? Why, this is Hallowe'en and tonight a remarkable vaudeville performance takes place! There is a sudden hush! The curtain is drawn aside and the "show is on."

First we are introduced to the "La Tour Sisters," who do not hesitate to tell all kinds of grinds on their unfortunate friends. The curtain falls only to be drawn aside again for a truly exciting moving picture show. In the short space of five minutes, the heroine is wooed and won, the villain interferes with her happiness, and the hero kills the villain and then marries the heroine. Surely not a tedious performance!

Next we are charmed by a lovely Grecian dance executed by a most graceful and accomplished maiden who is encored again and again. We go from this to something quite modern, an amusing sketch called the "Aviator." We are delighted

equally at learning how to fly and at the happy outcome of the somewhat complicated plot.

Then we are profoundly touched by a most effecting, illustrated song entitled, "There's a Mother Old and Gray Who Needs Me Now." Hardly are our cheeks dried from the tears this song produces, when a little Creole girl appears who sings and "clog dances" in true Southern style.

Next we take a very exciting automobile ride with a reckless chauffeur who finally stops the motor just in time to prevent all sorts of catastrophes. We jump out and find, fishing on the banks of a little brook, two lovers who are taking life "in the usual way!"

Then comes the most elaborate act of all, an operetta entitled "The King of Ming." We are in the presence of royalty. We see a woman's love struggling with her desire to vote, and see the former triumph over the latter. We witness the queen's overwhelming despair when someone openly accuses her of being a suffragette at heart. Then the charming hero weds the pretty heroine amid general rejoicing. Whatever details we lack about the final outcome of the romance are supplied by the ever present American newspaper reporters.

But why all this rush for that corner? Cider and doughnuts! The music starts. Kings and pumpkins, queens and newspaper reporters jostle one another in their endeavors to dance on the somewhat crowded floor. Far too quickly the last dance comes. The celebration is over, and witches, ghosts, and pumpkins retire to their respective haunts and homes.

A. T. B.

MME. SEMBRICH'S RECITAL.

One day the last of October, Miss Parsons chaperoned twenty-six of us into Boston to hear Madame Sembrich.

It was a beautiful clear day, and we left school early, arriving in town a little after one. At Huyler's we made a

brief stop and then decided it would be pleasant to walk to Symphony Hall. This proved to be very interesting, especially to the "new girls" who were unacquainted with Boston and enjoyed particularly their first glimpse of Trinity Church and the magnificent Public Library.

We found our seats just in time for the lull which preceded the entrance of Mme. Sembrich and her accompanist.

This great singer is not particularly prepossessing in appearance, in fact to the contrary; for she is short, rather stout, and has sharp features, very bright black eyes, and a mass of black hair.

She was enthusiastically greeted by an appreciative audience, which had long ago learned to love her.

Her voice is exquisite, clear, sympathetic and rich and one quite forgets the plain little owner as she sings in her high, fine tones. Sembrich's program was composed entirely of German songs from Schumann, Schubert, and Brahms including Schumann's famous Dichterliebe. She has not great emotional force but in expressing the lighter moods she is a great artist.

Madame Sembrich was very generous with her encores, and time after time she was called back by the admiring listeners. Her selections were well chosen and she seemed to put her whole soul into her words. For the last encore she played her own accompaniment, much to the delight of the audience. It was a very gracious act and seemed to furnish just the right personal touch to close a most enjoyable afternoon

C. L.

THE ANDOVER AND EXETER FOOTBALL GAME.

After spending a whole morning looking at the sky, wondering if the wind would change, and bemoaning the fate that seemed to make all Saturdays rainy, we started on our special car for Andover. There, even if the sun did not shine, the weather-man was good and held back the rain.

The one hour and a half trip on the trolley passed quickly, for we were all excited about the outcome of the game. The Exeter, as well as the Andover supporters, were hoping to win and a very close contest was expected.

At two o'clock we were all seated in the grandstand, where people were crowding in every minute. When the two teams ran onto the field there was loud cheering and applause from both sides. The game began. We were almost all for Andover, so naturally we cheered loudly for that team. The first quarter was played without scoring on either side, but after that Andover began to play, and really walked all over Exeter. We laughed and cheered in turn. When three men were hurt I think we all felt as badly as if they had been our best friends.

The game ended with a score of 21 to 0 for Andover and we stayed to watch the interesting snake dance, all the youths of the school joining in and carrying the star players on their shoulders.

Of course all good times must end and we soon found ourselves back on the car, starting for home. In spite of stops and unpleasant waiting, we enjoyed the trip. What a surprise awaited us in the Square at Lowell—Yale 0–Brown 21. The Yale people were incredulous and very blue and nothing else was discussed until we reached the school and dinner absorbed our energies. R. A. J.

THE MAN ON THE BOX.

On November fifth there were a few girls who, for various reasons, were not going either to Boston or to the Andover-Exeter game. We had planned to spend the afternoon in different ways at school; but, when at luncheon it was suggested that we go to see "The Man on the Box," we decided that this would really be the easiest way to amuse ourselves. So we went.

The play is taken from Harold MacGrath's book of the same name. Briefly, the plot is that a young army man, on a leave of absence for a year, disguises himself, as a groom in order to be near the girl he loves, to whom he has never been introduced.

The girl's father is deeply in debt and has gambled away all her inheritance without her knowledge. To gain money for the payment of these debts, Colonel Annesly agrees to sell plans of American fortifications to a Russian diplomat who has been ordered by his czar to obtain these plans. The "groom" discovers that something wrong is going on and when the two men are carrying on their transaction, he steps in and takes the papers. He thus prevents his country's secrets from passing into foreign power and keeps Colonel Annesley from being a traitor.

The girl soon finds out the whole affair, and also discovers the real name of the groom whose identity she has long suspected. All complications are dissolved and the play ends with the usual love-scene.

We certainly enjoyed the performance and were glad that we had not stayed at home to sew or make indigestible "wiggles" in our chafing dishes. E. P.

MAJOR STOTT'S VISIT.

"Hello there! Open the door for me, that's right—good morning young ladies!"

Dear old Major Stott! I knew it was he the minute I heard his voice. Perhaps you don't know who Major Stott is, but you must know, because, really he is the nicest man, and all the Rogers Hall girls are very fond of him.

He is one of the trustees of this school, and every year he comes to visit us. I have heard that he always comes on election day, and he himself says, that, after he sees us, he has to vote for what is right. Of course we take his word for it. He is so full of fun and jokes that we could not feel unhappy while he was with us.

I think that Major Stott must have made some comment on the "coiffures" of the Rogers Hall girls in years before, because Miss Parsons asked him how he liked the way we arranged our hair, and after glancing us over, he came to the conclusion that we "did very well." If he had asked me, I think that I could have told him that a few rats had been eliminated since the fall of 1909.

He always asks to shake hands with a few of the day scholars, as he knows many of their parents, and they are always very glad to come forward, 'though the Major is a genuine tease, and he has a joke for each of them.

We were especially amused at little Betty Meigs. She was so sure that she looked like her father, and Major Stott was so positive that she resembled her mother, that it was actually hard to tell who was victorious in the duel.

But however much of a tease he is, we all love him and those of us who are coming back are looking forward to his visit next year. L. W.

ELLEN TERRY'S LECTURE.

There are so many attractions in Boston this winter that one is torn in the conflict of inclination and pocketbook. But I think that not one of us, who on November eighth went in to hear Ellen Terry, regretted it, particularly as most of that number had never seen her. This was my case.

Ellen Terry had always held a peculiar place in my imagination, whether from "hearsay" or from reading Tribune Accounts, that of some queen in the dramatic world, of one endowed with some uncommon attribute of personality. I could almost say she stood to me in this respect as peerless. And so, though it was in bygone days that she moved thus, if she ever did, I was most eager to see the woman who could still stir the world.

And, from the moment when Ellen Terry came forward to our greeting in Tremont Temple until she responded to the last encore, our rapt attention was hers. Tall and stately, her arms full of white and red roses, she came before her audience. Though no unlawful efforts to look young and beautiful had been made, her appearance was very pleasing. She wore a robe of light tan with very graceful drapery effects; this was softened by the reflecting lamp. Her light hair parted and simply rolled added to the exceeding beauty of her profile. And when she spoke her voice was another charm.

For some time she talked to us of Shakespeare's heroines, taking a division that she termed Shakespeare's heroines pathetic. Under this head came Desdemona, Ophelia, Juliet, Cleopatra, Imogen and a few others. It seems that Imogen is Ellen Terry's own favorite. "Whatever you may say about other characters, Shakespeare created Imogen, I know it," she said.

Although we were interested in the notes about this heroine and that, we were all most facinated by her snatches of impersonation. She gave us several of these. The conception of Juliet in the "terror scene" impressed me as being particularly wonderful. Juliet is about to take the sleeping poison. Terry revealed all the natural terror that would come to a young girl in a crisis like this, and the sublime heroism that met it. It was Juliet's love and passion rising up against all fears this side of and beyond the grave. And if there had been any there unfamiliar with Romeo and Juliet, I believe from this one little scene a beautiful and lasting conception of Juliet would have been theirs.

The audience was appreciative and the applause most spontaneous. When Terry said good-bye she was called back to the stage again and again. Some of us even wanted to linger outside to see her come out to her cab, but our reluctant steps were directed another way. But we left Tremont Temple feeling

that we had had a glimpse of a wonderful woman and if that hour and a half had been the only time we would ever have to see Ellen Terry, it would have been enough to make us remember her. G. P.

THE HARVARD DARTMOUTH GAME.

November twelfth was just the sort of day to attend a football game and the girls who were lucky enough to see the "biggest game" played in Cambridge this season, started off in the gayest of spirits for that worthy town. Only those who have been present at an equally important game can understand what thrills we experienced as, amid the playing of bands and cheering of nearly 35,000 people, the Harvard and Dartmouth squads ran onto the field.

Although Dartmouth played a splendid game, it was evident from the beginning that Harvard would be the winner of the day. It is true that the Hanoverians made some very notable plays, but even so, they were unable to buck against the team work and trick plays of the wonderful Crimson team. At the end of the first quarter the score was six to nothing in Harvard's favor.

Between periods the onlookers had a chance to watch the bulletin board showing how the ball at Princeton was travelling, but soon the attention was again called to the fight between the Crimson and Green. A very brilliant drop kick goal was made by Lewis from the 36-yard line, and the score was nine to nothing at the end of this period.

The last half of the game was very much closer, as the Cambridge eleven was weakened by the putting in of substitutes in order to save the regular men. But even though the fighting was harder, and the Dartmouth men seemed to play better and better, Harvard continued playing a wonderful game and brought the score up to eighteen to nothing before time was called.

We watched the supporters of the Crimson do the famous snake dance, cheering all the while, and amid the excitement, the thousands of people commenced to pour forth in every direction from the Stadium, for the game was over.

H. G.

THE OFFICERS' DINNER AT THE COUNTRY CLUB.

That other things besides business come to the officers of Rogers Hall can be testified by the girls who went to the Country Club for dinner, the eighteenth of November. The trip had been planned for some time but it was not until the middle of the month that these hard working officers, with Miss Parsons, Miss Wright and Miss Harrison, went down to the club.

The Vesper Country Club is on an island in the Merrimack River, near the town of Tyngsboro—an island just large enough for the buildings, tennis courts and golf links. It has one disadvantage, however, and that is the way in which it is reached from the main land. Two long cables are stretched from one shore to the other and a narrow footbridge is suspended from them. The bridge is very long and at each step sways slightly, giving the motion of a boat at sea—a pleasant sensation, no doubt, for those who like it, but quite the reverse for others.

The clubhouse was reached about six o'clock, and dinner was served shortly after.

We sat at one large table in a private dining room with our house-presidents at the head. The dinner was delicious and everyone certainly did justice to it. When dinner was over we spent a pleasant half-hour in dancing and listening to one of the old girls sing. As it was a beautiful night, with a full moon and not too cold, we took a short walk down the island and back. On our return we found that it was time to leave the club and start back to school. So, reluctantly we crossed the bridge to take the car back home.

This trip was one of the most pleasant that we have had this year, and one that will stand out clearly from the others when we look back, after school is over. M. S.

MACBETH.

To some of us, Ellen Terry's idea that "Lady Macbeth is no monster," was entirely new, for most of us had accepted that harsh conception of her character. We found, however, that Miss Terry is not unsupported in this idea, for, as Miss Marlowe interprets Lady Macbeth, a woman's ambition engendered by love for her husband is the force that works towards the final ruin.

Miss Marlowe's acting seemed more noticeable than did that of Sothern. Her interpretation of the ambitious and determined Lady Macbeth is new and very interesting, for she makes her alive and human, not only a stern, harsh woman but one who appeals to the sympathies and emotions more than the Lady Macbeth of the old ideas.

Mr. Sothern's most impressive acting in the role of Macbeth himself was in the court room when he prepares to murder Duncan and at the banquet when the ghost of Banquo appears to him. These two scenes and the sleep walking scene were to me the most intensely interesting, but in such a splendid production it is hard to determine what impresses us most.

But if Mr. Sothern was not always successful as Macbeth it is due to his careful management and training that the company was so thoroughly good; and this care is shown by the exceptionally good scenery, costumes, and incidental music which went to make up a very excellent ensemble. E. O.

ATHLETICS.

The weather man seems to have taken a kindly interest in our new athletic improvements, for all the Fall the days have been glorious and he has given us every opportunity of making good use of each and every new wonder.

From the center of the hockey field the small sized "Rock of Gibraltar" has been removed and we can now proceed down the field without fear of tripping over it or having it stop our ball on its journey to our goal. Our field has also been broadened the whole width of the running track, this gives us about three feet more on each side. At either end two sturdy new goal posts have been added which seem perfectly able to stand the pressure of all twenty-two girls, and here again our fears have been relieved.

Both the tennis courts have been enlarged. From the lower one the "old apple tree" has been removed. Of course we shall miss the apples, but then our favorite tree is still left us and we will try and content ourselves with that. The lower court has had a whole new top dressing, and after a few rains it promises to be superior to our old favorite. New nets and net posts have also been provided. At present a pipe is being laid so that water may be carried down to the courts and they will hereafter receive their proper amount of care.

The most attractive of all the new improvements is the Court golf. It takes up a part of the grounds that have never been used for anything in particular before, the part to the east of the House. The first thing that greets us is a miniature bunker, just like a great big one with a sand pit on one side of it. Just a little above this is the most attractive little green gate with two high posts on each side of it. Then there is a perfectly charming tiny little forest of shrubs, and a little to one side of this is a bridge over a little pond. The game is played somewhat like Clock golf, that is, it is played from tees to a central hole, but in addition such obstacles as the gate, bunker, forest, and bridge have to be overcome.

With the growth of the athletics the enthusiasm for the sports has increased greatly, and now a new rival has stepped onto the field. We welcome you day girls as our new friendly rivals, and while we wish you all sorts of good luck yet we still hope we shall not be compelled to change the color of our numerals.

CARLOTTA HEATH.

FIRST HOCKEY GAME.

The first hockey game of the year between the House and the Hall showed, as was expected, a lack of team play, some individual brilliancy, and an over eagerness to win. In the first half the playing was particularly unsatisfactory. The House' forwards hit well until they reached the Hall's striking circle where they showed a decided inability to follow the ball. At times the Hall was pitifully weak in the back field. Three goals were made: the first one by Mildred Guckenheimer for the House, the second by Elizabeth Callahan for the Hall, and the third by Helen Gallup for the House—these making the score 2–1 in favor of the House. Helen Gallup and Evelyn Pike played most effectively.

In the second half the playing improved and the team work was better than in the first period. The backs on the Hall team, especially Millicent Painter, were effective and Elizabeth Callahan was noticeably good in the forward line. The Hall lost several chances to score through poor aiming. The only goal was made by Cynthia Byington for the House. The game ended with the score 3–1 in favor of the House, and with the ball in the Hall territory.

℞ BAILEY'S COLD CURE
FOR
Chills and Sudden Colds

F. & E. BAILEY & CO.
APOTHECARIES
Merrimack and John Sts., Lowell, Mass.

The line up was as follows:

	House.		Hall.
	M. Guckenheimer (Bully)		C. Heath (Bully) (Capt.)
	H. Gallup		S. Doutney
Forwards	C. Byington		E. Callahan
	H. Montag		E. West
	M. Smith		D. Benton
	E. Pike		A. Condit
Half Backs	A. Kuttner (Capt.)		G. Perry
	R. Lowell		M. Painter
Full Backs	J. Howland		D. Holland
	G. Lambden		T. L'Engle
Goal	N. Kemp	Goal	J. Burke

A. B.

SECOND HOCKEY GAME.

On Friday, November eighteenth, the second hockey game between the House and Hall teams was played. Long before two-thirty the eager girls were crowded on the Hall steps facing their opponents at the House. A procession was formed by both sides and they marched down, singing and cheering, to the hockey field where a circle was formed and each team cheered for their opponents.

Sharp at two-thirty the whistle blew and a hush fell over the side lines. Every player was waiting in her place. "Strike one, strike two, strike three," the sticks clashed together, the ball hesitated a minute, then shot out towards the Hall goal. There was a lively skirmish for a while, the goal fought fiercely but in vain. Just as the ball was about to be driven down

field again Mildred Guckenheimer, the House bully, gave it a whack that sent it flying between the goal posts. The ball came back to the center and again, Carlotta and Mildred took their places. This time the ball went towards the House goal but only for a moment, then it was taken rapidly to the other end of the field, a short struggle, and Helen Gallup calmly put it over the goal line again. The Hall girls looked glum. A third time the ball was bullied and from the center line it started up the field and then down again. Here Gwendolyn Perry did some of the most remarkable work of the game. Time and again she dribbled the ball all the way down the field, only to be met by a strong line of opponents. At last Gwendolyn carried it almost to the striking circle where Carlotta Heath hit it over the goal line, but only just over. It rolled back again, and Betty Callahan put it over again with determination. It was now the "yellow's" turn to cheer. After this the ball flew up and down the field with terrifying speed. Finally it went to the Hall goal. Anna Kuttner, who was playing half back, on the House team, got possession of it for a moment, and sent it flying over the goal despite the attempts to stop it. After carrying the ball nearly all the way down the field Cynthia Byington made a goal. Time was called for the first half. The score was 4–1 in favor of the House.

The girls rested for a few minutes and then the game began again. This time the goals were changed. The Hall played down the field and the House up. The ball was bullied from the center line and immediately went toward the House goal. After a hard struggle it was finally put over by Betty Callahan. The House got the ball next, but although they strove to score the defensive work on the Hall team was too strong. It was again taken up the field and promptly knocked over the line by Dorothy Benton. For the next few minutes it was fight, fight, fight, up and back again. Three more minutes to play! Again the ball was bullied and went straight for the House goal. There was a brief struggle and then Carlotta disengaged the ball from the tangle of legs and sent it over the line. A moment later time was called, leaving a score of 4–4.

Line up:

	House.		Hall.
	H. Gallup		D. Benton
	M. Smith		S. Doutney
Forwards	H. Montag		E. Callahan
	C. Byington		E. West
	M. Guckenheimer (Bully)		C. Heath (Bully)
	A. Kuttner		A. Condit
Half Back	M. Kloppenberg		G. Perry
	R. Lowell		M. Painter
Full Back	M. Creese		D. Holland
	J. Howland		J. Burke
Goal	N. Kemp	Goal	K. Hopson

B. C.

FROM MY STUDY WINDOW.

THE LIBRARY.

We hear a continual cry from the girls in school for something to read, and when they are told to go to the library, comes the invariable reply, "I can't find anything there." This is certainly a strange state of affairs—a room filled with books of every description and nothing to read! The question naturally presents itself, do the girls really know what there is in the library? Are they aware of the new additions?

Within the last two years, and especially this last year a large number of books have been added; books on Art, History, Biography, Domestic Science and Economics. Literature of every kind that appeals to every reasonable interest. There is

not time or space to take up every new book and discuss it, but it may be well to speak of a few that many of us will be interested in.

Let us take a look at the fiction first, because this is undoubtedly the most popular type. Besides a beautiful new edition of Scott there is a fine one of Dumas, the most exciting of story tellers. Who can forget his "Count of Monte Christo" that has once read it? Then there is a whole edition called "Little French Masterpieces," short stories, that are among the best in the world. On the shelf next are the ever popular Stevenson and Kipling. Here again is a chance for the lover of short stories, for what can be more delightful than his "Phamtom Rickshaw" and "William the Conqueror?" "Kim" a new volume has been added to the set this year.

Then there are all those well-known and well-loved stories, those of Barrie's with his dear delightful whims, "John Halifax Gentleman,""Lorna Doone" to say nothing of Dickins, Thackeray and George Eliot. For those of us who like the moderns are some of the great Russian writers, Tolstoi and Tourgenieff; a set of Meredith, one of Hardy, and many single volumes that are well worth our time.

But we must pass on to Biography. We often hear girls say that they do not like biographies, that they are tiresome, but I think that they would be compelled to change their minds after reading Helen Kellar's "Story of My Life." That wonderful woman who in spite of her afflictions, and because of them has become the most interesting woman of our day. The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer, comes next on the shelf, another woman worth knowing.

These are not all the interesting biographies; perhaps the others which would prove equally so are the "Martyrdom of an Empress," a "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" by Ida Tarbell and "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving." Rather a motley collection and interesting in its diversity.

Then there are several books on Domestic Science, Household Management, and Economics which ought to interest most of us.

I think that all the world is today becoming more and more concerned about social questions and we have felt something of this interest here. There are books in the library which are not only enjoyable reading but will give us much useful information on these subjects. Jacob Riis' "How the Other Half Lives," Jane Addam's "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets," Charles Edward Russell's "Why I am a Socialist," will be worth several quiet hours.

I have only touched on a few of the books, but it seems to me that, if, after reading this short account, we give the library another chance we will find that there is "something" to read after all.

H. Madeline Smith.

"THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD."

When you first begin to read "The Little White Bird," by J. M. Barrie, I think that the question will arise in your minds, "Is it a child's book, or will this little David with whom the story opens, prove to be a 'connecting link,' in what we will discover to be a love story, or some other form of more advanced reading?" At least that was the case with me, but it may have been because it was my first experience in reading a book of exactly that type. Up to even the middle of the story, this question perplexed me a little, but I gradually saw that the book was so written as to interest a child, and at the same time convey a deeper meaning, and greater morals for an older person. To me, this is one of its greatest charms.

The main characters in the story are a middle aged bachelor, a nursery governess, and a little boy named David. We first see the bachelor at the clubrooms where he has taken David, and is telling him the story of how he became acquainted with his mother, and I will tell it to you in as few words as possible.

It was all very clear. He had been coming to the club regularly for ever so many years, and there was once a time when his greatest interest in life was to sit by one of the windows and

watch a little nursery governess who used to pass each afternoon, and once a week would meet her lover, a tall, lank but handsome fellow who looked like an artist, and was one, as he later discovered. But, one day she failed to come, and when the bachelor went out into the street he saw her just around the corner of the Pall Mall. She had been weeping, he thought. Then, he walked in the other direction and there was her lover. He had no idea what the trouble was between these two but it disturbed him greatly, and what he did was very clever. He dropped his letter, and of course the fellow had to mail it, and of course he saw his nursery governess, and it's here that the story really begins.

These two were married, and that's how they came to be the mother and father of our little "hero," and naturally there never would have been any David at all if the letter hadn't been dropped. He would have still been a bird in the Kensington gardens.

Barrie has a most fascinating way of telling us, or I should say, David, about these gardens, and he makes us feel when he has finished that we know the whole history of the fairies, even to the babies who were really birds before we knew them, and "Peter Pan" who was the only baby who ever flew away after he once became human. It gives us a sweet picture of Fairyland, and yet at the same time he is so realistic that we are tempted to believe that there really are fairies. I must admit that I lost myself completely once or twice, and became most enthusiastic over "Peter Pan." I was especially fond of the chapter entitled "Jack-Out-Time," and I think that it gives one of the finest morals that one could possibly learn.

As our story proceeds we go with the little nursery governess to the night when David comes into the world, and we love him immediately. Perhaps it is because he brings us so near to the heart of the mother, and we understand as never before, what a mother's love is.

Then, we return to our bachelor, and we learn of the invention of Timothy. To me this appeals as being very pathetic. It shows us so clearly the true yearning, and loneliness of a

bachelor's life, and we can hardly blame him for wishing to draw David very near to him.

Well, he must go on telling the story to David. I have not time to relate much of it to you. I wish that I could tell you more because there is hardly a line in the whole book that could be easily omitted. He tells David how, after he came into the world, they grew very fond of each other, but Mary (that was the governess' name) wanted a little girl, and she longed for it so much that she started to write a book called "The Little White Bird." She believed that her white bird was the little girl who had not arrived, but one day she came, and then Mary laid aside her book.

Our bachelor thought that she had done what was wrong and cruel, and he started to write "The White Bird" himself. It was very queer how it ended. The little nursery governess came to his room with David, and she told him that it was never of her little white bird that she wanted to write, but of his white bird—a boy whose name was Timothy.

Then, he understood, and decided that he wasn't so old after all that he might fall in love, and that some day he might have a real Timothy of his own. Even the thought made him seem happy and youthful. LUCRETIA H. WALKER.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

"BROWNIE."

Not very long ago I had a pony whose name was Brownie. He was brown and had a black stripe down his back and black mane and tail. Grandma gave him to me when I was little.

One day I went out with him and when we got on the main road after going a little way we thought we would go back to the house. We got turned half way round when we heard the horn of an automobile, and looking around I saw a big red touring car. Quickly I tried to turn Brownie around but to

my great horror he wouldn't move and every time I whipped him, he went right for a deep ditch. Once he nearly dumped us over. The automobile stopped and the chauffeur got out and turned Brownie around. Then I whipped him and he started to run. We got home safe and sound. Mother wanted to know all about it, of course. We told her and she was very much frightened and said she was thankful we were safe, and that we mustn't go on the main road again.

Age 11. MARJORIE STOVER.

THE PICNIC.

Once upon a time there was a family that lived way out in the country. There was a boy five whom they called Davie. Then there was a girl about ten whom they called Lucy, and the baby's name, who was about two years old, was Doris. Of course there was a Mother and Father.

One day when Davie was out in the yard playing, Lucy came running out with her face all aglow. "Oh Davie," she cried, "what do you think! We are all going to have a picnic just as soon as we can get ready and baby is going, too. Mother told me to find you, because you must go and ask some of our friends. We'll have Betty and Dolly and Milly and Sue, Harry, and Richard, Thomas, and Prue, and then we can ask Dorothy, and Frances. Oh, won't we have a great time. I have written these invitations, and if you'll deliver them, I'll go in and help Mother get the lunch ready, and dress Doris, and Davie. Be sure and wait for an answer, and be quick." She darted into the house as she said this, and Davie ran away to do his errand. It was about nine o'clock when all this happened.

At ten o'clock all the children met at the corner, and then walked to the place in the woods where their picnic had been planned. When they got there they found twelve dear little bath houses (because they were to have their picnic down by the lake) and in each little bath house there was a dear little

blue bathing suit, one for each boy, and one for each girl, and a dear little white one with light blue trimming for Doris.

First the children went down on the beach and played, while their mothers spread the cloth. They had all sorts of good things to eat. Then they took a long walk, and found a lot of nuts, flowers, plants, and berries. Then they went in bathing, and had a fine time in the water. They stayed in about an hour. When they were dressed, and all the things picked up, their mothers said that it was time to go home, which they all regretted very much. On their way home, what do you think they met? Davie's goats and cart were waiting for him and Doris, to ride home in, and a great big team for all the rest of them. They went home the longest way, so it was about six o'clock when they reached home. On their way home Doris fell asleep in Davie's arms, and they had to wake her up. Davie and Lucy said they thought it was the best picnic they had ever had, and I think they are still talking about it.

ETHEL DEMPSEY. Age 11.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

During the summer Miss Parsons has received an unusually large number of letters from the Alumnæ expressing their sorrow at Mrs. Underhill's departure, but all emphasizing their faith in a glorious future for the school and their love and loyalty to herself. It is a great thing that the old girls feel this way about the school and the editors of SPLINTERS are from this time on, going to make a special effort to show their appreciation of the Alumnæ's feeling for the school and its head, by devoting more space to topics of interest to them. Some of the letters that have been received seem to express, better than anything we can say, the feeling of the old girls towards the school. Some are interesting because they show

how varied are the lives of the girls after they leave here. We are, therefore, going to print some of these letters in full and others in part and we hope that the Alumnæ will write often and at length, for it is good to know that they don't forget Rogers Hall.

One of the most interesting letters came to us from Europe and read as follows:

Vienna, Austria, August 18th, 1910.

My dear Editor of SPLINTERS—

Your letter has finally reached me after a long journey, as it crossed the continent twice and from London was stranded awhile at Lake Como, then went to Switzerland and finally here.

My reply is very late, but I will send in a short sketch as requested, for I want you all to know that my interests are always with you, and to tell you how much I regret not being able to enjoy the Spring festivities.

When I return I shall subscribe to SPLINTERS, for I do want to keep in touch with Rogers Hall girls, old and new! My sister Bessie and I were very happy while at Rogers Hall and we made many dear friends. I suppose Bessie has replied and told you how she, too, is married to a doctor and has a little son, three years old named Malcolm Bruce. They live in Iowa.

As for me, I came to Europe in the early spring of 1909 and we have lived in Berlin for a winter, Vienna for two summers, and awhile in Heidelberg, London, and Paris. Dr. Gerdine is taking post-graduate work at the various medical universities and during the vacation months we travel about sight-seeing. We were present at the first performance of the Passion Play. Our young son Philip, five years old, is with us and a splendid traveller. He has enjoyed German kindergartens so much.

We have been very happy over here enjoying strange foreign life and have had many amusing experiences. We go to Holland soon, taking in the Rhine, and after coaching in Wales, will go to Scotland and Ireland, then Dr. Gerdine will enter a London hospital.

With all good wishes for a most successful year to Rogers Hall and to "Splinters,"

Cordially yours,

Louise Taylor Gerdine.

Address:
Care Thomas Cook & Sons,
Ludgate Circus,
London, England.

Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Miss Parsons—

These remaining days of September make me realize that Rogers Hall opens soon, and I want to send a word of congratulation to its new principal.

I wish I might be there to see all the new girls and to greet the old ones. I envy them all, especially those just entering, for it is indeed the beginning of a wonderful time in their lives, though I'm afraid few of us appreciate the fact until it is all over.

I know what a very successful year this future one will be and I'm going to try to come and see for myself sometime this winter, may I?

Much love and best wishes for you.

September the twenty-first. Ruth Griffin (R. H., '09).

"I do think Rogers Hall is one of the most beautiful spots I have ever seen and in the Springtime it is to me, ideal. There is something about that rolling, stony country with its picturesque apple trees and stone fences and beautiful big trees and shrubs that appeals to me and I'll always love it. All my memories of Rogers Hall are pleasant, happy ones.

I think it is perfectly lovely now that Mrs. Underhill has given up the school that you can go right on. The "old girls" can think of the place as being just the same and know that it will go right on. I wonder if you were surprised to learn that we had moved to California. * * *"

So many girls spoke of the new book of views and how good and natural the pictures were. Some girls are going to have them framed. Here are extracts from three letters showing how much they were liked and appreciated.

"* * * Thank you so much for the book of pictures of the school. It is something I am glad to have to keep. It does make me homesick, though, to look at them and know that that lovely year at Rogers Hall is all over." * * *

"* * * The pictures are so artistic and attractive. I like especially the one of the stairway in the Hall and the one of the garden." * * *

"I enjoyed the new book of views very much and think it shows a decided improvement over the last one. The new views brought back some very pleasant memories especially the one of the back piazza. That is one of the most attractive spots of school. The lilacs and the hockey field were splendid." * * *

Many of the girls send messages to Major Stott and Dr. Chambré through Miss Parsons and I am going to quote from a letter which shows how fondly the girls remember them:—

" * * * I expect you still have Dr. Chambré come up to the school once a month for Bible instruction. How fond I am of him. I have received several kind letters from him on the occasion of our marriage and the birth of our little daughter." * * *

The girls will be interested to know that Mrs. Underhill and Miss Dorothy sail for Europe on the S. S. Canopic, White Star Line, sailing from Boston, December 7th. They expect to spend some time in the Azores, then go on to Madeira, the Canary Islands, the Northwest of Africa and finally Italy and Sicily, returning via Paris and London.

Another letter is from one of the Rogers' representatives at Smith College.

My dear Miss Parsons—

I am flattering myself with the thought that you might like to hear from one of your "old girls," and I certainly want to write you about college life as a Sophomore. Everything is going splendidly, too.

I have a huge single room in Haven House this year and I certainly am enjoying life without the jurisdiction of a roommate though I am not saying anything against my various and sundry roommates.

My Sophomore courses are not objectionable but I really don't care for the way my schedule is arranged. It certainly seems queer to have no Latin or Greek or Mathematics to vex my soul, and English History and Literature are a pleasant change. I have been to two Physics Laboratory periods and so far it seems simple, but alas! I fear it will not last.

We have had a very full week with Inauguration and Mountain Day in quick succession. The former was one of the greatest days I think, in the history of the college. The weather was perfect, everything had been carefully planned in the minutest detail and there wasn't a hitch anywhere. President Burton is, I think, exactly the right one for the place for everyone seems perfectly satisfied with him. He has spoken to us several times in Chapel and Vespers and he has such wise and rational things to say. Mother was her class delegate and we had a very gay time together with dinner at Boyden's and Rose Tree Inn and a long Mountain Day drive.

I am beginning German this year. Don't you think it courageous in me? I think I ought to have at least one language and German being a new field, I thought I might be able to shine a little brighter in it than Greek or French or Latin. * * *

Alice Cone (R. H. '09).

Think of it! nine weddings to announce in SPLINTERS besides several engagements.

On October eleventh Priscilla Howes (R. H., '05) was married to Lieut. George R. Goethals, Engineer Corps U. S. A. at Trinity Church, Watertown, N. Y. The church was very simply decorated with palms and the bride was preceded up the aisle by the ushers in full dress uniform and Mary Howes, the bride's younger sister who was maid of honor. After the ceremony a small reception was held at the house, followed by the bridal supper. Mrs. Goethals cut the large bride's cake with her husband's sword. The ushers gave their West Point cheer, the bridesmaids and all the guests ending with a song and cheer for the bride and groom. Lieut. and Mrs. Goethals will live in Panama this winter.

Laura Kimball (R. H., '03) was married to Mr. Louis William Flaccus on Wednesday, September the 21st at Woburn. Mr. and Mrs. Flaccus will be at home after November 15th, at 400 Forty-fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dorothy Ellingwood (R. H., '04) was married at Lowell on October 4th to Mr. Clinton Averill McLane. Mr. and Mrs. McLane will be at home after December 1st in Milford, N. H.

On the 12th of October, Dorothy Norton (R. H., '05) was married to Mr. Harold Conant Payson at Bennington, Vt. Mr. and Mrs. Payson will be at home on Thursdays during January and February at 68 Neal Street, Portland, Maine.

On October 15th Ethel Everett (R. H., '02) was married to Dr. James Brown Woodman at Wollaston, Mass.

Ethel Merriam was married, on October 18th, to Mr. John Barvis Van Horn. It was a real Rogers Hall wedding with Lois Fonda, Helen Porter, Alice Bailey and Marian Elliot in the party. Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn will be at home after January 1st, at 254 Pearl St., Springfield, Mass.

At Trinity Church, Boston, on the 5th of November, Carol Quincy was married to Mr. Nathaniel Burt Davis. A great many Rogers Hall girls were present. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will be at home after December 1st at Borland Street, Brookline, Mass.

Alice McEvoy (R. H., '10) was married in August to Mr. James Goodwin of Amesbury, Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin expect to live in Chicago, Ill.
(Norwich Evening Record.)

It has been a long time since Norwich has had a more charming and brilliant wedding than that which occurred at Christ Episcopal Church when Miss Ruth Mowry Thayer, elder daughter of Mayor Charles F. Thayer, became the wife of Nelson Case Taintor, son of Mrs. and the late James U. Taintor of Hartford. The church was attractive in its floral decorations of white chrysanthemums set off with palms and ferns and the bridal party made a very lovely appearance. A reception was held at the home of Mayor Thayer, 161 Washington St., after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Taintor will take up residence in the Osgood, 32 Church St.

In June Helen Swenson of St. Paul, Minn., announced her engagement to Mr. Luse of that city. She expects to be married sometime next Spring and to have some of the Rogers Hall girls at her wedding.

Another engagement is that of Virginia Goodier of Utica, N. Y. to Mr. Jones of New York City. This was announced in October.

Farrell Durment of St. Paul, Minn. announced her engagement to Mr. Ralph Richard Macartney, also of St. Paul. Perhaps some of her friends will remember him, for he was the man she had up for the Mid Year dance when at Rogers Hall.

Francis Herman of Harrisburg, Pa. announced her engagement in October to Mr. Harry Neal of that city.

Two Rogers Hall girls graduated from Smith in June, Annis Kendal (R. H., '06) and Opal Bracken (R. H., '06) who writes at Commencement time:—

"Being happy is something most of the Seniors are not, for the Commencement Gloom is spreading over us. But how thankful I am for these four years!"

Annis Kendal is studying art this winter at the Art Museum in Boston.

Hortense Colby (R. H., '05) graduated from Wellesley last June and Molly Pillsbury (R. H., '06) graduated from Vassar. Since June Molly has been exchanging visits with college friends.

Sibyl Wright (R. H., '04) is taking the Domestic Science Course at the Chicago University (No. 8, Green Hall). Mary Bard stopped off in Chicago on her way East and together they fixed up her room as they had many times at Rogers.

We hear from Henshaw Waters Woodcock of her being in Kentucky and then in Seattle and she writes from St. Paul where she is now living, that she expects to come East before long.

Hilda Talmage (R. H., '06) has been spending the summer at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Gladys Lawrence is taking the Domestic Science Course at the South Framingham Normal School. We had a call from her, here at the school, just after her return from South America. Her address is 122 Union Ave., South Framingham, Mass.

Dorothy Tobey has been visiting Beatrice Mudgett in Bangor and will spend this winter with her father in North Berwick, Mass. In fact, Beatrice Mudgett has entertained extensively for we hear of a visit that Catherine Horn made her not long ago. Catherine and Ruth McKee spent the summer at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Rebecca Reynold's address is changed from Norwich, Conn. to Marshall St., Newton Center. She was in Norwich for Ruth Thayer's wedding.

Helen Doolittle has been visiting Farrell Durment in St. Paul, Minn.

Mildred Moses (R. H., '09) has been spending a few weeks with Beatrice Lyfford in Montclair, N. J.

Edith Nourse (Mrs. John Rogers) was operated upon for appendicitis in the early summer.

Nan Newhall is taking the nurse's course at the Cushing Hospital in Roxbury, Mass.

Alice Bailey (R. H., '05) spent the summer travelling in Europe.

Helen Perry (Mrs. George Cabot) has a son, George Dodge Cabot, Jr., born September the eighteenth.

Dorothy Morse was married June 4th to Mr. Henry Johnson Guild.

Mrs. Laurin H. Martin (Harriet Greenhalge R. H., '96) has a daughter born July twenty-fifth.

In August a son, James Churchill, was born to Mrs. William Greene (Ruth Wilder R. H., '03).

Nellie Calvin came East for the Smith Commencement at Northampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander R. Macgruder are spending a few days in Buenos Aires. Mr. Macgruder was until very recently the Secretary of the United States Legation in Montevideo, and has just been appointed Second Secretary of the United States Embassy in Rio de Janeiro. He will depart for the scene of his new duties shortly.

Cornelia Cooke (R. H., '08) spent the summer travelling in Europe. Before going West she visited in Montpelier and spent a few days at Rogers.

Mrs. Granton Dowse (Juliette Huntress) is spending the winter in Lowell.

Harriet Nesmith has been seen at suffragette teas. Has she or has she not taken up the cause?

Margaret Burns is assisting Miss Ballantyne as instructor of gymnastics at Vassar College.

The members of the Class of 1910 are already widely separated. The President of the Class, Katharine Kessinger, did not go to college after all but chose rather to stay at home and keep house for her father. The Vice-President, Dorothy Doster, also deserted the college ranks and is at home in Bethlehem, Pa. The Treasurer, Helen Edlefson, is one of the busiest people of the class, for she is studying music and singing in a church in Somerville. Lucy Pond is also developing her talents and the captain of last year's hockey team and the star pitcher for the "House" is at Sargents. She is rooming there with Dorothy Downer of the Rogers Class of 1908. Mildred Mansfield spent the summer either entertaining or visiting Rogers' girls. Hilda

Baxter (R. H., '11) and Helen Edlefson (R. H., '10) both visited her and she spent part of the time with them. She is now in Lowell visiting her sister and will remain here until she goes to Europe in February. The first one of the class to be married was Alice McEvoy and we all wish her happiness. Three girls went to college and seem to be very crazy about it, Madge Hockmeyer being a regular student at Simmons and Margaret Brown taking some courses there. Agnes Tibbetts is at Mt. Holyoke. Sally Hobson is taking her post-graduate course at Rogers, the new Domestic Science Course offering a very interesting and instructive, not to say "broadening" field. Marjorie Minton seems to be having a good time generally at home. This might be said of several others who feel that home life is "worth its weight in gold." Prudence Robinson and Marian Kennedy are of this class tho' Prudence made some visits this summer and Marian, who has been visiting in Bangor, spent Sunday at the school. We entertained her with the Hallowe'en party and she entertained us with some more data on the "15 dollar a week" question. Rena Caswell and Bernice Frisbie are at home in Lowell for the winter. Cully Cooke expects to come out this winter in Portland and spend a part of the winter in California. Marjorie Stanton has been visiting Kathryn Dyer in Curwensville and we hear of many gay times there. She also is expecting to enter the social whirl this winter. Kate Dyer has been visiting Frances Herman in Harrisburg and taking in many football games. Ellen and Sarah Baxter have spent their summer in the West but have returned to Brunswick, Me. Lillian Brown is at home, at least when she is not out motoring or at a football game. We hear of Marjorie Miller's taking some courses at Milwaukee Downer. She spent the summer at Nashota, Wisconsin. Marguerite Baldwin is having a very gay time in Boston where she expects to spend most of the winter. And last but not least Helen Nesmith we hear has reformed and rising at an unheard of hours (for her) each morning takes the eight o'clock train for Boston where she is studying art at the museum.

THE LAMENT OF THE QUONDAM ROOMMATE.

Gone is the pile of books that on my pillow lay,
Gone is the rubber coat I saw each rainy day,
Gone the alarm clock I had learned to fear,
Gone, all are gone—I room alone this year.

Gone is the gentle snore that lulled me to my rest,
Gone is the clarion voice that called me to get dressed,
Gone is the hand that hooked my garments queer,
Gone, all are gone—I room alone this year.

Gone is the Oxford print that hung upon the wall,
Gone is the leather Kipling from the bookcase tall,
Gone is my better half, to me than all more dear,
Gone, all are gone—I room alone this year.

ALICE WESTON CONE (R. H., '09), (Smith College, '13).

(Quoted from "The Smith College Monthly.")

GEORGE E. MAKER

Art and Music Store

Pictures, Frames, French and German Plate Mirrors.
Portrait Frames.
Frame Manufacturer.

PIANOS
and
PIANO PLAYERS

16-20-22-24 SHATTUCK ST. Lowell, Massachusetts

Miley-Kelman Company

214 Merrimack Street

The world's very best Gloves are always obtainable at the Glove Shop in every length, color and kind.

"Systeme Superbe" French Real Kid $1.50

WE SPECIALIZE in Waists, Corsets, Hosiery, Neckwear, Veils and Veilings, Handkerchiefs and Sweaters.

Courier-Citizen Company

General Printers



Best Work
Lowest Prices

Parker Block, Middle St.
Lowell, Massachusetts

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,
Lowell, Mass.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Poem—The Potter	1
Editorial	2
The Importance of Your Ancestors	4
The Call	5
Adventures of a Fusser	10
Two Men	14
A Knight of Today	17
How the Mule Got His Name	19
Sketches	22
School News	29
Athletics	53
On my Bookshelf	56
Juvenile	57
Alumnæ Department	61

This year four numbers will be issued.
Terms: One dollar and fifty cents a year. Single numbers forty cents.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editors in Chief . . . . . Hazelle Sleeper, Tracy L'Engle.

Assistant Editors { Gwendolen Perry, Alice Billings, Bonney Lilley, Anna Kuttner, Ethel Osgood, Josephine Howland.

School News { Evelyn Pike, *Chairman;* Madeline Smith, *Assistant:* Helen Gallup, Harriet Hasty, Esther Loveman, Helen Munroe, Gladys Carb, Elizabeth Callahan, Lucretia Walker, Helen Tyler, Lucile Kemp, Dorothea Holland.

Advertising { Julia Burke, *Chairman;* Hilda Baxter, Sylvia Doutney, Kathryn Hopson, Ruth Lowell, Marian Colman, Leslie Brown, Leslie Hylan, Madeline White, Kathryn Redway.

Athletics { Carlotta Heath, *Chairman;* Dorothy Benton, Beatrice Chowen, Gertrude Parker, Elizabeth Talbot, Matilda Kloppenburg, Emma Arnold.

Book Reviews . Rachel Jones, *Chairman;* Sylvia Doutney, Evelyn West.

Children's Page { Ethel Hockmeyer, *Chairman;* Mary Holden, Ruth Greene, Carrie Baxter, Helen Foss, Ethel Dempsey, Marjorie Stover.

Business Managers { Millicent Painter, Cynthia Byington, Harriet Gage, Mildred Creese, Dorothy Jackson.

Treasurer . . . . . Helen Brown.

Assistant Treasurer . . . . . Amy Condit.

Alumnæ Editor . . . . . Alice Faulkner.

SPLINTERS.

Vol. 11. FEBRUARY, 1911. No. 2

THE POTTER.

Beneath our hands the wheel of days so swiftly turns,
Watch, little brother, that thy hand its lesson learns.
So little dost thou know of all thy art,
Watch then, and learn some little part.
Look not beyond and call the sodden clay to wake,
Lest what so long has taken in the making, break.

Master, the sun across the hills is gold;
Must I then watch the shaping of the clay?
I would forget and see the day grow old,
And let the world go onward as it may.

Thou hast so little time to make or mar,
And thou wouldst wander in the land of dreams afar.
Nay, take the clay beneath thy hands again,
The touch thou givest is not there in vain;
That with the lengthened shadows of the coming night,
Thy grail of life, shall be in some part, done aright.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

EDITORIAL.

In this generation of unrest and of interest in current questions, we realize the great need of being well informed on many or all questions of the day. We are all eager, as we should be, to take sides for or against some great movement. But the first question that arises is one which we must all look at squarely. Do we really know what we are talking about and why we are taking the stand that we do? I venture to state that not many girls can honestly answer "Yes." Surely we don't want to be considered childish, yet that is just what we are if we rashly take one side or the other on a question, simply because someone we admire thinks such and such a thing. Let us by all means be on one side or the other but let us know why we take that stand. We often wonder why the men of our family never pay any attention to our opinion. Nine cases out of ten we don't know what we are talking about, we usually form our opinions from rumors, not facts.

Then let us inform ourselves upon the necessary subjects—the problems that come into our daily life. How much trouble is caused by the lack of knowledge of the real facts! Some one offers a criticism. We hadn't thought about it much, but we guess that it must be true, because the person who told us always knows. It is so much easier to accept an opinion than go to the trouble of finding out the circumstances for ourselves. But have we a right to an opinion so gained? No. In each question that comes up in our daily life, be it trivial or one touching the lives of our comrades, we must first know what we are talking about—that is, know the facts on both sides, and then judge impartially, as we understand right or wrong.

Though the political, and social questions, and a great many of the religious ones, are not necessary to our daily life they are all both valuable and interesting to discuss. There is nothing more enjoyable, to the average person, than to listen to men

discussing and giving opinions on the present day politics. Why? Because they know what they are talking about. Even the most able men can not eliminate prejudice, but they at least have reasons for such prejudices. On the other hand a political discussion by girls is most laughable and inconsequent. It is either "father says 'this,' " or "my brother says 'that' " or the politicians involved are "perfect dears" or "horridly rude to such and such a person," and so it goes. Because we are told we have no right to a political opinion let us not drop interest in current and national affairs, but rather let us inform ourselves that we may hold opinions which others will recognise as such. It is so easy too, to find out what we are trying to talk about, for there is not a daily paper or weekly magazine published that does not give most of the facts of any current event.

When we have studied the problems impartially, and really know some facts, we are then qualified to give our opinion. It is necessary too, that we know how to express ourselves—or how we want others to understand our point of view. Expressing our view is not so much the mere words as the actions we may take to gain our point.

Now we come to that idea commonly expressed as "taking a stand." Let us think for a moment what the phrase means. It is usually applied to the action of a number of people who hold like views on a certain subject and take action to gain their point. We approve of such action if the persons who are taking a stand know the facts on both sides of the involved question, and are not blindly taking unnecessary action. Let us be reasonably sure that we can gain our point. The most serious criticisms are that we know only part of the facts, and too often accept rumors for facts, and then jump to hasty conclusions.

That is the reason we are so often called childish. We can only prove we are not childish, when we know what we are talking about, and express our opinions clearly, justly and honestly.

TRACY L'ENGLE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF YOUR ANCESTORS.

The importance of your ancestors, famous or commonplace, varies with the continent you move on, the country you reside in, the city where you sojourn, the very house in which you dwell. Without a pedigree in Europe you count for nothing: you cannot exist in England, in Germany you are patronized, you are merely tolerated in France.

Even the United States of America, "the land of the Free," has its prejudices in regard to lineage; if not as a whole country, at least several of its cities have very decided opinions on the matter. What are you in Boston without a Pilgrim Father to justify your existence? The mere fact that the accommodation of the Mayflower has by this time swelled to twice that of the largest, modern ocean liner, does not worry the worthy Bostonians.

However I did not come by all this wisdom about ancestors naturally, but through hard experience. I went abroad for the first time when I had reached the tender age of nine. I remember I felt very important and dignified, as we sailed out of New York Harbor, and I had a theory or a question for everything in the universe, except ancestors.

All went well until I sat next to a tall, thin lady at luncheon in a Hotel on the Riviera, Italy. I was silent for some time, for I did not dare address my lady neighbor and I had quarreled with my brother on the other side of me. I was thinking about the orange trees in the garden, when I heard a shrill voice say, "Where are you from?" I explained that I came from New York. "Not Boston, humph!" said the English lady and turned to her other neighbor. I felt decidedly snubbed and immediately after luncheon I sought explanation for the lady's attitude, from my mother.

I am afraid I was very dense, for I could not grasp the superiority of Boston from an English point of view. As long as she had not come to America on the Mayflower my mother

told me, to appease me, the story of one of my German ancestors. This has since been retold so many times that I have come to believe every detail of it.

This particular ancestor lived in a wonderful castle surrounded by a moat and he was very young and handsome and daring. One day he was captured by his rival who also lived in a castle, and was sentenced to death. His last wish before he died was to ride once more on his beloved horse. This was granted him. There was method in his madness however, for no sooner was he seated on his faithful charger than he gave one flying leap over the enemy's moat and escaped. Such is the story of my forefather and that it may not be forgotten, there is a stuffed figure of the dear man in the museum of Nuremburg.

How I longed to tell my English friend of my heroic ancestors, on the next day! But alas! She had left the Hotel that same afternoon. So in spite of the stuffed man in Nuremburg I counted for nothing while I was in Europe.

ANNA KUTTNER.

"THE CALL."

"Just 'cause Dad jumped Old Grizzly's claim!" sighed Frances, drumming dismally on the window pane, "I don't see why he should mind one little claim when he had so many and Dad was so poor—Oh well!"

She turned from the dreary scene before her and went over to the piano. Even as she fingered the keys, she smiled. A piano did look queer in a log cabin where there was scarcely decent furniture. But Frances would sing, "and one can't sing without a piano," she argued. "Dad would have gotten me one without a word," she thought to herself. "Poor Dad! It's too bad you worked and slaved all this time—for nothing. I know you thought that the mines would pan out well, and that

my guardian was devoted to me but—" she gave a glance around the tiny room and was about to forget her cares in song when the door opened and Dave Franklin, her guardian, entered the room.

Dave had known Frances ever since she was a baby, and after her mother died he had often taken care of her, for her father was always busy: prospecting, digging, panning. When her father died Dave took possession of the cabin and Frances as well, she attending to the trivial household duties, and he eeking out an existence from the claim. Frances had never doubted her guardian's sincerity until a few days before, when several times she noticed a peculiar expression in his eyes that troubled her. It had in it something of hidden meaning, something cunning and deceitful. She noticed it now as he came toward her, but she quickly forgot it as Dave plunged into conversation.

"Good news fer ye', Frances!"

"Really, Dave? Do tell me!"

"Well," he drawled, "I've been savin' cash right along and I've got a little more than you think I have, Miss, and I'm er goin' te' send ye away to study music, out East. All the time ye thought we was starvin' I was savin' and savin'—" Here he was interrupted by the flying figure of Frances who grabbed him excitedly by the coat lapels and shook him with all her young strength.

"Dave! Dave!" she shouted. "It's not true, is it? Tell me, tell me quick! If you're joking with me now, Mr. Franklin, I'll—I'll—I don't know what I'll do to you!" she ended in a burst of wrath.

"It's as true as I'm standin' here afore ye' " said Dave solemnly. Frances threw her arms around his neck, kissed him, burst into a flood of tears and fled from the room. The one dream of her life was going to come true!

For several days after this the house was nothing but plans and clothes. The woman from the neighboring ranch was there continually. Dave entered seldom. Whenever he

did he was met with such a burst of enthusiasm that he felt like retreating.

"Yes, sir," he said, after a particularly hard hugging, "a new vein found and with what I've got saved—" He ended abruptly as he was well-nigh smothered.

For all this one day he came in to find Frances in a very despondent mood.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing—I'm not going East."

"Not—not—what did you say! What on earth has happened?"

"Well, Mrs. Bush has just been here to tell me that it was all over the country that I'm going away, and that everybody says that it's because I am afraid of Howard Dennis. I'm not going to budge, with a rumor like that floating around. I'm going to stay and fight it out with Old Grizzly and—and—well, if he kills me, you won't have to pay for my trip," she laughed bitterly. "Oh well! You know that he'd do it if he ever got the chance! You needn't laugh," she flared.

Frances' father dead, Howard Dennis swore that he would have revenge through the girl. He was not above crime; Frances knew this. Dave knew it, too.

"But he ain't goin' te' get the chanc't', while I'm here," he said laughingly, laying his hand on the girl's arm. She looked up quickly with some retort on her tongue but stopped short at the sight of his face. Again she saw that malicious, tricky look that so terrified her, burning in his eyes, and shuddering, she shook off his hand.

Dave, paying no attention to the act, sat down near her and told her in plain, but forcible terms that she was a coward to pay any attention to such rumors. He told her that if anything should happen to her, everyone would know who was guilty. Frances retorted that Old Grizzly had the swiftest horses in the country 'round, and she gently reminded him that the Canadian border was not far off. But Dave talked steadily and sensibly, as Frances soon saw. She decided to go, rumor or no rumor. Some day she would go on the stage and when her name became

famous she would snap her fingers in Dennis's face. Again the visions of the breathless audience, listening to every note, came before her eyes. She could not resist it. Something called her, impelled her, and go she would! Howard Dennis faded from her mind as she soared through the realm of dreams.

Soon came the night when all the country dressmaking assistance was at an end. She must now go in to town to shop. She had not made many garments as Dave insisted that she wait until she got into town. Frances's thoughts were contrary to his. She said, "Do what you can do here, and then go to town." Dave said, "Go to town now and then sew at home." Eager as she was, plead as she might, Dave was obdurate. Reasons? Well, he just had reasons of his own, and Dave's word was law.

Thus it happened that on this eventful evening, they started for town, four miles away. Though Dave thought there was a blizzard coming, to argue with the excited Frances was impossible, so forth they went. It had been a hard day, and as they drove on through the crisp sharp air, Frances was glad to lean back against the seat and rest.

"I'm glad the stores are open, one night of the week," she sighed, "You never seem to have time to do anything during the day." Franklin answered with a monosyllable and she relapsed into silence.

The wind had changed and was blowing hard. Now and then a flurry of snow greeted them. Frances glanced occasionally at Dave, for something, she did not know what, troubled her. The more she looked at his sharp features, the more nervous she grew. She remembered the malicious glances he had given her and a sudden repulsion surged through her. Perhaps his kindness in sending her East was all a scheme—perhaps he was in league with Howard Dennis—the mere thought made her feel like screaming! She looked again and was terrified to see that same cunning in his face.

It was snowing furiously now. Franklin cursed the poor horse that stumbled through the darkness, little knowing where it went.

"Best pull your collar up," said Dave, passing his hand before Frances's face to help her. At the same time she was confident that he had turned the horse slightly. There was a pause, then—

"Are you sure we're going right?—How white everything is! I thought the road was over this way a little."

"D'ye think you know this road better'n me?" demanded Dave sharply.

"No—o, but I thought—" she faltered. She was very, very tired and probably getting mixed in her directions. Surely Dave knew where he was going! She tried to think that he was going right but could not convince herself. She felt that they had left the road, and yet Dave—In this frame of mind she fell asleep.

She awoke with a start and gazed wildly about her. Dave sat motionless on the seat. Everything was white and the snow was blinding.

"What's the matter! Where are we?" she gasped.

"We're lost, that's where we are," said Dave, laughing mirthlessly.

"What time is it?"

"Twelve!" very shortly. "We've probably been travelling in a circle."

The horse was prodded up and again Dave struggled to find the way, but with little success. It was two A. M., when Dave noticed in front of them a clump of firs. The tired horse was urged onward and Franklin gave a shout of joy as he recognized his surroundings.

"There's a house a little way from here, where Mrs. Harris lives. She's a motherly old soul, and we kin put up fer the rest of the night."

"I'm awfully glad," came the drowsy answer. "What a horrid old blizzard!"

"It's an ill blizzard that blows no one good," chuckled Dave.

In an instant Frances was alert.

"What do you mean by that!" she said so sharply that it astonished even herself.

"Why, can't an old man hev' fancies of his own, without bein' scolded for 'em?" asked Dave.

Frances was not convinced. She maintained silence however and in a few minutes the light from the house became visible. Soon the creaking vehicle drew up before the door and the horse stopped, shaking on its trembling legs. The door swung open and a man with a lantern appeared. Sleep already had possession of Frances; as she was lifted out of the buggy she seemed to be in a dream. She stumbled through the snow to the door, Dave following at her heels. The man at the door, who had disappeared for the moment, reappeared and she entered the room. He smiled and held out his hand. For the first time she looked up at him. A moment she stood petrified with fear. She tried to scream but no sound came from her lips.

The man before her was Howard Dennis. Only for a moment she stood there, then bravely took the proffered hand and stepped into the center of the room.

(To be concluded.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A "FUSSER."

—"Certainly you may come out to call on me next Saturday afternoon. I shall be so glad to see a familiar face again."—

Jack read those few words which made him a future "fusser." He had met many girls but never before had he known one at Rogers Hall. And on Saturday he was going to call on her!

At ten o'clock on the morning of the eventful day he retired to the privacy of his boudoir and proceeded to array himself with utmost care. Most painstakingly he pulled and patted his loosely knotted tie to exactly the right angle. He scanned his spotless, wrinkleless suit anxiously and flecked off an imaginary speck of dust. Then, with a parting glance in the mirror

where was reflected his faultlessly combed hair, this specimen of the perfectly dressed male—namely Jack—went downstairs.

In the hall he donned a very new overcoat, and, hat in hand, informed his mother that he was "going in town and wouldn't be back until sometime tonight."

So Jack left his happy home and, with beating heart took the next train for Boston. Once there, he proceeded through a leisurely lunch and then started for the North Station where he arrived at five minutes past one.

After investing in a ticket for Lowell he inquired when the next train left.

"You've just missed the one o'clock express," answered his informant, "and the next train goes at two."

Jack felt extremely mournful. He had so wanted to get out there early and have a good long talk with her! He hadn't seen her for such a long time and they had such a lot to talk about! "And if," he reflected angrily, "I hadn't been such an idiot, I'd have found out about the trains beforehand!"

With such comforting reflections he whiled away the time until the train left. Then he felt better. At least he would get there sometime.

At every stop he looked out anxiously, fearing that he might pass his station, and he listened with utmost attention whenever the brakeman deigned to inform the occupants of the car what station came next. But the brakeman did not say "Lowell! Lowell!" as he expected any minute. Instead, a cruel surprise came to him for he heard, "Lowell Junction next! change for Tewksbury, Almont, Wigginville, Bleachery and Lowell! Lowell Junction next!"

Jack started to his feet. This was indeed a heartless world. No one had told him that he must change. In fact he felt decidedly abused. The train pulled in to Lowell Junction and Jack stepped off. Regretfully he watched the train he had just left move slowly away from the station. He felt that another friend was leaving him.

Then he realized that he should not spend his time in musing over the past, but devote his energies to getting to Rogers Hall via Lowell.

Then a happy thought came to him. Perhaps Rogers Hall was near Lowell Junction and he could get there from here as well as from the Lowell station. Mentally patting himself on the back, Jack accosted a blue-coated official.

"Can you tell me if Rogers Hall is near here?" he asked sweetly.

The man stared in evident amazement.

"This ain't Lowell," he told Jack. "You take that train and that'll take you there."

The man watched Jack board the train and then, with a shake of his head and a mutter about "escaped lunatics," returned to his work.

As for Jack, he sank into the first vacant seat and stared moodily out of the window. Of all places to get to, he gloomily decided that Lowell was the worst. First he missed a train and then he had to change. Probably he'd land in St. Louis. Almost anything was possible, he thought, of a train that jerked and banged as this one did.

At every Tewksbury, Jack became more and more gloomy. "This line is just a string of Tewksburies," he decided. "This abominable train has no intention of taking me to Lowell. I wonder if there ever were such places as either Lowell or Rogers Hall."

But all things must end, and after what seemed an interminable length of time the "abominable train" arrived in Lowell and Jack, with joy and thankfulness, deposited himself in the station. Obeying a bright thought he "followed the crowd," thinking it might lead him to Rogers Hall. But no. It was only to a car that the fickle mob was going. And that didn't have a sign on it saying Rogers Hall, either.

However, he went straight to the conductor and murmured confidentially, "I want to go to Rogers Hall."

"Take this car and change at the square," was the answer, and with a sigh of relief, Jack swung himself aboard. When the

conductor deprived him of a nickel, Jack ventured to ask him what car to take when he changed, and after receiving that information, he subsided in peace.

At the square he waited patiently for five minutes. Then he waited impatiently for ten more minutes, and at last a High Street car appeared.

To the second conductor he yielded his transfer and sat waiting for him to call, "Rogers Hall!" But nothing of the sort occurred. One by one the people left the car until he was at last the only one left. Then he ventured to confide in this second conductor that he wished to go to Rogers Hall, whereupon the conductor rang the bell sharply and pointed to two large white buildings that they had just passed. "Them's it," he said.

Our hero left the car thankful that at last he had reached his destination. He walked back about a block and, after some hesitation, decided that the larger building was the proper place for him—in which decision, happily, he was right.

But as he opened the gate a huge St. Bernard, lying by the door, gave forth several loud barks.

Jack looked startled. "Wonder if he bites?" he thought anxiously. "He looks bad." (Sandy, by the way is absolutely harmless.) But as he didn't seem thusly inclined, Jack boldly walked forward and rang the bell.

A maid opened the door and, ushering him in, took his card and went upstairs. From where he stood in the hall Jack could see other men scattered about the drawing room. "I'm rather late he thought."

In a moment he heard a girl's hurried steps and Louise came to meet him.

"I thought you were never coming," she exclaimed, "whatever happened? Were you wrecked or what?"

But while Jack struggled to explain that he didn't know about the ten daily express trains between Boston and Rogers Hall, one thought, one blissful conquering thought, surged through his brain.

"I am at Rogers Hall at last!" EVELYN C. PIKE.

TWO MEN.

A sudden gust of wind swept a cloud of snow flakes up onto the sagging porch and banged the rickety blinds wildly against the walls. Suddenly the gate opened and a man came up the walk lifting his feet high out of the drifts.

He climbed the steps to the porch slowly, and stood for a moment looking out at the storm, then he shook the flakes from his shoulders and drew a jangling bunch of keys from his pocket, fitted one into the keyhole and wrenched at it with a sudden tug of his bare hands. The door creaked open, scraping along the dusty floor, and the man slammed it after him.

Inside, the hall was dark and full of musty vapor that spoke of long disuse. The man struck a match against the wall, and in the flickering light the hall sprang into sudden view,—the stairs, dusty, bare, ending in darkness, the long corridor with a window gleaming faintly at the end, and on either side an open door gaping onto the darkness.

The match burned down and flickered out, and the man struck another and entered the first open door. In the darkness he pulled a bit of candle from his pocket and lighted it, and holding it in his hand, stood silent, looking around the room. The cheaply papered walls stared back at him, and on one side his shadow, mammoth, grotesque, swayed and bowed at him with the flaring of the candle flame.

There was no furniture; a rag carpet faded to a dull grey covered the floor and pushed a ragged edge against the hearth.

The man set the bit of candle on the shelf and touched a match to the heap of rubbish in the fireplace. The pile smouldered lifelessly for a moment and then burst into flame.

The man seated himself crosslegged on the floor and lighted a great brown pipe. The firelight shone directly upon him, and his face stood out sharply against the shadows of the room.

His whole attitude was one of extreme weariness, every line in his face was stamped with it, his eyes, deep set under

heavy brows, were underlined with deep black circles, and his mouth, thinlipped and colorless, drooped under his untrimmed moustache. He sat with his shoulders bent, one hand playing idly with a three cornered rent in his coat. Once he stretched out a long leg and kicked a log into place, and then relapsed into his former attitude, his pipe between his teeth.

Suddenly there was a crash on the porch, and then a man's voice, sharp, querulous, "You be back here in an hour, I don't want to stay more than that. I'll pay you for it." A voice from the road answered gruffly, and then the front door opened cautiously.

The man rose heavily to his feet, leaned over and extinguished the candle, and then stood waiting. For a moment everything was still and then again, the same voice, sharp, whining,

"Who's there?"

The tall man laughed shortly. "I lost my way," he said. "You'll not drive a man out a night like this?"

The other man came slowly into the circle of firelight; he was small, so small that the man beside him seemed almost a giant, and he was muffled to his eyes in a long coat. A cap was pulled down over his head and beneath this his eyes snapped, blue and cold.

"No," he said, "no, I won't send you out, it don't cost anything for you to stay here, and there isn't anything you could steal. Sit down"—he was staring about the room, at all the ugliness, with sharp quick glances—"I used to live here," he volunteered.

The big man glanced up at him quickly from his seat on the floor—and then stared back into the fire. "Did you?" he asked. "So did I."

The little man looked down at him suddenly—for a moment he hesitated, and then—"Joe, Joe Willon," he said, "by all the powers! When father owned this place, you were—"

"Hired help," finished the other. "Sit down, Hollis. How did you come here tonight?" He pushed himself back into the

shadows, and turned his back to the red glow; in the velvety blackness his face showed a white blur.

The little man glanced quickly at the hunched-up figure and then gently drew a heavy ring from his finger and slipped it into his pocket.

"I came up with a neighbor," he said. "I've been in Eltinge most a week, looking up cattle. I couldn't afford to come before, but I've always thought that if I ever could spare the money I'd come back." He looked around the room, smiling. "This wouldn't be a bad place to live," he whined, "and cheap! Why a man could live on most nothing—but I can't try it," he glanced again into the shadows, "I can't afford experiments—I'm too poor."

The man in the shadow blew a cloud of smoke into the air. "Too bad," he said, "you would enjoy it." He bent into the firelight and tossed a stick into the flames—his face was hard, cruelly, brutally hard and his mouth curved in contempt as he looked at the figure of the little man.

"You haven't asked any questions," he said, "but I reckon you're wondering what I'm doing here, eh?" "Well," his voice rose in exultation—"I've been hunting through the county and I lost my guide, so when I came out at the old place I came in till I got rested up." He smoked silently for a few moments—"I'll have to ship my auto back to town, this storm has spoiled the roads—I was going to tour back to New York, but it's no use now."

The little man stared at him—"Your auto," he said, "why then you must—"

"Have money?" queried the other. "Yes, I've got it—Why, I'm rich, man, rich." He laughed.

"I told you I'd get it, didn't I? And I have"—he turned to watch the expression on the other's face—"Money? Why, I'm so rich—" he stopped and looked down at his hands, rough, shapeless, the nails blackened and cracked.

"But it hasn't been all like that," he said, "I've been studying sociology. You, even if you do scrimp and save and hang on to every penny, you don't know what it means to come

into a hall where there are people asleep so thick you can't step, after you've walked all day to find work, and then to get up every morning and draw your belt a little tighter so you'll forget what you didn't have for breakfast. "Of course," he added, "I've seen a lot of that, a fellow does studying life in the slums—Wouldn't like it, would you?" he shot the question out with a painful suddenness.

The little man grunted. "It doesn't do any good to give them things," he said. "And besides, they're used to that sort of life, what difference does it make?"

Joe yawned, and rising walked over to the unshaded window. Outside the storm had stopped and everywhere great smooth drifts were piled. "Going back to town?" he asked. "Your man's waiting at the gate."

The little man pulled on his coat hurriedly. "Yes," he said, "yes, yes, I mustn't keep him waiting—he will charge me outrageously for it." He pulled his cap down over his eyes and started for the door.

"If you're ever in town, you know,—" he muttered and slammed the door behind him.

The tall man watched him go slowly down the path. "The little sneak," he murmured, "the little miserly sneak, afraid I'd ask him to help me out"—he shrugged his shoulders and turned back to the fire where only a few red coals glowed. "Maybe I can get work tomorrow," he said.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

A KNIGHT OF TODAY.

Are there no knights today?

Hearing angry murmurs in the street beneath my window, I glanced out and saw a small boy surrounded by a threatening mob of little desperadoes uttering the angry cries that I had heard. The boy held a miserable little kitten high in his arms

and a look of grim determination was on his face as his shrill voice rose above the rest.

"Aw get out 'er here, you ain't goin' to git this cat agin, so just git out and mind yer biz." Then he thrust a couple of boys out of his way and stalked off, the cat hugged tightly to his breast in spite of its squirms, while the boys watched him in amazement but made no attempt to follow.

From that day I often saw Jimmy (I learned his name from its numerous repetitions by his followers) and looked for him daily as I sat at my work. He appeared to be a leader in the small crowd—what he said was so, and what he did was copied by the rest. Each time that I saw Jimmy it was in a new heroic rôle. Once he fought and put to rout two little hoodlums who were teasing a tiny beggar girl; another time he tried to lick a fellow somewhat larger than himself, because the boy had stolen a top from a younger boy, and came out rather the worse for it. Jimmy had a reputation as a fighter and well deserved it, although he never fought needlessly; however, I really think he enjoyed a good scrap.

One day I sat as usual watching the children in the street below. They were playing tag I believe, running wildly about and uttering those piercing shrieks that only children can. Jimmy was everywhere, now deftly eluding an outstretched hand, then equally clever in tagging a swift figure as it darted past him. One of the smaller boys stood in the middle of the street, laughing with all his might at the wild movements of his companions on the sidewalk. Suddenly a dull rumble from far up the street sounded in my ear. I did not heed it in my interest in the children, till the noise became more insistent, and looking up I saw to my horror, two horses dragging a huge ice-wagon, tearing down the street. They had evidently gone mad from some fright, thrown the driver and started on their mad career, the wagon swaying from side to side as they raced along. The children had stopped their play and stood with growing surprise and fright. Jimmy stood the center of the group, his face showing an excited interest, then startled by a cry from the others he turned quickly and saw the little boy

who had been watching them, standing in the street, his eyes fastened on the approaching runaway, motionless with fright. Again the shout arose, but the child made no movement, standing as before while the horses galloped nearer and nearer. I, too, tried to call out, but the power of speech left me, and I covered my eyes to shut out the sight of that little figure dashed to his death beneath the iron hoofs of the horses. Then in spite of my horror, my eyes opened,—I saw Jimmy run quickly from the crowd into the street. Just in time he reached the child and half carrying, half dragging him he fell on the sidewalk as the horses sped past. It was over in an instant, and save for the exclamations of the children no cheers greeted the little hero, as no one had seen it except myself.

This boy was a ragged little urchin with a freckled face not over clean and very red hair, but I think that he stands as an answer to the question,—are there no knights today?

MADELINE SMITH.

HOW THE MULE GOT HIS NAME.

"Well, honey, dis story mought be true an' agin it moughtn't." Mammy answered the little boy as she straightened her apron, and settled the bowl of grape-fruit, which she was preparing, more firmly in her lap. "Ef you wants to hear it," she continued, "jes' set up the' on the table an' be mighty still. Now done' you knock that dish off."

"I'll be just awful good, Mammy, if you'll only tell me the story about the donkey," promised the child.

"I's 'bout mos' forgot tha' story but maby I kin tell it." Mammy enjoyed her own stories almost as much as the little boy did, so she quickly settled herself for the pleasant task.

"Once 'pon a time, long, long time ago, you know anamules could talk 'bout same as de white man and de colored folks. And tha' was so long ago tha' de colored man was free jes' like de white uns."

"But where does the donkey come in, Mammy?"

"Now, jes' listen to you chile! I got ter tell you tha' part so as you'll understand 'bout de donkeys. Now you's most made me fergit wha' I was at. Le' me see—, now I remembers.

"This was out in de country, out wha a white man lived, who owned mos' all de land tha' 'bouts. He had ev'y sort of anamule 'cept one. He had cows, an' pigs, an' ho'ses an' sheep an' ev'ything but jes' that one kin'. But not fur off from him lived a colored man. He didn't have but jes' a leettle mite o' groun'—'bout big 'nough fo' a leettle patch o' taters an' maby 'bout a acre o' groun' fo' cotton. But sise his black dog, you see ever since de ve'y fust o' time de colored folks has had they dog, this here man had one thing else de white folks didn' have. You see, this anamule what I'm a tellin' you 'bout is mighty heap like de colored folks, so de Lawd gabe him to the colored man cause he know'd they could manage him bes'.

As I tole you befo' this anamule didn' have no name. He was mo' lak a ho'se en any other anamule, but he wan't no ho'se ne' was he a cow, but jes a sorter mixtry er those two. His tail, you know, is mos' 'zactly like a cow's but his legs an' all the res' is pow'ful lak the ho'se. He b'longed to the colored man so he had de fust right to name him, but he couldn't think o' no 'propiate name.

So one mornin', 'bout ten o'clock the colored man sat down on the step o' his cabin, wid his pipe in his mouth te think of a name for his anamule. The anamule heself was layin' down under a big tree, a leettle way off from the house, kinder half dozin', not carin' much wedde he had no name er not. The colored man he thunk, an' he worrit, an' he thunk, but he couldn't settle on no name for this here anamule. He watch him fo' a little while, but the critter didn' pay no 'tention, jes' kinder dozed along. The coon he couldn' stan' it much longer so I reckon maby he fell to snoozin' too. Anyhow, he jump up with a turrible start when he hear the white man a speakin' to him.

'Get up from there you lazy nigger. Why don't you and your anamule go plow that cotton?'

'Well, Boss,' he answered, 'I's jes' settin' here tryin' to think o' sompin' to call tha' anamule so as I could make him git up an' work.'

The Boss he laugh at that an' say sompin' 'bout a nigger's excuse as he rode off.

The coon he smoke a little while longer, then he had er idea. He whistle real loud, then he wait a minute, then he whistle agin. All this time he was a watchin' his anamule, but he jes' flap his yars an' didn' pay no 'tention. 'Bout a minute ater he whistle, his black dog come tearin' roun' the house. The colored man turn to his dog an' he say:

'You go ax that anamule over thar ef he wants to wurk this mornin'.'

Pretty soon the dog come back.

'That anamule say, 'I don' keyer,' say the dog.

'Well then, ax him ef he would ruther wurk 'taters er cotton,' says the colored man.

In a minute tha' dog was back agin.

'All he say was 'don keyer,' said the dog.

'Spossin' you axes him ef he wants ter go down to the creek fer a swim.'

This time the dog come back jes' mad.

'He jes blink at me, an' say nothin' but 'don' keyer,' agin.' Tha' is what the dog tole de colored man, an' de dog he was awful mad too, 'cause tha' anamule didn' pay him no mo' 'tention en tha'.

'Well, maby he don' feel good cause he ain't got no name, an' you is. Tell him, this time, I'd like ter know what he wants us ter call him.'

The dog was so 'cited 'bout tha' he ran off lickety split jes' as fas' as ef he wa'n't no coon dog.

'Looker hare, Mr. Anamule,' hollowed de dog, 'What you want we all to call you?'

De anamule kinder scratch he head 'gainst the tree, then he cock one eye at de dog, flop he yar down, an' let out jes' dese two words, 'Don' keyer.'

Honey chile, I never heard tell o' no madder dog than tha' one. He was jes' bilin' when he toted tha' answer back to Mr. Colored Man.

The colored man angry? No chile, he jes' laugh an' laugh, an' say to the dog an' hisself, 'Dat sho' is a don' keyer anamule.' All of a sudden he stop laughin' an' say to the dog real serious:

'Dat is jes' what we'll call him, a don' keyer an-a-mule.'

So you see, honey, dis name is stuck to him eber since. Mos' of the white folks thought don' keyer was a little mite too long so they jes' call him de donkey an' de mule."

"Oh, that was fine!" cried the little boy as he gave Mammy a great hug.

"Run 'long now chile, I hear your Mamma a callin' you," the old woman admonished as she put the child down on the floor.

TRACY L'ENGLE.

SKETCHES.

THE GENTLE ART OF BEING ABSENT-MINDED.

I was going to spend the night with some friends in Boston and I was in a great rush to catch the train; for as usual I had delayed until the last minute. I got as far as the front door, suit-case in hand, when I remembered that I had forgotten to pack that important toilet article known in the lower circles of society as a toothbrush. It is my long established custom to forget my toothbrush, but as I realized my forgetfulness this time, I set down my suit-case and climbed the stairs two at a time to get the desired article. I hastily wrapped it up in tissue paper, slipped it into my small, blue hand-bag, and by doing a little stunt of long-distance running, managed to catch the car to the station. The train soon came in and I spent the following half-hour reading the thrilling adventures of Mr. Some-body-or-other in one of the latest magazines.

My friend met me at the Boston station and for about five minutes the air was blue with "news." She knows all my little failings well and had often told me that she considered me one of the most absent-minded persons of her acquaintance. Therefore it was with much satisfaction that I presently remarked.

"My dear, a remarkable thing has happened, a very extraordinary thing in fact—a thing which has never before occurred within the memory of man!" and then in a sepulchral whisper, "I remembered to bring my toothbrush!" and I pointed to the bunch of tissue paper in my hand bag.

Astonishment quite overpowered her, and for a moment she was unable to speak. Indeed she had cause to be surprised. Suddenly she looked at me in an amazed way and began to smile—then to laugh—to laugh uproarously.

"My dear girl," I said, half laughing myself, for her giggle was contagious, "what is the matter?"

"Y–you have your t–toothbrush all right," she gasped, "but w–where is your suit-case?"

For an instant I did not comprehend. Then it suddenly came to me that I had left my nicely packed suit case at home in the front entry! A. T. B.

A PLANTATION BREAKFAST.

There is a no more delightful way of entertaining in the South than the "plantation breakfast" party. At seven, one spring morning I was one of a crowd of automobilists who drove into the country for about twenty miles to an old-fashioned southern plantation for a "breakfast party."

A long straight driveway bordered by cedars, led up to the entrance of the house. The plantation itself was not half as large as formerly, but the sooty-white homestead still suggested the old régime. Although often repaired by the present owner, the unoccupied wing, which formed an ell to the left of the house, was in a state of slight dilapidation.

In the front of the main house large fluted columns supported the roof which extended from the second floor. The porch was tiled in marble blocks and in many places the round cavities spoke of wear and age. The walls of the broad, straight and oblong hall were hung with long sketches and family portraits. A comparatively narrow staircase led to the second floor.

The parlor was quite fascinating with its antique furniture upholstered in haircloth and the velvet curtains bordered in gilded flowers and heavy tassels. Many ornaments were protected by glass covers and the "grandfather clock" had enjoyed life for so long that it had finally grown weary, and was now slumbering. The painted walls too, told of past magnificence. Here we made ourselves comfortable and chatted for some time before we were summoned to breakfast by the old overseer and his wife, the sole occupants of the building.

Our appetites were surely roused by the ride through the bracing air of early morning. We went out eagerly to do justice to the plantation cantaloupes, corn bread, fried chicken, hominy, fried sweet potatoes and hot "batty-cakes" such as only old southern cooks can make. Throughout this breakfast the "lady of the house" told us many interesting stories of plantation life which carried us back to the days of long ago.

Afterward we took a short walk around the house and immediate grounds. There was an old, roofed, Artesian well, almost destroyed by the rough hands of time, and near this the "Call Bell." This bell is now broken and although no longer used, it still hangs from its little narrow tower. As we stood here thinking of its former days of usefulness we passed back into earlier years. We could hear its ringing and see the negro slaves wander lazily in from the cotton fields. We could see some carrying on their heads the basket of dirty cotton, dropping bits here and there as they trudged along, and others idly crooning to themselves.

A sudden "honk" from the automobile brought us back to the twentieth century and warned us it was time to leave.

MARCELLE SABEL.

THE COUNTRY STORE.

Have you ever been inside of a country store, or rather a "Dry Goods Emporium?"

If the fact were to be known, dry goods take a very unimportant place among the tempting articles arrayed to attract the eye of the "ruralite." If you are accustomed to seeing system and order reign supreme, the chaos is refreshing, but to the long suffering boy who waits on the customers it is extremely irritating. The place gives the impression of having one of every known article dropped into the middle of the floor and then the whole stirred with an enormous spoon.

You plough through the mud some rainy morning from the Camp, which may happen to be several miles away, for the express purpose of purchasing some rubbers. You are led to a corner and shown overshoes, rubber boots and perhaps a pair of men's rubbers which are far from being mates; but that is a small matter and it is hopefully suggested that one might fit you, and of course you could strap an elastic band around the other.

The withering statement is directed to you that the people of Halcyon always wear overshoes and leggings in winter so they have no call for rubbers. You are sufficiently squelched and clutch the rubbers, and wend your way out, waiting until you turn the corner to deposit them behind a stone wall.

The next time you go to the store it is for groceries. You are given tea in a tin box labeled "Jones' Best Cut Plug." Of course you cannot possibly find ground for objection in this, but you will probably find that no tea you have ever tasted has a flavor like this.

You often have difficulty about your mail, (the post office being in the Emporium) for the post office is portable and if you find it in a different position every time you enter the store you must not be indelicate enough to express surprise.

You think that a little fruit will be a good investment, so you allow yourself to be laden down with an enormous bag of ancient dried-apple which has been suspended from the ceiling

on a string for the last three years. You do not raise any objections to this because you feel unable to cope with the disapproving stare of the tow-headed boy who waits on you—but you mentally resolve that the next errands will not be executed by you. DOROTHY JACKSON

A PARODY.

I

R. H. gas was slowly burning
Giving forth a brilliant light,
Sighed one maiden to her roommate,
"Genius does not burn tonight."

II

She took her paper and her pencil—
Tried to think of what to write.
But alas! attempts were useless.
"Genius would not burn that night!"

III

She must do that work for SPLINTERS!
She looked hard at her paper white
All unmarred by mark of pencil.
"Genius would not burn that night."

IV

So the time passed slowly, slowly,
While she thought "What shall I write?"
Not an inspiration blessed her—
"Genius would not burn that night."

V

At last, weary oh! so weary,
She turned away from fancy's flight
And gave herself to peaceful slumber—
"Genius did not burn that night."

VI

In the morning, at the table,
  Someone said, "You look so white!"
Smiling faintly, then she answered,
  "Genius would not burn last night!"

EVELYN C. PIKE.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

"Oh! Girls! What do you think!" cried Betty, rushing into the classroom at school, and holding up an envelope.

"A bid to the Junior Prom," suggested one.

"Guess again! I'm going with Bob Reid."

"Oh! Betty! We can't guess! Do hurry and tell us!" exclaimed the girls in a chorus.

Betty, all smiles, drew forth a most beautiful heart-shaped valentine from the big, white envelope.

"It's a valentine! Who is it from?"

"That's what I don't know! But just listen:"

The sixteenth dance with you I've acquired,
At the Junior Prom—for you're admired,
By one, who loves your eyes so blue,
And swears his love for you is true.

"Isn't that thrilling! I just can't wait until that sixteenth dance!" said Betty, her eyes dancing, "I do hope he is good-looking!"

All day in school, there was much talk about Betty's admirer. As for Betty, her head was in a whirl, all during school. Surely, the next thing to do was to get Bob Reid to tell her with whom she had the sixteenth dance.

Returning home, she telephoned Bob. "Oh! Bob! Do tell me with whom I have the sixteenth dance?"

A laughing voice came through the 'phone, "Sorry, but I was given special orders not to mention it." Betty tried long to make him tell, but he was firm.

The only thing left to do was to have patience. The days dragged by until the eventful night. Betty was all excitement. A huge bunch of roses came, with a card on them, reading, "Wear these for my sake. Your devoted admirer."

"Oh! dear!" sighed Betty, "Was anything ever so wonderful! It is so romantic! How can I wait to get through those sixteen dances!"

That night all the girls were impatient to see how it would turn out. How they envied Betty!

The dance seemed as if it would never begin. She searched all the faces of the young men for some hint of "him" but without success.

Each dance seemed centuries! There was no end of encores! At other dances there was never enough.

At last the fifteenth dance ended. Betty's eyes glowed. She was all nervousness. How could she speak to him? What would he say? She just knew she would be embarrassed.

Her partner of the fifteenth dance was talking to her frantically but Betty knew not a word of what he was saying. What difference, though, did that make, when she was going to meet her fate soon—very soon. "Would that music ever start again?" thought Betty.

Ah! The first strains of a beautiful waltz came floating to her ears. Her favorite waltz! She would remember that music forever!

She looked around timidly, half afraid whether to look to see if he were coming. Some of the girls were looking and smiling at her, knowing this was the fateful dance.

"Where under the sun is he," sighed Betty. Just then her brother waltzed up to her, and bowing very low, said with a broad grin, "I believe this is my dance." A shriek of laughter came from all. In a moment, into Betty's eyes, so full of wonder, came a little twinkle, "Willard Parker! Wait 'till I get you home!"

MATHILDA KLOPPENBURG.

SCHOOL NEWS.

FENWAY COURT.

On November twenty-first Miss Lucas and Miss Dewey chaperoned about thirty of the girls into Boston to see Mrs. Gardner's art palace. We left on the ten-thirty car, and arrived at "Fenway Court" at half-past eleven. Mrs. Gardner's home is copied directly from an Italian palace, and is therefore, distinctly different from the usual Boston house.

We entered by a small passageway and turned into a rather small room at the right of the antechamber. This contained autographed etchings of many well-known painters, including La Farge, Whistler and Zorn. There was also a charcoal sketch by Hunt and an engraved portrait of George Sand.

From here we crossed the hall to a larger room whose walls were hung with gorgeous embroidered hangings. The picture that especially impressed me was the potrait of Denman Ross hanging next to the entrance. This picture shows a man of strong determination and character. In this room there is also a pretty pastoral scene by Corot, and a picture of a goat by Rosa Bonheur. Here too is Whistler's famous Symphony in Blue, and Gloucester Harbor, by Hunt, which at first seems nothing more than a blot of blue paint, but, as you gaze at it longer it shows little lights twinkling through the fog, and soon the whole picture seems to grow lighter.

From this room we passed out into the court, which is to me the most beautiful part of the palace. The cloisters around it with their wonderful carving, the massive wrought iron Italian doors, and the Venetian fountain playing amid huge palms and potted flowers make it hard to realize that we are not in Italy itself.

The first room we came to on the second floor was the Chinese room. Aside from the pictures, this room is interesting

because of the wonderful fireplace and magnificent embroidery. Here Zorn's portrait of Mrs. Gardner is hanging, and also one of her late husband. The "Omnibus" by Zorn, which hangs here, forms a striking contrast to the two portraits.

The wonderfully carved Italian marriage chest on the left of the door, as you enter the Raphael room, was particularly interesting. In this room are the "Madonna" of Fra Angelico, and the "Madonna and Child" by Mantegna which give one a very good impression of the conception of the time. Raphael's "Pieta" although a very small picture stands in a class of its own as it is so very delicately drawn and colored. Botticelli's "Death of Lucretia" is a large, rather brightly colored picture, abounding in the rich browns and reds so familiarly associated with this painter's name.

After this we passed through the first gallery to the Dutch room. The first striking picture as you enter is that of Isabella of Spain, while next to this in prominence is Romney's portrait of Mrs. Moody, the actress. Rembrandt's "Storm at Sea" and his portrait of the Burgomaster and his wife show his wonderful ability in picture as well as portrait painting. Rubens too, has a portrait in this room, and Mary Tudor stares haughtily down upon you from the eastern wall. Hans Holbein's portraits of Sir William Butts and his wife, and Rembrandt's of himself at the age of twenty-two, are also among the interesting ones in this room.

After leaving the Dutch room, we climbed another flight of stairs at the head of which is the picture that Mrs. Gardner considers her greatest treasure—her Giotto. Next we came to the Veronese room. This is so named from the ceiling, painted by Paolo Veronese, representing the coronation of Hebe. The old fireplace of carved wood and the mirror next to the door are of the Ancient Venetian School. There are three very good pastels of Whistler's as well as an oil painting by Zorn in this room.

Passing through a marble doorway, we entered the Titian room, where the first thing that I noticed was the portrait of a Venetian senator, a large, stern looking man. There is a Correggio

of a "Girl with a Thorn" which is wonderfully preserved; and the Velasquez of Philip IV of Spain is a splendid portrait of that noble and aristocratic king. Titian's "Rape of Europa" is by far the most interesting picture in this room. It is a wonderfully colored and very large picture representing Europa crossing the waters on the bull. Titian's portrait of Anne of Austria and her mother are also remarkably well preserved considering how many hundred of years ago they were painted.

We left by way of the court and then went through the passageway to the street. There are some things that the public are not permitted to view but I left, feeling that I had seen one of the most unique as well as interesting homes in America.

C. L.

THANKSGIVING RECESS AT SCHOOL.

The joys of anticipation when a vacation is in view are never blighted, I believe, in the case of school girls. Surely one could not accuse us of a lack of enthusiasm when the day before Thanksgiving came. We cheerfully got up at the unearthly hour of six-fifteen in order that by so doing school could be closed at eleven-thirty. Shortly afterwards we bade one another fond adieus with so much hurry, and flurry, that one might be led to suppose that we were going on a more extended vacation than that of four days.

There were ten of us left to spend our Thanksgiving at school, a little sorry perhaps that we were not to be with our respective families, but consoled by the fact that we were going to have a very good time. We knew this either through experience or through the assurance of those who had tried it before.

Wednesday afternoon some of us went into Boston to the theatre, returning to find school a very quiet place. One table replaced the three in the dining room which was usually full at that hour. After dinner we played cards or did whatever pleased us.

The weather on Thanksgiving Day was something for which to be truly thankful. We thought we should take advantage of it, so immediately after breakfast, those of us who were ambitiously inclined, and this included the faculty, started off on a tramp into the country. We chose a walk that led us down by the Merrimack river whose course we followed for a few miles. The walking was excellent, and as there was no need of hurrying, we paused now and then to watch the river winding darkly in and out. We returned by a different road, striking off into a farm on which men were working on rows of green spinach. By this time we had acquired such fine appetites that we felt able to cope with the ordeal of dinner which was before us.

There were several guests for dinner—friends of the girls. The table was very attractively decorated with a huge bowl of yellow chrysanthemums, and individual sprays of the smaller variety. We were not through with the "ordeal" until nearly four, feeling, when we had finished, that we had showed our appreciation of Monsieur Turkey and his consorts to the best of our ability. Later we went into the gym to dance. Some of us discovered the Thanksgiving boxes out on the back porch, ready to be unpacked. They were opened with many "ohs" and "ahs," and the contents taken to our rooms.

In the morning there were five of us down to breakfast, feeling for all the world as though we were attending a house party, for we had nothing to do but to amuse ourselves. In the afternoon we went to a tea and then adjourned to the House for a turkey spread. We agreed that if we survived our dissipations it would at least speak well for our constitutions.

On Saturday school was entirely deserted, most of us going into Boston to the theatre. Sunday came all too soon, and with it the girls. All said that they had had a splendid time, but I am sure few of them had a better one than we, who had spent our vacation here at school. H. M.

HARVARD GLEE CLUB.

The Tuesday night after Thanksgiving the Harvard Musical Clubs came to Lowell to give a concert in Colonial Hall. At least half of the Rogers Hall girls went and had a very pleasant evening.

When we reached the hall we found it decorated with immense Harvard banners; they hung on the walls, on the stage and from the balcony,—everywhere our eyes were met by the crimson colors.

The concert began with the music from "The Acadians," by the Mandolin Club, then followed those old, old songs by the Glee Club, that have been sung so many times and are still sung because they are old,—"The Man in the Tree," and "The Old Person from Ware." The Southern Medley was appreciated by our Southern girls, as much as the rest of the audience There never was a Southerner yet who did not jump just a little at strains of "Dixie." Another of the selections that we liked, was "The Soldiers' Chorus" from "Faust." One of the cleverest songs of the evening was the parody on "Miserere" by two of the members of the Glee Club. The concert ended of course with "Fair Harvard," and we all rose to do honor to one of the best songs of all the colleges.

After the concert the hall was cleared, and the dancing began. We enjoyed every minute of this and thought, when we had to leave, that the evening had been all too short.

H. M. S.

"FRICK COLLECTION."

The Frick collection of pictures exhibited at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts was very remarkable and interesting. Its scope was large, ranging from Rembrandt to Corot, from Millet to Gainsborough.

There were three Rembrandt's: a "Portrait of Himself," "The Polish Rider" and "A Young Painter," the last of which

I considered the best. It was the sort of picture we would expect from no other artist.

Others of the Dutch school were represented:—Franz Hals, Van Meer, and Cappelle; there was at least one very fine picture by each of these.

Had our trip from Lowell to Boston been only to see The Snyders by Van Dyck, we would have been amply repaid, for both portraits showed the touch and finish of a great master and were, themselves, masterpieces. On the other side of the room were Titian's "Pietro Aretino," "Mrs. Hatchett" by Gainsborough and many, many others. Two of these others were "Lady Hamilton" and "Countess of Warwick and Children," most delightful achievements of Romney.

There was but one of Millet, "Woman Sewing by a Lamp," however, we spent as much time looking at it as if there had been four. It was a misty sort of a picture. In one corner of a dull and almost colorless room was a lamp which brightened up the red waist of the woman who sat in front of it. She was sewing while her baby lay in a cradle close by. The faces of both the woman and child were shaded, but there was enough light on the woman's face to show the motherly expression there. It was the face of one who had accomplished much. She was a dreamer and yet not an idle one! As I stood looking at this picture an irrelevant voice near me said, "A most remarkable face," and I feared he would wake the baby, so natural was the scene to me.

I passed around the room to the Corots. There were four of them, each as much a Corot as the other, which is but another way of saying they were all as natural, serene, and delightful as painted landscapes can be.

As I looked at the last picture I could not help saying half aloud, "Mr. Frick, I thank you." G. C.

THE BABY PARTY.

On the evening of the third of December, at seven-thirty, the "children" at Rogers Hall attended a big party given in the "Gym."

The little girls (the old girls) were decked out in their stiffy, starchy frocks, big sashes, and shoes and socks to match. Long curly locks suggested curlpapers and a night of agony. Every small maid carried a "booful" big doll which her young gallant had sent her before the party.

The boys were perfectly irresistible in white or colored suits, with Dutch "cuts" and Buster Brown collars, or in soldier's uniform.

The vigilant nurses who came with the "youngsters" had more than they could do to make them behave like little ladies and gentlemen. The noise was quite indicative of the fun. When the music started there were the dearest little dance orders on which were painted sunbonnet maids.

At intermission everyone had ice cream and cake, lolipops, "all day suckers" and peppermints—things guaranteed not to have any ill effect upon the young guests.

After a few more dances the nurses escorted their young charges home, before they became too sleepy and cross.

J. L. B.

DR. CHAMBRÉ'S TEA.

A short time before Christmas, a most welcome surprise came to the Rogers Hall girls, in the form of an invitation for tea at the Whistler House with Dr. and Mrs. Chambré.

It was a glorious day when we started out and we all felt very much in the spirit of a good time. There is a saying that it is one's own attitude which makes things pleasant or unpleasant and this may be true; but no one could have been otherwise than happy after she had entered the long parlor, and been

cordially greeted by Dr. and Mrs. Chambré. Everything about the quaint old house was so intensely interesting!

The paintings by Leon Jones were very beautiful, and most of us stood a long time before one in particular—a snow scene in midwinter. The misty, gray coloring of the picture, and the calmness, serenity, and beauty which is the charm of that type of painting, attracted our attention.

After looking at the paintings and talking them over with one another, we entered the dining room, where a long table was most beautifully decorated, and spread with dainty "eatables." Tea and dainty sandwiches tied in ribbons, "ice cream, flowers, and fruit," and bon bons—they were delicious, and their very attractiveness made us wish both to eat them and not to touch them.

Before we left several of the girls sang, much to our delight, and the whole afternoon proved to be one which I am sure none of us will forget in our record of good times at Rogers Hall.

L. W.

THE MUSICALE.

The girls of Rogers Hall every year look forward with great enthusiasm to the Musicale, and it always proves to be one of the most interesting affairs of the year. This particular one was given on the tenth of December, and it was indeed most successful. After a "stand-up" supper, which in itself offered much fun, the girls hurried to their rooms to appear an hour later in the Drawing Room. This room, the dancing hall and dining room were decorated with roses and ferns which added very much to the beauty of our school home.

After all the guests had arrived, the programme by Miss Glorvigen, pianist; Mrs. Sundelius, vocalist; and Miss Joerger, violinist, was rendered. Miss Glorvigen's forceful and artistic playing was most enthusiastically received, and to many of us who had never heard her before, her talent was particularly

effective. Mrs. Sundelius gave an admirable interpretation of the quaint Swedish Folk Songs. Her singing conveyed an individuality and finish which all strive to attain. Miss Joerger's sympathetic playing was appreciated by everyone, and doubly so, as this was the first opportunity we had of hearing her.

Then the dance! I'm sure it was enjoyed by everyone, and even after the "Home, Sweet Home," many of our friends wished to dance longer, and all of the girls regretted that our Musicale was a thing of the past.

PROGRAMME

1. Impromptu . . . . . Schubert

MISS GLORVIGEN

2. "Oh love but a day" . . . . . Mrs. Beach
   The Swan }
   A Maid Sings } . . . . . MacDowel
   "A Whyte Lillie" . . . Anon 1614 (Old English)

MRS. SUNDELIUS

3. Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" . . Mascagni
   Largo from G minor sonate . . . . . Dartini
   Cavatina . . . . . Raff

MISS JOERGER

4. Im Volkston . . . . . Sinding
   Nocturne }
   Valse } . . . . . Chopin

MISS GLORVIGEN

5. Five Swedish folksongs . . . . . .

MRS. SUNDELIUS

6. Pastorale . . . . . Scarlatti
   Staccato Caprice . . . . . Vogrich

MISS GLORVIGEN

7. Als die alte Mutter . . . . . Dvorak
   Viel Traüme . . . . . Sinding
   Chanson provencale . . . . . Dell' Acoua

MRS. SUNDELIUS

H. M.

MRS. SNOWDEN'S LECTURE.

A suffrage lecture? That means a woman in a box coat, with her hair "skinned back," and wearing goggles. It was December twelfth, and a number of the girls were going to hear Mrs. Philip Snowden lecture on Suffrage at the Woman's Club.

Mrs. Snowden, however, contrary to conjecture did not prove to be at all the sort of person that most of us had expected to see. Instead of the rather violent person we had looked for, Mrs. Snowden proved to be a very quiet, decidedly English woman with a remarkably beautiful voice and a manner that must make friends for her the world over.

She began her lecture by explaining to us just what suffrage meant, and particularly what it meant to the English woman. How much it must mean was made clear by a few of the instances she cited, and a few of the descriptions of the brutal and terribly discouraging treatment they have endured for the cause.

One point in particular that Mrs. Snowden made was the difference between a suffragette and a suffragist. As very few people realize that there is a difference this explanation helped to make matters much clearer.

The great need for woman's suffrage formed one of the chief topics of Mrs. Snowden's lecture, and certainly some of the laws might be bettered and made to fit more into the present time. It was impossible to listen to Mrs. Snowden without realizing how clearly she understood her subject and how deeply she was interested.

Mrs. Snowden quotes the rather trite saying that an Englishman has no sense of humor, and adds that it was all given to the women, and certainly she herself is amply endowed in this way.

I think that even those of us who were strongest against suffrage when we went in, came away much more interested in it, and inclined to look at the matter in a much broader light, while there were one or two who came home thoroughly converted and will be stamped for ever in their inmost hearts as suffragists.

H. D. S.

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR THE ORPHANS.

All afternoon it snowed—real true Christmas weather. We were busy in the gym, trimming the tree which was to delight the eyes of the little orphans later in the evening, so we let the storm rage, unnoticed.

The girls had been looking forward to this evening, ever since the letters had come "to Santa Claus" from the six little boys. So, when the clock struck half-past five we were all waiting impatiently to see which little boy we would take for our own especial charge, to wait upon and spoil for that one evening. They came at last, the smallest boy was about four, younger than any who had been here before, and without doubt he was the most popular.

Besides the orphans we enjoyed the company of Dr. Chambré, Mr. and Mrs. Ferrin and Miss Lucas.

The first thing on the program was supper. To tell the truth, I think the boys hurried through that, so anxious were they to see Santa. So after a little music the forty big girls escorted the six little boys out to the gym. It made us very happy to see their pleasure when they caught sight of the tree, and especially little George, whose big blue eyes opened wide and the bashfulness which he had shown before, left him entirely. We walked around the tree singing our Christmas hymns, then gathered round it in groups, waiting to see what would happen next. Everyone gasped when the door opened and in walked Santa Claus himself, or at least a true likeness of him. I think the girls soon recognized the jovial face of one of their beloved comrades. With the distribution of the presents the happiness of the boys was complete, for each one received what he had asked for.

We ended the joyful evening with games and dancing, voting unanimously that we had had one of the very best times of the year. I think we always do have "one of the best times" when we try to make others, who are less fortunate than ourselves, happy, too.

At half-past eight our six little friends left, carrying their tents, arks and houses under their arms, and all assuring us that they were looking forward to coming again next year.

R. A. J.

CARMEN.

It is not the easiest thing in the world to choose between three attractions such as Sarah Bernhardt in "Jeanne D'Arc," the opera "Carmen," and David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm," but the seven girls who took "Carmen" did not regret their choice.

The story of Carmen is very simple. It is Carmen's own fickleness that causes the whole tragedy, but she is, nevertheless, a fascinating character.

Marie Gay, who took the part of Carmen, is a clever actress as well as a wonderful singer. Her interpretation of Carmen may have appeared rather coarse but it was undoubtedly true to life. Her best acting came in the last act, when, realizing that Carmen's life is really in danger, she tries to hide her nervousness, but crushes her fan to pieces under the strain. She is a delightful coquette and we can easily understand the fascination she exercised upon her lovers.

The music is not easy to describe; one must hear it for herself to realize its beauty. The "Toreadore" is the best known and probably the best liked, but the whole score is so wonderful that it is hard to pick out the favorites.

To pass from Grand Opera to the street, and to wildly scurry for the train is a little sudden and not very pleasant, but we were too busy living over the opera again to realize our surroundings until we reached school.

H. M. S.

JEANNE D'ARC.

When on Saturday, January 10th, so many of us heeded the "call" to Boston, it was not necessarily the most polished French students that chose to see "Jeanne D'Arc." Few of us would claim a mastery over French, either excelling glibness of tongue or facility of understanding. Therefore a French play even with the rôle of a favorite character was not the great attraction. It was that Bernhardt was to take the rôle.

"Le Procès de Jeanne d'Arc" is a play in four acts. The curtain rises upon the Gothic chamber of a castle at Rouen where different men of the day are assembled. This act is a discussion of the case and I confess that our understanding of the high, passionate French was supplemented by wild porings over the libretto. What I learned from the actors came from the announcement of characters. At "Entrez"! I would look toward the door, and, say Warick, would be introduced. I'll venture to say for us all, moreover that in the midst of the seeming jargon of arguing men, the little king's "Oui, Oui, Madame," fell delightfully upon the ear. But though the French actors were unusually fine and there was a power about the play, from the very beginning that swept one along with it, we "waited" for "her."

As Jeanne in her armor and chains walked into the court room, suspense was hushed and great applause filled the theatre. No description of Bernhardt's acting throughout this act and the next would satisfy those who witnessed it. Almost beyond belief was her apparent youth! And her power of emotion was no less wonderful. Jeanne's spirit, the volleys of French with which she met her judges throughout the long interview until she fell, exhausted, must have been an intense emotional strain.

Great applause followed this act. However it was after this, in prison, that to me, she was more wonderful in the part. Now appeared an exhaltation in her acting. She was offered her life if she would submit to the church and retract her heresies. She listens for her voices to tell her what to do. Finally, giving up, she signs the church document and then the Angelus sounds

in the distance. It is at this point that the most impressive part of her acting comes. Jeanne stands, hands clasped behind her head, face uplifted and something almost divine growing there. "Non, Non, Non!" she cried as the bells ceased, and many times since, those cries have sounded in my ears, and the scene comes back to me.

We were thankful in the last act that we did not actually see the stake-burning. This was done at one side of the stage. The act was very short and ended with Bedford killing himself as he called upon the name of Jeanne.

I have never seen a play better presented as a whole. For setting, for historical interest, elocution and acting, it was extraordinary, if one can stop to consider anything but the greatness of Bernhardt. G. P.

"THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM."

There have been several plays produced in the last few years that have dealt with psychological problems. "The Witching Hour," "The Third Degree," the "World and his Wife," are all examples of this type of drama which is growing more and more popular in America. A play, such as these mentioned, which is based on modern psychology, usually attacks some of the most widespread beliefs and prejudices, and is consequently apt to be criticised by school girls as being "weird," "queer," or "deep."

To this group of plays belongs the "Return of Peter Grimm." But it is even more daring and powerful than those I have already named. I am sure however that none of the girls who saw the play thought of calling it "queer;" there is too much at stake when a man's spirit returns for the first time in history, to think of the "queerness" of it. Besides, the plot and characters of the play are so natural and true to life that one forgets that there is anything so very strange in the reappearance of Peter Grimm. From the very beginning one is gradually prepared for his return.

In the first act, Peter forces his adopted daughter, Kathrien, to promise that she will marry Frederik Grimm, his nephew, for it is the old man's greatest desire Kathrien should become a Grimm. Hardly has the betrothal taken place when Peter sinks back in his chair, dead.

In the second act, ten days after Peter's death, we see Kathrien very unhappy over her approaching marriage with Frederik who insists upon marrying her, in spite of her confession that she does not love him. In the meanwhile, however, Peter has realized his error in compelling Kathrien to marry Frederik and returns to absolve her from her promise. To his great dismay and disappointment, he cannot be heard by average human beings. Not even his friend, a learned doctor who prides himself on his knowledge of the psychic world, comprehends his message. Finally when poor Peter is nearly desperate he finds someone who understands him. It is the small sickly boy whom Peter took into his home, when he was left, a waif on the streets. Through the little boy, who is in the last stages of fever, Peter speaks to Kathrien and the doctor, and proves to them that Frederik is not fit to be Kathrien's husband. His mission fulfilled, Peter then departs, taking the boy with him.

To really judge this play one must see David Warfield act the part of Peter Grimm. It is no easy matter to be a modern ghost without the haggard face and white shrouds. For the sceptics there is the charm of Warfield's acting, and for those of us who have faith, there is something prophetic and grand in "The Return of Peter Grimm." A. G. K.

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE TEA.

The girls in the Monday afternoon division in Domestic Science were quite elated when they found they were to give a tea on January fifteenth instead of having the regular class. All the faculty were to be invited so we wanted to be sure to have everything perfect.

It fell upon the classes which came earlier in the morning to make the bread for our sandwiches, otherwise everything was made by the class itself.

At four o'clock the eight girls, all in white, gathered in the House kitchen to make preparations. The color scheme was pink and white, and I'm sure everyone will agree with me in saying that the laboratory was transformed into a very attractive dining-room.

Some girls took charge of the table and others prepared the sandwiches, cake and candy. By the time our guests arrived we were all assembled in the dining room, and everything looked very dainty and inviting especially when Hilda and Natalie sat down at the ends of the table to pour.

Our guests were very appreciative and congratulated us on our work. We enjoyed their company for about half an hour, but afterwards came the clearing up process. Thanks to Miss Mudge's method however, it did not take long. We left with the feeling of having had as good a time as our guests, and were quite proud in realizing that we had been the first Domestic Science class to entertain in any way. R. A. J.

MR. KERNAN'S READING.

On Monday afternoon, January 16th, a number of the Rogers Hall girls attended a reading of "The Rivals," Sheridan's well-known play, rendered by Mr. Kernan.

When Mr. Kernan first appeared on the stage he seemed nothing but an ordinary man. He soon became transformed however. One moment he would be the simpering Mrs. Maloprop, always fussing with her hair, and continually using the wrong words. Then again he would be the jovial Bob Acres, amusing in his weakness; in the next breath he was the sober, irascible Anthony Absolute, or his son Jack, or the jealous Faulkland. He changed his voice with the different characters, suiting each one perfectly.

Mr. Kernan possesses a marked dramatic talent that makes his reading intensely interesting. We returned to school very much charmed with "The Rivals" and Mr. Kernan's interpretations of the different characters. B. C.

IL TROVATORE.

One Tuesday evening in January, about nine girls, chaperoned by Miss Faulkner went to the Lowell Opera House to hear Guiseppe Verdi's well-known opera, "Il Trovatore," sung by the Sheehan Opera Company.

The voices of the leading man, Mr. Joseph Sheehan, and of the leading lady, Miss Grace Nelson were very good and were greatly appreciated by all the girls. The duets that they sang were particularly good.

The acting of Miss Elaine de Sellem, who took the part of Azucena, the gipsy, was by far the best in the company. She did especially well in the scene at the gipsy camp when she described the death of her mother to Manrico, her son.

We all enjoyed the opera very much, and regretted that, after the final curtain, we must come back to school to such prosaic subjects as Latin and Algebra lessons for the next day.

D. D. B.

"YALE PROM."

So very many things happened that it is almost, as the society reporter said of the gowns, "beyond description."

We arrived in New Haven at two o'clock on Saturday, January the fourteenth and the festivities commenced with the customary "line up" of men at the station to "look us over." I don't profess to be timid but I must admit that I never saw so many men at one time in all my life and I have only hazy recollections of getting out of the train and into my carriage.

Directly after dinner on Saturday night we went to the theatre to see "The Fan," which the "Yale Dramatic Club" was giving. The men played girls' parts and I never saw so many good-looking ones in my life (girls, I mean). One man played the part of an aunt and wore a long court train. One could hear envious sighs from the girls in the audience wishing that they could handle one as well.

The next morning we were up early and hurried through breakfast so that we would be on time for "chapel," a much anticipated pleasure. The services were held in Woolsey Hall and thousands were present. It is a Yale custom for the men to line up for blocks and watch us go out so we all clung to our chaperon rather embarrassed, because the men had painted some very vivid pictures to tease us and the prospect was not exactly promising. I think we were almost disappointed to discover that they did not line up any more, but only stood in groups "consulting."

Monday afternoon we "did" Teas absolutely everywhere, from Vanderbilt Hall to the end of the campus. After a while we drank tea and ate ice cream very mechanically. It had become a habit. Whether the men thought we were hungry or not, I don't know, but they motored us out to Wallingford for a big supper, and whether the things were so delicious or the long drive had made us hungry, we ate like starved children.

The Senior dance was to be at eleven that night so we arrived home just in time to dress for it.

The dance was perfectly charming. There were about thirty-one couples and ten stags and everybody knew everybody else. We didn't have dance orders and the men simply "cut-in." One of the exciting things was having our pictures taken by flash light and I'm sure all the girls jumped when the flash went off.

On Tuesday were some more teas and then the "Prom." The long line of motors and carriages only increased the excitement and it seemed as if we should never get there. But we did; and in a very short time we were dancing to the most wonderful music I have ever heard. There was an orchestra

on each side of the Armory and the instant one stopped playing the other began.

The dances were mostly waltzes and I shall refrain from telling how many. Toward the end, or rather in the wee small hours of the morning, I heard some one murmur, "Is this an endurance contest or a dance?" I am proud to say I only sat out six.

The decorations were beautiful—the boxes were all done in green and filled with college pillows, pink and white streamers were draped on the ceiling and were caught in the middle with an immense blue "Y."

I never saw people linger after a dance as much as at this "Prom," and I really believe they would have danced all day Wednesday if the orchestra had remained.

There was one more affair however before we left New Haven and that was the "Dawn Tea." It was quite daylight and if we didn't eat we were too visibly occupied talking. There were oysters, tea, coffee, nabiscoes, sandwiches, ice cream and many other delicious things at that hour in the morning!

The men left us to attend classes in their evening clothes, but they were all back again by eleven to see us off. I never saw so many tired and sleepy people in all my life but who wouldn't go through it again and again for another "Yale Prom."?

LUCILE KEMP.

L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE.

One of the most charming evenings that we have spent this school year was that of January the twentieth when Miss Robbins, our delightful trustee, spoke to us concerning "L'Académie Française." Some of us doubtless had never heard of such an institution and may have thought that it was a private school in France which all the aristocratic French girls attended. Others, probably, had heard of L'Académie Française and had a vague idea of what those words stand for. So it was with

much interest and voluntary attention that we listened to what Miss Robbins had to tell us.

Our charming lecturer arrived promptly at half after seven and from that time until a quarter past eight our attention and interest did not flag. She spoke to us, first, about the origin of the Académie. This was very interesting as none of us, even those who had studied French Literature, were acquainted with the novel origin of the Institution. A few men gathered together once a week to talk over the literature of their period and to carry on purely literary discussions. The attendance of this little gathering was very small and select, having only nine members. A Frenchman named Conrart had formed this society secretly, composed of his own immediate friends. The meetings were held at l'Hotel de Rambouillet until, by its leader's marriage, it was forced to change its meeting place. At this time Richelieu, a man of letters, much interested in literature, was Cardinal of France. In some way he heard of this club and wishing to promote its interests he offered his protection if they would be incorporated under the title of "L'Académie Française." The members refused at first, wishing to maintain their independence and secrecy. After much debating, however, not deeming it wise to refuse the protection of such an influential man as the great Cardinal, they agreed to his proposal, and in the year sixteen hundred and thirty-five they adopted their present title and increased their membership to forty.

The objects of L'Académie were the purification of the French language and the composition of a correct grammar. To the first end they got up a dictionary but did not accomplish anything in respect to the grammar. A seat in this Assembly was much desired by all who considered themselves Masters of Literature. Most of the well-known French writers belonged, but there were a few among them Alphonse Daudet, who did not.

A very humorous touch that Miss Robbins put in her talk was one respecting the costume of the members. They wear a coat embroidered in green which, although not at all becoming, is very much desired by those men who do not possess one.

Those who wear them are the objects of much envy as well as admiration.

Miss Robbins' personal touch it was that made the lecture especially charming. Her deep interest in L'Académie Française was very evident, and it was impossible to listen to her for any length of time without wondering how such a very delightful subject had so long escaped our notice. J. C. H.

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST.

We were very glad to find that a few of us would be able to hear Constantino and Carmen Melis in the new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," which is based on Belasco's play of that name.

It was the first Saturday matinée and the house was filled soon after we arrived. As the curtain went up everyone held her breath, expectantly. We looked down into the dim interior of a rough Western mining camp, where men were lolling around half asleep. Lights were soon brought in however, the men awoke and began a lively game of cards.

During the whole opera the orchestra played music that one realized was beautiful, and yet it seemed to be a minor part of the opera, the action held the attention every minute. One seemed to live with Carmen Melis, as the courageous heroine saved her lover from a miserable death.

The stage setting was also beautiful and real. As the snow blew in at the camp door you could feel the cold and the sharpness of the wind as it whistled around the corners.

In the last act it was pathetic to see the grief of the big, rough Westerners as "Minnie" went around saying a last word to each of the miners before she left with the man she loved. Sonora sobbed outright. As the lovers went up over the hill, singing their soft adieus, we realized the quality and beauty of their voices. The curtain went down on the departing lovers, the miners standing there, not trying to hide their grief in the least.

After a complete silence there was loud applause. Constantino and Carmen Melis were called out again and again and finally the director of the orchestra appeared.

The opera is one that we will not forget soon, and we were all glad we had had the chance to hear it.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

On Saturday ten girls, chaperoned by Miss Dewey and Miss Hill, went to the play given by the Boston Wellesley College Club, for the benefit of the Students' Building. The "Spanish Gypsy," by George Elliot was the play chosen. It was given in Jordon Hall, Boston. The ushers were Wellesley seniors in their caps and gowns and the audience was composed mostly of persons who are interested in the college.

The scene of the drama is laid at Bedmar, a Spanish town near the Moorish frontier, toward the end of the fifteenth century, and the quaint costumes of that time added much to its attractiveness.

The players deserved great praise for their portrayal of the characters. Especially to be commended was the acting of Miss Drouet in the rôle of Fidelma, the Zincalo maid. She seemed to possess that art of self-forgetfulness which is rarely found in amateurs, and to be indeed the gypsy maid, the brave daughter of the stern chieftain. Particularly impressive was her rendering of the beautiful and intense lines in the scene between Fidelma and her father where she was forced to choose between living in wealth and luxury and going with her father to proclaim herself a Zincalo and lead the wandering life of the gypsies.

Miss Carter also gave an admirable portrayal of the character of Zarca, the chieftain, a part not easy to take as she was obliged to be cruel yet magnetic.

The dancing of the three little gypsy maids was delightfully free and graceful and made a welcome contrast to the seriousness of the play.

On the train we met the girls who had gone to the opera and, although they were enthusiastic in their praises of "The Girl of the Golden West," I am sure none of us regretted having chosen to see the "Spanish Gypsy." C. B. L.

THE TEAS AT THE COTTAGE.

Generally Sunday afternoon is the time for writing home, but there have been three Sundays when there were very few letters written for Miss Harrison and Miss MacMillan were giving teas at the cottage and had asked about twenty different girls to each one.

In the flower-trimmed, candle-lighted rooms several of the girls were serving; all were "making themselves at home." We were much interested in the pictures of Miss Harrison's trip abroad. Yet into our discussion of them crept Mme. Bernhardt, basket ball and SPLINTERS in a most surprising fashion. Thus the moments passed so swiftly that it was almost supper time when the guests began to go, and we found that we had quite forgotten the conventional span of minutes one generally spends at an afternoon tea. H. D. S.

THE ANDOVER DANCE.

Saturday evening, January the twenty-eighth, how excited and in what a flurry we all were! For were we not soon to see "our men," the man we had drawn for the Andover concert and dance.

When at seven-thirty the men arrived, and the girls ushered them through the receiving line and then brought them to us, how we racked our brains to think of what subject might interest and please most.

After a short reception we were greatly entertained by a well-managed concert. The songs were clever, well chosen and

amusing, and the mandolin and banjo selections were also most enjoyable and exceedingly well rendered. I think everyone found the program only too short.

After the concert the chairs were cleared away and we danced until quarter of ten, when we had a short intermission and refreshments, after which the dancing continued until the special car arrived and the Andover men had to leave.

The rooms were decorated with banners and flowers, while the divans were strewn with pillows of all descriptions.

Much credit is due to the chairman and the committee for the decorating and excellent management of the whole affair.

J. L. B.

DR. BURTON'S LECTURE.

On January 30th we had the greatest pleasure in hearing Dr. Burton, the new president of Smith College, lecture before the Women's Club on "The Religious Education of the Child." Dr. Burton, who was a stranger to most of us, made a deep impression upon us. His presence is commanding, his address direct and forceful, and he has the power of holding the attention of his audience.

Dr. Burton handled his subject, which is a difficult one to treat because of the divers lights in which it can be regarded, philosophically and with the directness of one who thoroughly knows his subject. He made the lecture as interesting to us, as to those who have the responsibility of guiding children in spiritual development.

With apologies to Dr. Burton, who said that he would supply any reporters in the audience with his manuscript if they harbored any intentions of quoting him, I will take the liberty of mentioning some of his main points which are particularly worth remembering. He defines education as "growth in relationship," and religion as "being bound to one's self, to others and to God," two definitions which seem to be almost

identical but which are essentially different. He then stated the aims of the educators, the so-called secular and the religious teachers. They train youth for life and for citizenship in the world.

He showed that the religious educators were contending against certain conditions, that at a time when the home influence is most needed, it seems to be failing us, because of the diversity of demands made upon us by modern life.

Dr. Burton pointed out briefly the differences in the theology of a century ago with that of the present generation, and concluded his lecture with illustrations of the best ways to impress upon children the lessons to be learned.

Dr. Burton spoke most appreciatively of Dr. Greene, a trustee of this school, and who, because of his close association with the founding of Smith College, may well be called the father of that institution.

We returned home, feeling that we were in a measure better and wiser for having heard Dr. Burton speak. H. M.

ATHLETIC EDITORIAL.

I have often wondered what happens in the schools that do not have athletics, and I really feel sorry for them when I think of the good fun they are missing. How do their fat girls reduce their superfluous flesh and their thin girls find those pounds that they have vainly sought so many years?

Athletics add much to the mystery of the new girls. Each house views its new arrivals and ponders long over what they should be able to accomplish on the field of fame. When the photograph books are unpacked, and it is discovered that Mary or Helen has modestly concealed the fact that she has been captain of a basket ball team at home, swift is the spread of the report and great is the excitement! Then what surprises are often in

store, for girls whom no one had ever thought efficient—just because they were shy and silent—prove to be real wonders. These girls soon forget their shyness and others forget it too.

When a girl plays a good clean game, not just for the glory of winning, but just because she loves the game and the true sport in it, her friends cannot help respecting her. Her house is proud to own her. The spirit for her house naturally grows stronger; she wants to see it the best—of course to her it is always the best—but she wants to add to its honor so she does her share not only in athletics but in all ways.

This year it looks as if some hard battles were going to be fought. For the last few years the House has held most of the honors, but now the number of athletic girls seems to be more evenly divided. In the games this year the true spirit of the girls will be shown. One team will have to learn—if it does not already know—how to take a defeat gracefully, and the other how to wear its well-earned laurels. The winners should feel that they have played a clean game while the losers should have the satisfaction of knowing that they played their best. But after all it does not make so much difference who wins the game as long as the true spirit of athletics is prevalent throughout.

CARLOTTA HEATH.

THE HARE AND HOUND CHASE.

Some of us had never been on a hare and hound chase so we were happy to learn that we were going on one, instead of having "indoor gym." But our faces wore no such happy expression on hearing that we had to tear up enough paper to fill three bags. Still as we were anxious to start off, we did not delay.

The girls who knew the country were chosen as hares and those left were hounds. The hares were given five minutes in which to get ahead, at the end of that time the hounds started in pursuit. Around corners, across streets, behind houses, up hill and down we went slipping, sliding, falling. Many times we

lost sight of the paper but cries of "Here it is," "I've found it," started us on again. Almost home, we really did lose all trace of the chase, much to our disgust. After searching for some time, we gave up and returned by the shortest way to school. There we found the hares waiting for us, and wondering why we hadn't followed them. This we explained between breaths. Although we were not successful, we had enjoyed ourselves.

M. K.

A WALK.

"Girls, how would you like to take a nice long walk this afternoon in place of your usual gym work?" inquired Miss MacFarlane, one bright crisp day in December. All seemed delighted with the idea. So accordingly, soon after lunch, we met at the side steps.

We set out through the park at a brisk pace which, however, we were obliged to lessen somewhat on account of the snow that had fallen the night before. The park was unusually beautiful, the clumps of evergreens standing out in sharp contrast to the dazzling whiteness everywhere.

We continued our way eastward through the park, taking the path to the new public playground. Our walk was not without mishaps. What appeared to be a smooth place would often turn out a treacherous hole, much to the disgust of some luckless maiden who immediately lost her balance and fell, rolling among the bushes, perhaps dragging her unfortunate companions with her.

This pathway at length terminated in a hill. We managed to gain the summit after labor of no small degree, and here we stopped to take breath, also some pictures. After this little rest we scrambled down the hill, stumbling our way to the roadway again. Then we separated into twos and threes and walked hurridly back to school.

Most of us arrived somewhat out of breath, with glowing cheeks and high spirits, all declaring that the walk was much nicer than just plain gym.

J. E.

ON MY BOOKSHELF.

MOLLY MAKE-BELIEVE.

"The Serial Letter Company. Comfort and Entertainment furnished for Invalids, Travelers, and all Lonely People. Real Letters from Imaginary Persons."

The plot of "Molly Make-Believe," by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott is based upon these few sentences. The book is by far the most whimsical and fanciful bit of writing of its kind that has appeared this season. It is one of the sweetest and certainly one of the most unique little love stories printed and takes firm hold of the imagination.

Cornelia, the fiancée of Carl Stanton, goes South for the winter, leaving Stanton to endure in solitude the tortures of rheumatism. She writes him occasionally the most prosaic, matter-of-fact letters, utterly lacking in sympathy or sentiment of any kind. Desperately he clutches at the chance of diversion offered in the circular of the "Serial Letter Company," and subscribes for a series of daily love letters. With the letters, which begin immediately, come gifts of every description calculated to amuse or to give comfort and relief from pain. Before the series has been completed, Molly, the author of it, is forced to leave the city. She comes in person to explain and ask to be released from the bargain. Before she leaves Stanton's room she confesses her love for him. That night Stanton writes to Cornelia breaking their engagement. From that time on, he searches for Molly, almost hopelessly handicapped by the fact that he knows neither her real name nor her address. By the end of a week, with the aid of a detective, he ascertains her whereabouts and he wastes no time in starting for her home in Vermont. The book ends with a very charming little scene between the hero and heroine, and the impression left in the mind of the reader is one of complete satisfaction.

"Molly Make-Believe" not only cheers and entertains with her happy nonsense and thoughtfulness everyone with whom she is associated in the book, but also everyone who becomes acquainted with her by reading her story. Not for an instant does interest slacken and the one regret is that there is not more of this thoroughly delightful little book. AMY D. CONDIT.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

BETTY'S HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

"Happy birthday, Betty!" called Mrs. Thornton to her daughter one beautiful Spring morning. This day was the sixteenth anniversary of one which was made memorable in the Thornton family by the arrival in this world of a little bundle of humanity, who therefore bore up bravely the great name of Elizabeth Bordwell Sessions Thornton.

"Thank you, Mother," said Betty happily as she sprang out of bed.

"Hurry with your dressing, dear, and come down stairs to see some little things which your Father and I have for you."

Betty hurried and very soon appeared in the breakfast room, with a smiling face.

"Now, Miss Betty," began her father, with mock solemnity, "I have some important things to say to you. Namely:

"From this day forth you are Miss Thornton."

"Hear! Hear!" laughed Betty's mother.

"If the audience will be quiet, I will resume my speech," said Mr. Thornton.

"You are to have your first long dress."

Here Mrs. Thornton drew a dainty pink dress, with knots of rose buds here and there, from a box.

When the excitement had subsided, Betty's father resumed, "The third article states that you are to gather those curls up

on the top of your head. You are to have a dance at the Country Club tonight."

"Mother!" sighed Betty rapturously.

"Your mother seemed to think a silver toilet set necessary to complete the 'growing-up' process."

Here Mr. Thornton handed Betty a beautiful Morocco case with a full set of silver toilet necessities.

When Betty had subsided, her father said, "These are to carry!" and he drew forth an enormous box, which, when opened, revealed many pink roses in a nest of maiden hair fern.

"Oh!" screamed Betty, as she buried her face in the box.

"The meeting will now adjourn," commanded Mr. Thornton.

Betty immediately pounced on him and began expressing her thanks.

She spent the rest of the day in trying on her dress, putting her hair up in different ways, gazing at her roses, and arranging and rearranging her toilet set on the dressing table.

At five o'clock she dressed for the dance. The new dress fitted beautifully, but the artificial rosebuds were replaced by the real ones which her father had given her, and she carried an enormous bunch of them.

By seven sharp Betty was waiting by her mother's side in the rose-arched corner where she was to receive her guests.

When half-past seven arrived the music began, and Betty was soon "off in the strains of a dreamy waltz." She danced and danced until the clock struck twelve. Then the numerous carriages and automobiles came for the guests and Betty was left standing on the porch with a bunch of faded roses in her arms but a very happy, happy heart under her crumpled dress.

Soon the Thornton's limousine rolled up and they started for home; Betty talked unceasingly of her beautiful party all the way.

When they reached home and Betty had taken off all her beautiful things, she called to her mother and said, "Mother, I'm not too old for you to tuck me into bed!"

"Betty, darling," said her mother, as she kissed her, "You will never be too old for that." KATHRYN B. REDWAY.

MOLLY AND THE MAGICIAN.

There was once a little girl and her name was Molly. Her mother and father were dead so she lived with her good old grandma.

One day she went out into the forest and she stayed so long that her old grandma was awfully worried about her. She thought some wild animal must have eaten her up.

But Molly had not been eaten up. When she reached the forest she met an old, old man and he said to her,

"Will you come and work for me?"

"I will," Molly said.

Now this old man was a magician and every day that she worked for him she found a gold piece under her pillow. One day she was out getting water from the well and she saw her house in the distance! When she went home that night she asked the old man if she could go home. He told her in a year's time.

When the year was up he took her into a cellar full of gold and precious stones and asked her what she wanted. She said she wanted gold. He gave her six barrels of gold! She thanked him and then went home to her grandma.

When she grew up she married a rich nobleman and lived happily ever after. She never forgot the old man who had been so good to her. CAROLINE ELIZABETH MEIGS.

MISS JANE'S NEW BONNET.

Miss Jane Mills came down the steps of her home, 92 Pine Street, and first looking carefully up and down the street to see that no one was looking at her, gazed with anxious eyes at her neighbor's weather vane.

"Ann, Ann," she called, "Come here, the Rooster says it won't storm."

A window above opened and Miss Jane's older sister looked out. "Well," she said slowly, "If the Rooster on Mr. Brown's

barn says it won't storm, I guess it won't. I guess you can wear your new bonnet in safety."

She closed the window with a bang, and soon the two sisters stood in the parlor, around a big hat box. Miss Jane took the cover off with trembling fingers.

"Well, hurry up!" snapped Miss Ann. "Don't stand looking at the paper all day. I, for one, want to see the bonnet."

Miss Jane soon had the bonnet out of its paper wrappings, and with many sighs and exclamations of pleasure, the marvelous bonnet was tried on. It was the first new bonnet Miss Jane had had for ten years.

"You don't think it is too gay for me, do you, Ann?" asked Miss Jane, as she looked with longing eyes at the gay chanticleer, who with wings spread, perched on the green velvet of her new bonnet.

"Too gay, no indeed, that is what the people who can afford it wear."

Soon Miss Jane with her gay bonnet, was in the street; she held her head very high, as she walked to her destination, the dry goods store.

The sun was shining when she entered the store, the sky sky was blue, looking not in the least like a storm, and the wind hardly ruffled the fields of grain.

But by the time Miss Jane had finished her errand and started to come out, the sky had turned black, and a terrific wind had started. It was one of those awful wind storms so common in western prairie towns, and that come up without the least warning.

Miss Jane gasped as the terrific gale struck her and before she could gather her scattered senses to know enough to go into the store, she found herself in the middle of the road on her knees.

"Oh me! Oh my!" she gasped as soon as she could get her breath. Then her hands went to her head, but lo and behold, the bonnet was gone. The wind had been too strong for it.

"Oh my bonnet," she wailed, "my new lovely bonnet. What shall I do?"

She scrambled to her feet as soon as possible and in spite of the wind started to hunt for the bonnet, but in vain.

In a few minutes the storm passed, as quickly as it had come, and Miss Jane walked sorrowfully home, hatless.

Miss Ann met her at the door. "And for mercy sakes," she cried, "where is your new bonnet?"

"Oh it is gone, gone," sobbed Miss Jane. "The wind was so strong it blew it right off my head."

"Well!" soliloquized Miss Ann, shaking her head, "I always knew chanticleers would bring bad luck, ever since that one of Mr. Brown's hens swallowed Mrs. Brown's new brooch."

And with these none too comforting words Miss Ann left her sister, who went sorrowfully upstairs to moan over the loss of her first bonnet in ten years and the last new one probably for another ten years. For money in the Mills family was too scarce to spend more than once in ten years, for new green velvet bonnets with chanticleers.

ELEANOR BELL.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

THEORY VS. PRACTICE.

Belle dear, it does seem so strange to be at home and not in our old room at school with you to coddle and scold me. However if we can't be together we can write letters to our hearts' content and tell each other everything as we promised to do.

Sister Helen sailed three weeks ago today and since then we've been boarding. I had planned to take charge of the housekeeping at once but Lizzie had to go home for several weeks and Minnie refused to do general housework. You remember the long talks we had last year on housekeeping and what splendid suggestions we found in the "Woman's Helper." Helen is so conservative, but I've been dying to put all our

theories into practice and was so disappointed when I found that I must postpone my "reign" for several weeks. However the old saying about the silver lining was very aptly illustrated when I realized that I could use those three weeks in having the kitchen done over and thoroughly modernized. I never have liked our kitchen. Everything in it is so serviceable and hideous, tan walls, tan linoleum, everything that depressing shade. I don't see how bread had the courage to rise in such an atmosphere.

Do you remember reading an article aloud to me last year on the ideal kitchen and how very attractive the description was? Though naturally a kitchen has to be useful, the "Woman's Helper" says it can be useful and appeal to one's artistic sense at the same time.

I had to tease father a good deal before he'd consent to having the room changed, as he said the paint hadn't peeled and the linoleum wasn't worn; all of which was perfectly true as one of my greatest objections to ugly things is their extraordinary lasting quality. You remember my red serge lasted three years and my green voile split the second time I wore it. Well as I said, I had a most dreadful time getting father's consent, but after he was once persuaded, he didn't bother me one bit about the details.

I had the walls and ceiling painted white because it's so much more sanitary. You can't remove dirt when you don't see it, but you wouldn't have the slightest difficulty in seeing every spot on that white wall. I bought the most attractive blue and white linoleum for the floor and had all the kitchen furniture painted white. After I had done all that I realized that some little thing was lacking, and then I remembered that the "Woman's Helper" had suggested the closet with the blue and white china. We had a closet in the kitchen where Lizzie always kept her pans, but the door was solid and wouldn't do at all. I had the carpenter fix that with glass panels and then I bought some blue and white dishes that gave the finishing touch to the kitchen. I had an awful time finding a place for the pans but finally decided to put them in the dark closet in the back pantry.

I've made another much needed reform for I've made the largest pantry into a sitting room for Lizzie and Minnie. I had all the shelves taken out where the groceries were kept and moved the refrigerator into the little pantry. Of course it crowded things up a bit but then think how Lizzie and Minnie will enjoy that sitting room. The "Woman's Helper" said the servant problem would be solved if the employers furnished a room where the maids could entertain their friends.

Always your loving

Molly.

P. S. I forgot to tell you about some of the most important things, the canary and the plants. I thought it would be so nice to have a bird in the kitchen and that Lizzie would enjoy listening to Dick more than father did. The plants add so much to the room though it was hard to find a place for them. I finally put them by the stove, and though Lizzie won't be able to reach the two back burners, she seldom needs to use more than two anyway. I actually envy Lizzie the kitchen. Why cooking would cease to be drudgery if all kitchens were like ours!

M.

Belle, I've read of ingratitude but I've never had such an example of it as Lizzie has just given me. After I worked and slaved and toiled fixing that kitchen up so attractively would you believe that she wasn't even pleased! I could have borne it if she hadn't appreciated all the trouble I took but to have her actually make scornful remarks on all my improvements is more than I can stand.

I wanted to see Lizzie when she first caught a glimpse of the kitchen and hear what she would say but I certainly didn't hear what I expected. When she opened the door she just gasped but I thought of course she was simply too surprised and delighted to say anything. However I had a rude awakening for the first words she said were "Why Miss Molly, who's been fixing this place up in this tom-fool way? I should think a baby would have more sense than to rig a kitchen up in this

style." Well at first I could scarcely believe my ears to think that all my trouble had met with such ingratitude. I was afraid I'd say something I'd be sorry for because Lizzie can cook, so I sailed out of the kitchen and said scathingly, "I'm sorry you can't appreciate the modern methods of housekeeping, Lizzie."

I'm feeling too wretched to write any more this time.

Love from your disillusioned Molly.

Oh Belle, such a week as I've spent! Everything has gone wrong and all on account of the kitchen and Lizzie. They just won't fit together. Every day things grow worse. Not an improvement I've made pleases her and would you believe that father actually took her part when she complained to him. He told me that my crazy notions couldn't be cultivated at the expense of a good cook and that if Lizzie leaves I'll have to do the cooking until we find some one.

Lizzie's complaints are so foolish. I could stand any reasonable objection but for instance, she insists that she can't keep the kitchen clean. The very idea of not being able to keep those pure white walls clean and the linoleum, too, when you can see every spot and wash it off at once. Do you wonder that I sign myself.

Yours in exasperation, Molly.

Well the blow has fallen and Lizzie is no more. In her place reigns Molly as chief cook and general scullery maid.

I've had a pretty hard time today and am almost too tired to hold a pen, but of course things will go swimmingly after I get used to it. This evening I prepared my first meal and I did very well for the first time, though dinner was an hour late and father did make remarks about boarding school biscuits. You see it took so long for me to hunt the pans and things in that dark closet that I lost a great deal of time. I don't like to think of getting up at six o'clock to get breakfast for I feel as if I could sleep years.

Lovingly, Molly.

Here a whole week has gone by without a line to you, but Belle, I simply havn't had a minute; just wait until you have to cook.

However, cooking in itself isn't so bad if only this house wasn't so wretchedly arranged. Positively it's the most inconvenient house I've ever been in and the kitchen is the most inconvenient room in the whole house. Every time I want a pan I have to rummage in that dark hole. Then whenever I want anything from the refrigerator, I have to go through that useless old sitting room. By the way, the ice man has ruined the carpet by going through there in his dirty boots. As for dirt, the kitchen is a sight. Whoever could keep a white kitchen clean? I mop and mop but it's an endless task for every spot fairly stares one in the face. Sometimes I almost wish I'd never seen a "Woman's Helper."

* * * Father interrupted me by coming in to talk to me. Belle, I'm so relieved for the painter is coming tomorrow to fix the kitchen and I'm going to have the old linoleum put back on. Tan is such a serviceable color and it's restful too. I'll write oftener now for Lizzie is coming back tomorrow.

Your happy

Molly.

KATHARINE KESSINGER.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Juliette Huntress (Mrs. Granton Dowse) has a son, born January 9th.

The engagement is announced of Irene Snow of Brookline to Charles Luther Spencer, Jr., of Hartford, Conn.

Louise Emerson's engagement to Mr. Ewart Caldwell of Newtonville was announced on the 17th of December.

Marjorie Fox was married on January 4th to Mr. Karl Pitcher of Haverhill.

Kathryn Dyer has been visiting Rachel Morehead in New Castle, Pa.

At a dance given in Lowell not long ago there was quite a number of Rogers Hall girls. Besides the Lowell girls, Marguerite Baldwin came up from Boston and Marjorie Fish from Lynn. Madge Hockmeyer came home from Simmons for it, and Frances Billings from Radcliffe.

Ellis Abbott's engagement is announced to Mr. R. W. Lordner of Niles, Michigan, now on the "Chicago Tribune" staff. The wedding will take place in June.

Lois Fonda is engaged to Mr. Leo F. Willson of St. Albans, Vt. She expects to be married in the Fall.

Ruth Wilder (R. H., 1903) (Mrs. William Greene) is living in Barberton, Ohio.

Edna Mills is visiting in Massachusetts and expects to make us a call at the school.

Elinor Palmer (Mrs. A. R. Magruder) sailed from Rio Janiero on January 18th for a six weeks' visit at home.

Mrs. Underhill and Dorothy spent a delightful Christmas at the Azores and have gone on through Spain and along the French Riviera to Italy.

Mildred Mansfield sails on the Arabic from New York, Saturday, February 4th. She will visit the southern countries of Europe first and come home by the northern route.

Beth Cummings (Mrs. George Platts) has a daughter named Barbara.

Mary Dewey (Mrs. Rolfe Smith) of Leominster has a little daughter born the 22nd of January.

Eleanor Cushing intends to spend a month in Chicago this Spring. Rosabel Sampliner has been visiting her at her home in Brookline.

There has been a great deal of entertaining among the Rogers Hall girls who live around Boston. Irene Snow, Louise Emerson and Mildred Moses have all given bridge parties recently.

We hear that Clara Ginn has adopted a baby and feel sure that it will be taught the gentle art of punning.

Bonnibel Butler is now in Chicago finishing some sketches for a child's book of verse which she is illustrating. She is also

working up some designs for valentines and has been most successful with her talent.

Rebecca Reynolds took lunch at the school not long ago and in the afternoon Miss Lucas gave a small tea for her.

We had a short visit from Edna Mills and Helen Lovell (Mrs. Halnan) on January 31st and showed them many improvements at Rogers Hall since "their day" and then of course there was much reminiscencing to do as we gazed upon the familiar rooms and places.

Cornelia and Cully Cooke and Kate Field had luncheon and went to the theatre together in San Francisco.

Ruth Sprague has been visiting Ruth Griffin in Gloucester.

Mildred Wilson was met not long ago on her way from a cooking lesson in which she had learned to make "the most wonderful soup." If we could only send some of it to the people who assert that college unfits a girl for domestic tasks.

Louise Cayzer (Mrs. Robert E. James) of Evanston, Ill., has a son, Robert Sinclair.

Helen Nesmith is going to Washington for a two weeks' visit to assist at the début of Miss Gertrude Greeley, the daughter of General A. W. Greeley.

Ethel Clark of Bradford, Pa., was married on June 1, 1910, to Mr. Louis Hoch.

SPLINTERS

Rogers Hall School,

Lowell, Mass.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial	1
Arcadia	2
"An Honest Thief"	3
Ec. III	5
Table Talk	8
"Cousin Phil"	10
Ma'm'selle M'rie	15
The Call—Concluded	20
Tea in England	27
Sketches	29
School News	36
Athletics	50
Book Reviews	51
Juvenile Department	57
Alumnæ Notes	63

This year four numbers will be issued.
Terms: One dollar and fifty cents a year. Single numbers forty cents.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editors in Chief . . . . . Hazelle Sleeper, Tracy L'Engle.

Assistant Editors { Gwendolen Perry, Alice Billings, Bonney Lilley, Anna Kuttner, Ethel Osgood, Josephine Howland.

School News { Evelyn Pike, *Chairman;* Madeline Smith, *Assistant.* Helen Gallup, Harriet Hasty, Esther Loveman, Helen Munroe, Gladys Carb, Elizabeth Callahan, Lucretia Walker, Helen Tyler, Lucile Kemp, Dorothea Holland.

Advertising { Julia Burke, *Chairman;* Hilda Baxter, Sylvia Doutney, Kathryn Hopson, Ruth Lowell, Marian Colman, Leslie Brown, Leslie Hylan, Madeline White, Kathryn Redway.

Athletics { Carlotta Heath, *Chairman;* Dorothy Benton, Beatrice Chowen. Gertrude Parker, Elizabeth Talbot, Matilda Kloppenburg. Emma Arnold.

Book Reviews . Rachel Jones, *Chairman;* Sylvia Doutney, Evelyn West.

Children's Page { Ethel Hockmeyer, *Chairman;* Mary Holden, Ruth Greene, Carrie Baxter, Helen Foss, Ethel Dempsey, Marjorie Stover.

Business Managers { Millicent Painter, Cynthia Byington, Harriet Gage, Mildred Creese, Dorothy Jackson

Treasurer . . . . . Helen Brown.

Assistant Treasurer . . . . . Amy Condit.

Alumnæ Editor . . . . . Alice Faulkner.

SPLINTERS.

Vol. 11. April, 1911. No. 3

EDITORIAL.

If we pause occasionally to consider the people among whom we live, how many we find who are "playing a part!" We have our "leading ladies"; our "soubrettes" are legion; nor do we lack even a "hero" at times. Everyone likes to consider herself, or himself, actor in a drama, and Shakespeare is not the only one who tells us that life is the greatest of all drama.

So when we speak of "playing a part" we refer to those actions of our fellowmen that stand out for something definite, actions that make our little world move toward gain for all. We must move ever forward and we must have a leader. It is commonly said that certain persons are born leaders. That may be very true of the Cæsars, the Jeanne d'Arcs and the Napoleons, but how about our school companions? We do not feel there is any unusual power inborn in the girls about us who accomplish things. The secret of their success lies in a clear recognition of their own abilities; this knowledge gives them power.

To recognize our own ability is not conceit. Conceit is, rather, the assumption of powers not our own. We find conceit is concerned only with the minor issues. Our companions cease to "play a part" when conceit enters in. This attitude is but the refusal to subordinate our own individuality, even temporarily, to the good of the majority. The leader, in recognizing her own ability, understands also the power of others and readily steps aside when these powers are greater than hers.

Training and previous success both have their place in the making of the person who accomplishes what she sets about. But first, before either training or previous success can be of any assistance, must come self-confidence.

That we may not mistake conceit and self-confidence let us consider what self-confidence is, and why it brings power.

Self-confidence is literally trust through self, but may be better defined as faith in oneself. This does not mean blind faith in things unknown, for self-confidence implies knowledge of self. In this state of mind we feel that we can trust the self, which we know, to do well whatever we find before us. Thus will life move onward and we, through self-confidence "play our part" be it small or great. TRACY L'ENGLE.

ARCADIA.

Take my hand within your own,
We will find the way alone
Through the wonderland of May,
Where the path grows dim.
All the dreams come true today,
So it seems to you and me
While we seek the hidden way
Into golden Arcady.

Wind-blown petals pass us by,
We may catch them, you and I
Hold them close within our hands,
Fairy things are they.
Out of mystic elfin lands
Sent to help us, you and me,
Help us cross the drifting sands
Ere we reach our Arcady.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

"AN HONEST THIEF."

It was one of those teeth-chattering winter afternoons, when man feels for the poor fellow without an overcoat, yet snuggles up closer into his own. The Common was unusually bleak and dreary, there were no babies playing in the park, nor men and women walking aimlessly about. The poor men who were there, were crouched upon the benches with the "wish they were dead" attitude common to people who have reached the end of all hope. It is the sort of countenance the artist wears when he finds he can not afford "art for art's sake" but must cater to an unappreciative public with a most unartistic temperament.

Two men walked swiftly through the Common, unconscious of the cold or tragedies about them, they were so entirely engrossed in their conversation. One was short and dignified with the air of a genius; the other was tall and boyish, yet he looked the man of common sense and business.

The dreamer, for he was all that his appearance denoted, was talking.

"Do you mean to say, Bob Roberts, there never existed an honest thief, a man who would steal for the mere sake of stealing? To you stealing would be a habit that a man does not care to outgrow. I say this, a thief has a conscience and if he is treated as a man and not a thief he will no longer be a thief. We are responsible for many a second robbery. The first time, the man steals because he is in need, the second because we do not think him capable of being honest."

"Now, Dawn, you are dreaming. This is another abstract theory of yours. It is a good thing you went in for the 'Drama' and higher art instead of business. I can see you making most remarkable investments to ex-convicts and the like. If you weren't what you are, you would be a most impossible fool."

"Allow that I am a fool, I still say, all a man needs to make him honest is the faith of other men."

At this moment a boy arose from a bench and came towards the two men. He was undergrown and stunted, his was the characteristic face of the thief, the low forehead with the scraggy locks of hair and the shiftless eyes were there. He slouched along with his head down and his arms limp. He was the sort of person who would always wear off his heels on the side.

Both men took in the boy at a glance and made note of his only too obvious type.

"Say fellers, it's a cold day and I'm half froze, can't you help a chap out?"

The men exchanged glances and chuckled to themselves, here was the chance for "I told you so."

"Sure," said the genius, "my room is across from here, come and get warmed up."

"You don't really mean it, Boss!" Nevertheless he went.

Dawn's room was cozy, luxuriant and warm, the right atmosphere to bring about reforms. The boy sat in a Morris chair before the grate. Dawn watched him from his couch while Roberts looked on from the window seat.

The boy sat gazing into the fire and by degrees the cunning of the thief gave place to a soft, dreamy and youthful expression of a boy. Roberts saw the change and so did Dawn. The one nodded, "You are right," and the other smiled his wisest smile.

Roberts left. The boy still sat before the fire and the man on the couch became drowsy. Soon the quietness of the room and the dreamy face of the boy put him to sleep.

The boy suddenly moved, the thief of the Common was there again. He stealthily made his way about the room, took up an overcoat, watch and cuff links of Dawn's and started for the door. He paused there uncertainly for a second, then came back and picked up Dawn's purse.

He had just reached the first landing on the winding stairs when he found himself face to face with Roberts. The man smiled, took the overcoat from the boy, searched his pockets

until he had found all of his friend's possessions, then let the thief pass him.

Roberts made his way quietly to his friend's room. Dawn was still asleep. He came in, put the things back in their places, then went out again.

As Roberts slammed the front door, Dawn awoke. He looked first at the armchair, then at the window seat, soon his eyes fell on his watch and he smiled.

"I was right, the man with a chance is always the man. I wonder where my honest thief has gone." GLADYS CARB.

EC. III.

Spring was in the air! There was no doubt about it. Nature was full of the signs so common to the season—the newness of life, the carefree spirits of youth and the touch of idleness.

On this particular day Pete North had persuaded Arthur Frothingham Peabody (he wished his whole name used for it denoted fine old ancestors) to go into the country with him to study up for a three hour exam., which was scheduled for the following day. These names would convey little meaning to one who did not know the boys, but "he of the big name" was a dignified senior, possessed of red hair and a pug nose, while Pete was known familiarly as "Apollo."

Noontime found them picking their way down a muddy road that led to a tempting pasture. The car was stalled and the rest of the journey must of necessity be on foot.

"Nothing like it for improving the mind and language," remarked Peabody, as he pulled his foot slowly out of a particularly sticky hole.

"That's all right, you just wait till we get over there under that tree and you'll see it is easier to cram in the open air than

indoors. Why, man alive, you can think twice as well. Wait till you see the "B" I pull in Ec. III.

In a moment they had climbed the low stone wall and flung themselves beside the brook. Here they arranged their books and papers in the most approved style for cramming.

"Solid comfort!" Arthur Frothingham Peabody sighed aloud, as he rested his head gently on an unsteady rock, while his feet slewed from their original position and slipped gradually down the muddy bank.

"No wonder you have cracked this up to me all the way out," he continued, as he gazed regretfully at a page of notes that was sailing down the babbling brook.

There was a long silence, broken suddenly by the splash of a rock thrown into midstream.

"You know," remarked Pete idly, "I think if I came out here often, I could become a very classy poet."

"Beautiful thought," was the only response, and glancing around, the would-be poet discovered his friend deep in a text-book.

"Oh, I say, why do you start so soon? Wait till I get my note book. Someone copped my Phil. E. book the other day. Speaking of sweet potatoes, did I tell you that Reddy Dawson is going to take Catherine to Class Day? She is a winner all right and she can dance some, believe me, but he certainly is a lemon of the old school. By the way, did you get a bid to the Andrews' dance and—Jove! did you see that trout? Why didn't I bring my rod!"

A silence of short duration, and then—"I am inspired! Listen—"

"The singing brook prattles to the speckled trout,
  And the murmuring winds whisper low.
And the grass on the ground
With double rebound
  Springs up—'tis ever so."

Peabody looked up with a grunt. "You'll get a 'B' all right if you keep this up! For Heaven's sake, Pete, use your

head. Where else do you suppose the grass would be, if not on the ground. That poetical effort is a trifle ambiguous, seems to me."

"That's your lack of appreciation, then. You haven't the artistic instinct."

"Now don't spout any more Spring thoughts, but get busy. Here, look at this chapter and tell me if you can make anything out of it. Do you realize you haven't done a thing yet? If I remember correctly, you had the nerve to tell me that you could always get right down to business in the open air."

"Whew! talk about your slumbering volcanoes! I thought a little poetry would fetch you."

Pete rose, stretched himself and picked up a stick and began to strip the leaves from it. "You can stay here and grind if you want to. I sha'n't work till later on," and he set out along the path by the brookside.

As the sun dropped behind the hill, Peter returned to his deserted comrade, who was sleeping peacefully, with a note-book over his face. They gathered up their books and started for town.

"Why doesn't everyone use the day before, for cramming, I wonder? It is much simpler than studying all year. See you tomorrow," and with these parting words Pete left his friend, giving no second thought to anything as trivial as Economics.

As a fitting climax to the day of cramming there was a theatre-party and supper; consequently, Pete North arose the next morning just in time to snatch his note-book and rush to the examination.

"I am going to beat it over to Peabody's rooms," he called to his long-suffering roommate as he slammed the door.

The rooms of Arthur Frothingham Peabody were dark and quiet. Picking up a shoe Pete threw it at the peaceful sleeper, who, upon receiving this token of affection, opened his eyes suddenly. The expression in them was not one of brotherly gratitude nor was it one of jovial greeting, but merely a suggestion

of what might be termed irritation. In fact it was quite a facial study.

"Come to life! Get busy! Ec. III comes off in fifteen minutes!"

The expression changed to that of sweet serenity as Arthur Frothingham Peabody made the reply, "Peter, my boy, maybe you would like to be informed as I was last evening, that the examination in Economics III was held yesterday at eleven-thirty," and with a peaceful smile he dozed off.

ETHEL OSGOOD.

TABLE TALK.

The point of view is half-way down the table, which, by the way, is rather a convenient place, because if you are not feeling in the mood to discuss the pros and cons of capital punishment you can listen, or at least give the impression of listening, to a dissertation upon last year's basket ball game—undoubtedly the most exciting and nerve-racking game ever played, according to authorities on the subject; but then again this position may be most annoying. If you happen to catch the beginning of a story or a discussion and are sufficiently interested to care to hear the end, too, you have to lean forward and concentrate your entire attention upon the speaker, otherwise the conversation from the other end of the table will penetrate your consciousness at inconvenient intervals and you get a curious mixture of Woman's Suffrage and perhaps the discussion of how to live on fifteen dollars per week. I take these two subjects for examples, as they are the most popular ones.

"Do you mean to say that a woman hasn't enough intelligence to vote? That is no kind of an argument. Look at the

amount of intelligence, or rather the lack of it, that lots and lots of men possess who vote every year."

"No, I didn't mean that. Of course a woman could understand politics perfectly if she were interested enough to want to. But I don't think that women should vote and I don't like the idea of their going to the polls. It tends to coarsen them, I think. They ought to be satisfied to stay at home. If they haven't enough influence to make their husbands vote the way they should, then the women don't deserve the privilege, if you want to call it that, of voting."

"Oh, I see. You believe in the sheltered life. You want to be pro.—" And then from the other end of the table you hear, "No, she couldn't live on fifteen dollars a week by any possible stretch of the imagination or the fifteen dollars either."

"Do you think you could?"

"Of course. All you have to do is—"

Just here, when you were hoping for a lucid explanation of how one person, at least, expected to pay the rent, the gas and water bills, the butcher and grocer and still go to the theatre once a week and give little dinners once in a while, all on fifteen dollars per, some one opposite you inquires of the girl sitting next you, "Do you believe in capital punishment?"

"Well, I can't say that I have thought much about it. What do you think?"

"I don't believe in it."

"Then I do. Why don't you?"

Here a third person joins in the conversation. "What are you two arguing about now, anything serious?"

The second girl, the one supporting the affirmative, answers, "I don't know but I am on the opposite side to what May is. You get into this and help me along. She knows what she is talking about and I don't."

"All right, what is it?"

"Capital punishment. Do you believe in it?"

"No, of course not! No one has any right to touch another person particularly when that person is smaller and younger, and you never can make me think so!"

"Hold on. What are you talking about? It sounds like a debate on corporal punishment in public schools. You have the wrong idea. Now—"

And so it goes. The only subject left unargued is Religion, and probably someone will attempt that before June.

AMY CONDIT.

"COUSIN PHIL."

The Girl slowly laid down her book, placed an empty candy box on the seat beside her and gazed pensively out of the window. Her thoughts were many and varied. In fact, they flew almost as fast as did the train. After all these years she was going to see Aunt Polly once more and Cousin Phil, too. She had left the little mining town in the West and was coming East to the Big City as fast as her train could convey her. Many years ago she had been left destitute at her father's death. Refusing to live on the charity of her father's relatives, she had gone West and accepted a position as school teacher in a little mining town. She had not seen any of her relatives for five years. She had not seen Cousin Phil for ten years. When they had parted the boy had said, "My little Pal forever." But somehow when the Boy went to College he forgot all about the Girl way out West. So now, at last, after all these years the Girl, who had not forgotten, was to see her "big Pal" once more.

A prolonged wail from a child across the aisle drew the Girl's mind from her pleasant thoughts of the future and brought her rudely back to earth. Directing her attention across the aisle she saw the Woman, neatly dressed, holding a baby in her arms. Two other children, somewhere between the ages of five and ten years, completed the family group. The youngster of the wail had fallen from his dangerous perch on the arm of the car

seat and had landed full length at the Girl's feet. The latter tenderly picked him up and wiped the tears from the dirty little face. The act of kindness drew the Woman's attention to the Girl. They both smiled. A wave of tenderness and good-fellowship came over the Girl and she rose from her seat, drew the child into her arms and crossed the aisle. At a nod of consent from the Woman she sat down in the vacant seat next to the Woman.

We will leave them and take a glance at the remaining occupants of the car. Two men were playing poker while a third was watching over their shoulders. One of the players was a Traveling Salesman. Suit case, sample case, even the paste diamond in his shirt proclaimed him as such. The other player was a neatly dressed, flourishing and prosperous looking individual whom one could spot at once as being the Banker. The Watcher was a blonde, good-looking young man with a jolly twinkle in his blue eyes and a happy, contented smile on his lips. A few seats away from this group were two very young, fluffy-haired girls about the tender ages of fourteen and sixteen years, giggling hysterically and noisily as they glanced through the pages of the latest "Life." They were accompanied by a tall, lean, lanky woman who glanced impatiently, now out of the car window, and now at the noisy girls. Across the aisle from this group was a huge young fellow—a typical college athlete—encased in a red sweater and topped with a gray, spotted cap pulled far down over his massive forehead. He was literally devouring the last Spalding football book and looking quite as if he were enjoying it.

All at once the train stopped. The Girl and the Woman ended their conversation. The Card Players laid down their cards and the Watcher rose to the height of his six feet, two inches. The Giggling Girls were arrested in the midst of a giggle and the Thin Woman paused in the act of reprimanding them. The Spalding football book was flung on the floor and the College Athlete jumped to his feet. What had happened? A brakeman, passing through the car, gave a long speech, supposed to be an explanation for the stopping of the train. The final

word of his explanation, which was the only one that the anxious listeners could distinguish was,—flood. The passengers rushed to the car windows but could discern nothing but the gorgeous Western sun sinking slowly down behind miles and miles of devastated land. The blonde Young Man went to make inquiries and returned with the far from cheerful news that there was a "Flood ahead, can't get through to the Big City until God only knows when. Town ten miles ahead and one fifteen miles behind. Not enough coal in engine to back into the latter town." At the end of this monologue the Young Man flashed a look of his blue eyes at the disappointed Girl which seemed to say, "Cheer up, we're all in the same boat and you won't be hopelessly bored if I can help it. That is, if you'll let me amuse you." The Girl flushed, but turned her eyes away and the Young Man's mute appeal was a failure. Much conversation ensued, the outcome of which was that every passenger became somewhat well acquainted with every other passenger.

"I've just got to get to the Big City tonight. My relatives expect me and I haven't seen them for five years. What shall I do?" Thus spoke the Girl.

"I'm going to my brother's and I just know he and my sister-in-law will be worried to death if I don't get there tonight. They'll probably send Nephew Philip to the depot to meet us." Thus spoke the Woman. The children wept.

At the mention of the name, Philip, the remembrance came back to the Girl of the pleasure she had hoped to enjoy that evening. After all these years she would still have to wait another day to see Cousin Phil. How discouraging—and a small tear made its way slowly down the Girl's cheek.

"Thunder and blazes, I've got to get to the Big City tonight. Meeting of the company tonight and I've got to be there to hand in my report. Besides, family reunion tonight, too. Haven't been to my Cousin's for five years and she's having a family party to celebrate the Wanderer's return." Thus spoke the Traveling Salesman.

"I've got a Bank Directors' Meeting tonight and it'll be a pretty kettle of fish if the President isn't there. Have a dinner

engagement, too. My niece is giving a little entertainment for me. Never knew it to fail on this road—either a flood or a wreck all the time." Thus—the Banker.

The Young Girls kept on giggling and were not even checked, when the Thin Woman called to them sharply to "Hush that racket. It's bad enough to be late at Sister's. Heaven only knows when we'll get there."

The Athlete made the air a trifle blue for a few minutes and finally sauntered out of the car to "have a look around and size things up a bit," grumbling something about "Aunt Poll will be perfectly furious. I promised faithfully not to let anything short of sudden death interfere with my keeping that date with her. It sure is tough luck."

The Girl's disappointment overcame her, but with it came the determination to walk the fifteen miles to the last town. She knew it would take a long time, that it would be dark and that she would probably be afraid, but what did that matter? She must get to Aunt Polly's that night. She would walk back to Holbrook and hire a machine to drive her the remaining miles. Grasping her suit case she left the car hurridly. When she stepped to the ground, confusion and excitement surrounded her on every side. The sun had sunk and night was fast approaching. Torches lightening up the brakeman's face, threw fantastic shadows on the cars. Snatches of conversation floated back to her from the engine, around which all the train officials were gathered—discussing the prospects. From their talk the Girl concluded that they didn't expect to get through the flood until the river went down which would probably be within the next forty-eight hours. There was no help for it. The Girl must walk to Holbrook. She started and had advanced about ten feet when she heard steps on the gravel behind her. She turned around and saw the Young Man following her. She paused and waited for him to approach her. As he reached her he said, "I beg your pardon, but is there anything I can do for you? I saw you walking down the track and I didn't want you to get too far away from the crowd as there are so many tramps in this

part of the country." At the mention of tramps she gasped and looked up into his earnest face.

"Why—I was going to walk to Holbrook."

"Holbrook? Why my dear girl, you can't do that. It's fifteen miles from here. It's an absolute impossibility for you to walk that far, besides being a crazy thing to try."

She turned and together they walked back to the train. As they neared the train they saw that the Traveling Salesman, the Banker, the Woman, the Children, the Giggling Girls, the Thin Woman and the College Athlete were all gathered in a circle, gesticulating wildly and all talking at the same time.

"Do you know, can you believe it? We've discovered that we were all going to the Big City to attend the same family reunion," the Woman whispered to the Girl excitedly. "We have none of us seen each other for a long time and that is why we did not recognize each other. "That," pointing to the Banker, "is my Sister-in-law's Uncle. That," pointing to the Traveling Salesman, "is my Sister-in-law's Cousin. These," designating the Giggling Girls, "are my Sister-in-law's Nieces, and that Thin Woman is her Sister. That," glancing at the Athlete, "is her Nephew."

"And what is the name of this mutual relative, your Sister-in-law?" jokingly inquired the Young Man.

"Mrs. Polly Sanderson."

"Mercy! Mrs. Polly Sanderson is my Aunt!" exclaimed the Girl. "I've come back to see her after all these years. Then we must all, that is—with the exception of you"—gazing wistfully at the Young Man—"be relatives. How very funny! To cap the climax, you should be a member of this family, too," she said to the Young Man.

"Well," he replied, "Mrs. Polly Sanderson is my Mother."

"Then, you are Cousin Phil?" opening her black eyes wide.

"Yes. And you are 'little Pal.' "

JOSEPHINE HOWLAND.

MA'M'SELLE M'RIE.

The girl half-turned away from the mirror and glanced over her shoulder at the man behind her. He did not look up, but bent lower over his work, and she swung petulantly back to confront her reflection again. She was small and graceful, as full of lithe, quick movements as a cat, and as she stood knotting the crimson handkerchief around her head she seemed more like a will-o'-the-wisp from the forest outside than a commonplace, Canadian girl.

She tied the handkerchief in place and whirled on the man. He did not move and she caught the half-done shoe from his hands and threw it into a corner. "Dette," she cried, "all tam' I fix and fix this, so, that you shall see, and you won' look." She stopped and frowned at him like a disappointed child.

The man looked at her silently, then he answered slowly, "Yes, M'rie it is ver' nice that."

He picked up the shoe, seated himself again and threaded a needle.

The girl stood for a moment, then knelt beside him, and pushed the work from his hands.

"Now you are angry with me, yes? And for why? Just that I make myself pretty. Look!" she pulled him to the door. "Outside everything is pretty and I so like to be pretty too, me."

Dette glanced out into the village street. Across the way stood the priest's house, gay in its covering of vines, its door overshadowed by a clump of golden-glow.

M'rie pointed at this, and Dette caught her hand and held it, smiling. "Be pretty, then," he said, "jus' so pretty as you can. I don' wan' to stop you." He went inside and sat down at his bench again.

M'rie picked up a pan of peas from the table and went out. As she passed the mirror she hesitated, stopped, and setting the pan down, took the handkerchief from her hair and tied it

loosely around her throat, patted it gently into place then half turned to the man. He was bent double, searching among the scraps of leather at his feet, and she shrugged her shoulders, seated herself on the doorstep and began shelling the peas, lazily.

From the river came the voices of the loggers shouting "good-nights" to each other as they finished their work and came ashore. Presently they began to wander up the street in twos and threes. They passed M'rie merrily, calling out a greeting.

At last, one man came up the street alone, singing under his breath. He was tall and dark, with great eyes that had laughter ever present in their depths. His black shirt was open at the throat and a long rent in the shoulder showed a gleam of brown skin.

M'rie looked up as he drew near and a smile broke over her face. "Good evening, Monsieur Batiste," she crooned, "a ver' good evening."

The man pushed the gate open and walked up the path. "Good evening, Ma'm'selle M'rie," he answered, "a ver' good evening, as you say, but a ver' warm one." He flung himself on the grass by the doorstep and drew his sleeve across his wet face.

M'rie looked down at him, pouting, "I am not Ma'm'selle M'rie," she said, "and why do you call me dat, hein? I am Madame M'rie, Monsieur Batiste."

The man glanced at her, his eyes mocking.

"Ma'm'selle M'rie," he answered, "I call you so because nevaire will you be anything but little bad, bold Ma'm'selie M'rie, not for all the husbands in the world," and he nodded toward the open door. "What is he doing, hein?"

M'rie set her pan of half-shelled peas on the step.

"I don' know, working maybe, all the tam he work," she said, "he is one ver' cross man."

Batiste laughed. "Oui," he answered, "all the tam he work, an' for why? To get more money to give Ma'm'selle M'rie to buy

more things like this," he caught at a corner of the red handkerchief, teasingly.

M'rie drew back and frowned, "but you don' know" she insisted, "he—."

"No," said Batiste, "but I know Ma'm'selle M'rie for six, seven year and I think I know her ver' well."

M'rie rose and hesitated a moment, the pan on her hip. "You make me ver' cross too, Batiste," she laughed "and then there are two of us, Dette an' me, both cross, and that is most terrible." She made a face at him and entered the door, leaving him to wander on his way when it pleased him best.

Dette looked up as M'rie entered. "Supper tam M'rie?" he queried, leaning back against the wall.

M'rie scowled at him half in fun. "Those shoes, ain' you finish those shoes?" she paused; "I shan' get your supper till the shoes are finish. You will get dollar, dollar-n-half for them and I need that dollar, me." She turned to him laughing, but stopped as she caught the expression on his face. His eyes flamed with a dull wrath, and his mouth worked as he fought for silence.

"No" he shouted, "I ain' finish dos shoes, an' I ain' goin' to, you want the money an' the clothes, not me. You have no feeling for me, here," he caught at his breast roughly. "You don' care for no one but yourself. You are cold, cold, all de tam cold, all you say to me, to anyone, 'give, give.' I am sick of it, an' I ain' coming back." He snatched his hat from a nail, threw the shoe onto the pile of scraps and slammed the door behind him.

M'rie ran to the window and watched him go heavily down the path, and then picked up the shoe and looked at it angrily. "Not done enough so I can sell him," she grumbled and tossed it back onto the floor.

Dette walked hurriedly down the road, his head high and his eyes hard. A voice hailed him from a doorway and he turned to see Batiste leaning against the frame, his hands in his pockets and his pipe between his teeth.

"You are in one great hurry, my frien'," he called, "won' you stop for a little smoke wit' me?"

Dette stopped and then walked slowly up the rickety steps.

Batiste seated himself on the railless porch and handed over his tobacco pouch silently. "Where you goin'?" he asked after a pause.

Dette shrugged his shoulders, "I don' know," he answered. "M'rie—" he stopped.

Batiste smiled, "Yes I know," he said, "You an' M'rie had one gran' fight, yes?"

Dette nodded, "I don' know what to do, Batiste, she is—" he stopped again.

"So much M'rie, hein?" questioned Batiste, and then he threw his head back and laughed.

Dette watched him silently, blowing clouds of thick smoke into the air. "What can I do Batiste, if I don' play with her, she sulks like a bébé and if I don' work all tam she is mad."

Batiste nodded. "Dat's simple," he remarked, "go away for a little tam, one month, two month, three, maybe," he waved his hand easily, and she will come round."

Dette straightened up, and stared at Batiste, "Dat's a ver' good idea," he said, "I guess I do dat, maybe, I can walk to Grand Sapin tonight and get work there, and den I can go on de States." He rapped the ashes from his pipe and got to his feet, "I better be goin'," he said, "Au'voir Batiste."

Batiste nodded silently, and Dette started down the road in the gray Canadian twilight.

For a couple of miles the road ran through the open, and here Dette walked rapidly, watching the mist come sweeping up from the hollows. When he entered the forest night had fallen, and the road a gray ghost of a way, lined with stiff tall sentinels, lay before him glimmering in the faint moonlight.

He walked swiftly, although he knew he could reach the village in a few hours, but when he came to a clearing with a few lonely trees standing in it he made his way clumsily over the fence and flung himself on the grass, his hands clasped beneath his head.

For a long time he lay there, staring up at the myriad stars that set the sky agleam, and then went quietly to sleep.

It was nearly dawn when he awoke. He brushed the bits of grass from his clothes and clambered over the fence, back into the road, and began his walk again.

As he topped the hill below which lay the village of Grand Sapin, he stopped and looked down. The town, very silent in the early morning, had scarcely begun to awake. The door to the church was open, and Dette remembered that it was time for early Mass.

He went down the hill slowly, and crossed the bridge at the foot of it. Beyond the bridge stood a square white house, and in the door a girl was leaning, her hands wrapped in her blue apron. She watched Dette curiously. She did not look like M'rie but her eyes were big and black and her hair curled loosely around her face.

Dette stood looking at her for a moment and then turned and retraced his steps up the hill.

It was nearly noon when he slammed the gate and walked up the path. He opened the door suddenly. M'rie was sitting at the table with a half-finished shoe before her, and her eyes were very red.

Dette walked quietly to the table and pulled the red handkerchief from a drawer. "You better put it on," he said, crumpling it in his hands.

M'rie stared at him, and as she stood there he knotted it around her throat with clumsy fingers.

Batiste wandered up the road from the river, his coat over his shoulder. At M'rie's gate he stopped, and then, as Dette's voice came to him singing under his breath, he leaned against the gate post and laughed long and loud. Hazelle Sleeper.

THE CALL.

(Concluded.)

The man before her was Howard Dennis. Only for a moment she stood there, then bravely took the proffered hand and stepped into the center of the room.

"Sit down here," said Dennis, designating a seat near the rickety table. Frances sank down numb with terror and gazed about her. Nothing impressed itself clearly upon her mind, everything was obscure and confused.

Vaguely, she saw the figure of a man sitting across the table from her. She thought he had given an exclamation of surprise, but now he was deeply interested in a bedraggled novel.

The room was not beautiful. A cupboard, a battered stove in the corner, and a few broken chairs were the only articles of furniture. As Frances sat there she dragged her weary brain through a series of impossible escapes always ending nowhere. She could not bring herself to think that Dave—Dave whom she had so trusted could be bribed into such an act as this. She knew now the meaning of the strange look she had so often noticed in his eyes. She could do nothing, she told herself, as she sat staring at the frowsy, red head of the reader at the table. She knew that man! She remembered now that she had seen him often, and heard that he greatly admired her and her voice. But now "Carrotts," as she had laughingly dubbed him, sat there as though utterly oblivious of her presence. As her gaze turned to some other object in the room, she was conscious that the young man looked at her intently, but when she turned to him he was interested in his book. Time and again during those ten minutes she turned quickly, feeling his eyes upon her, but he was always reading. Never did he betray his interest by the flicker of an eyelid. He was a man of stone.

Franklin and Dennis soon returned from putting up the horse.

"Well," said Dave, "You've got the girl, now let's get down to business."

"Sh—n—" murmured Grizzly. "I'll see you privately."

"Meanwhile—." He went into the next room, brought out a rope, bound Frances to the chair wherein she sat, and then turned to "Carrotts."

"Remember your promise, Dick, and don't meddle with my affairs." He closed the door behind him. Dick Leiter went calmly on with his reading. Behind the closed door Frances could hear the two men quarreling.

"See here! I delivered the gal, an' you promised me a hun—."

"Sh—h," came Dennis's voice. Frances listened intently but could hear only an indistinct murmur. Five minutes passed. During those five minutes she sat staring at "Carrotts," inwardly raging against anyone who could sit so calmly when her life was at stake! Why didn't he do something? He did not stir. The old impulse to scream came over her so strongly that she dug her nails into her palms in an endeavor to control herself. Then she calmed down. She tried to reason with herself and to seek some means of escape. She was in the midst of a plan when she heard her name called softly.

"Frances."

She turned her head quickly. Dick Leiter, leaning over the table, had spoken to her. As her eyes met his he blushed and stammered.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Dawson."

"Well?" she asked so breathlessly that the man hardly dared speak.

"I can get ye' out o' this!" he said rapidly.

"You can—you can—What?" she demanded. Dick frowned and motioned towards the door. "Come down at four o'clock and I'll help you."

"Down?" Dick pointed through a narrow hall to a sort of ladder ascending to an attic. "They'll probably put you

up there but I kin get you away from that dog,—with one condition!"

"Yes?" she cried eagerly.

"That you marry me." Nothing could have sounded more impossible to the girl.

"I marry you?" she asked. "Why, it's absurd."

"Oh it is, is it?"

"Those men are closing that bargain! In one minute they'll be here for you. Dennis ain't got no scruples against shooting, a woman, and you know it! Do ye' agree to my bargain?

"No," said Frances wildly. There was a scraping of chains in the next room. Howard Dennis was coming back. Terror seized her.

"Yes," she sobbed faintly. "Can't you take me away now?"

"No, the stable boy will probably shoot an alarm if we move, and with three against one, ye' might get hurt." The men were at the door. "Four o'clock," he threw over his shoulder, as he hastened back to his book. He sank into his chair just as the men strode into the room. Old Grizzly went over to Dick's chair and stood before him. For a long time Dick sat there apparently unconscious of his presence, while Frances held her breath and fought for control. Dave watched them eagerly. Finally Dick turned a page, put his finger in the book, and looked up.

"Ye might tell a feller what ye' want instead o' standing there, starin' at 'im," he said. For several moments no one moved. Dick eyed Dennis calmly and did not betray the slightest knowledge of what it was all about. Then Old Grizzly turned and said easily, "Oh I didn't want anything, I just wondered."

He crossed to Frances and unbound her while Leiter resumed his reading.

"There's your room, ye'd better rest a bit," he said, indicating the stairs on the other side of the hall. She obeyed him without a word, climbing the ladder not without difficulty, due to the cramped position she had been in.

Besides a cot bed and a washstand, the room was destitute of furniture.

After a time she realized that all sound had ceased below. She listened, then distinguished a faint movement as though someone moved his feet on the rough floor. She had heard Dave say, "Good-night" and "Carrott's" angry shout, "I always keep my promise" to which Dennis had replied with an oath. Then it occurred to her that Old Grizzly was going to stay up all night.

Four o'clock finally sounded and Frances started to descend. Dennis' staying up was probably a power that Dick had not reckoned with, but he told her to come at four and she had faith in him. She was thankful when she found that the men had their backs to her, as she descended, partly concealed, by a flimsy partition. She reached the bottom without a mishap and crossed quickly to the wall. Here she leaned against it, and tried to brace herself. She could not be seen from here, by either of the men; she turned slightly and looked through a chink between the logs.

Dennis was sitting at the table, looking nervously about him, toying with a revolver that lay on the table. Dick was reading just as she had left him. In the next room Dave was sleeping noisily. Frances could hear him snore from where she stood.

"That man is making a bloomin' lot of noise!" growled Dennis looking over his shoulder.

Dick smiled absently. Dennis picked up a magazine and glanced at it. At the same time Frances saw Dick's hand go to his hip pocket. She caught her breath. Dennis noticed the movement, too, and his hand closed over his revolver. Without looking up Dick pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently. Frances smiled despite herself. Old Grizzly sank back and picked up the magazine with a sigh of relief. Dick bent over slightly to replace the handkerchief and she noticed him slip out his revolver and put it under his book, almost with the same motion.

Fascinated, she watched him get a good grip and cock it.

Dick turned his head slightly and saw Old Grizzly was interested in a story.

Just when he seemed intensely so, Dick started to get up. His motions were as silent as an Indian's, and it was only when he turned, Old Grizzly heard the noise. Like a flash he was on his feet, revolver in hand, but too late—he was staring straight into the barrel of Dick's "Little Barker."

"No you don't," Dick said quietly. Frances ran to the door and looked in hesitatingly.

"I didn't intend to have no killin' in this little game," he said, "but ye'd better not raise that gun one inch more off'n thet table and if you make one yip, you're a dead man."

"Jest lay that thing on the table, slow-like. That's the way." Dennis laid the gun down and stood glowering at Dick. Frances came forward. Leiter nodded to her and said, "Kindly take that thing away it's spoiling my view."

Frances even laughed as she picked up the revolver. Dennis watched her white with anger, but he could not move.

"Now cover this gentleman while I tie him up" were his next instructions. She did so without the slightest tremor. From the next room came Dave's gentle snore. Grizzly bound, Leiter faced him.

"Now if ye call fer yer friend, he'll get his head blowed off," he laughed. "Dennis I always thought you were a clever man and when you give us the game as easy as this, it sure was a surprise."

"You gave me your word of honor not to mix up in this," snarled the captive, "and I trusted ye' like a fool."

"Look here," said the other, "I gave you my word of honor that this thing wouldn't go beyond this house. As fur as I'm concerned it won't. But you said that if I attempted to interfere with yer plans, ye'd blow my head off. I don't see where ye' git a promise out o' that! When you make a bargain with me, ye want to remember how that bargain was stated. I do!"

It was at this point that Frances noticed the door of Dave's room slowly open. Franklin came out revolver in hand. Neither of the men noticed him and it took him only a moment to grasp

the situation. Frances was paralyzed with fright, but when Dave raised the revolver she acted quicker. Without aim she fired full at him. He gave a cry and fell forward. Frances dropped the gun and stood staring at what she had done. Dennis and Leiter gazed stupidly at the figure before them.

"Got me that time," muttered Dave, twisting in agony. "Yes," said Dick, who quickly gained his senses, "and it's a shame that it didn't hit ye where it would lay ye out fer good." Dave made a frantic grab at his gun but Dick was there before him. He stooped to pick it up and as he rose the stable boy entered, eyes wide with excitement.

"I've got you right where I kin shoot a hole through ye! See?" remarked Leiter.

"Ye—yes, sir," exclaimed the boy.

"But I ain't goin' to do it jest yet. You go out and hitch up that horse and bring it around to the side door. And you hurry!"

"Yes, s—sir!" said the boy, teeth chattering, and fled. Frances looking after, saw that it was quite light out of doors and that it must be getting well on towards morning. The storm had calmed down and everything was glistening white.

She looked at the figures in the room. Over by the wall Dave had fainted away. Dennis stood by the table, struggling with his hands. Dick seemed lost in thought. "All I have to do," she thought to herself, "is go home and pack." I know where Dave keeps his money, I can stay over night in town, get my ticket and then off to New York where I can sing and sing!" The fact that Dick was now going through Dave's pockets and pulling out more money than she had dreamed of, verified the fact that in all, there was enough to send her to New York twice over. Dick picked Dave up, carried him into the next room and laid him on the bed.

"Now," he said softly to Frances, "will ye' go with me?"

"Go with you?" repeated Frances stupidly, and then she became intensely angry.

"Oh you coward, you great big bully! To give me my freedom just to snatch it—."

Dick raised his hand and although she was white with rage she checked herself.

"Please, I want to talk to you, in the next room." He nodded significantly towards Dennis and she followed him out of the door. Then he turned and placed in her hands the money he had taken from Dave.

"It belongs to Dave, but you'd better take it. He don't know how ter take care of it." Here the outer door opened and the boy called that the horse was ready.

"Here, son," said Dick, giving him some money, "You stand outside the door with Miss Dawson's coat. If she comes to you, clap it over her and drive her back to her claim, and you drive like thunder. If she don't come, I'll call ye', when I want ye'."

The other two looked surprised but neither spoke. When the door closed he came close to her. To her surprise she did not draw away from him.

Instead, she looked up and waited for him to speak. He took both of her hands in his and yet she did not draw back.

"I love you," he said simply. "It was when I first heard you singing up there on your claim—and—and—Well! I thought that when ye' promised, you—you—were square. I ain't very rich, but I'm fixed well enough to—I ain't quite as bad as you think me. I'm—I'm going to give you your choice." Nervously he pulled out his revolver and laid it beside him on the table. "You kin come with me or go east and sing." As the man's intention dawned upon Frances she drew back. Then she looked at him. He was kind, this strong, warm-hearted boy. Surely she did not mean so much to him! No! He was merely trying to frighten her.

"I saved your life today," he was saying, "and I thought—I thought," he faltered, "you'd do the right thing by me, but ye' ken do as ye' like. I ain't goin' to have ye' if its goin' to spoil yer chances."

Frances looked up into the eyes that were bent upon her so eagerly, so trustfully, and a wave of pity for the boy surged through her. Impulsively she stepped towards him, holding

out her hands. Then in a moment she saw the audience before her, a wildly excited audience. She could hear her name shouted, and could see the flowers as they came tumbling at her feet.

"Oh see!" she cried, eyes alight. "Don't you hear them? They're calling for me. I must go," and she turned and ran swiftly from the room. At the door she was met by the boy who threw the coat about her, and jumped into the carriage after her.

From inside Dick Leiter heard the wagon creak as it moved off. Close by were sounds of Dennis struggling with his bonds, successfully, for his efforts grew less noisy as the moments passed. Then from the distance, clear in the still air of the morning, came the voice of Frances, singing as she went away from him forever. Fainter and fainter grew the sounds; then he raised the revolver with the calmness of a man to whom there is nothing left in life. BEATRICE CHOWEN.

TEA IN ENGLAND.

I was so happy and excited because I was going out to Gilford for tea. It was about forty miles from London, but the day was simply perfect and we were going to motor out.

We left the hotel quite early in a nice, new, shiny, five-passenger car, run by a very young English chauffeur, who looked upon us poor American people as quite a curiosity, and no doubt we were.

As we went along it was most interesting to see all the different classes of people, some walking and some riding.

We had plenty of time so drove slowly through London, going through some of the parks. I wish I could describe the beauty of it all, but I can't find words expressive enough. Everywhere we looked there was color. The long stretches of

green grass were broken now and then by beds of bright flowers, some standing, tall and straight in majestic beauty, and others just allowing their beautiful colored faces to peep up over the grass as if they were afraid of the passers-by who stopped to admire them.

In order to reach the main road we had to pass through a less attractive part of London. The streets were very narrow, stores jammed close together, and everything looked so dirty after the beautiful parks we had just left.

We did not remain in this part long, but drove out onto the wide, almost perfect road. The speed of the car increased until I almost felt as if I were flying. The rapidity with which we sped along blurred the things by the roadside, and I kept turning around for one more glimpse of half-seen things before they faded into the distance.

The machine was slowing up, and on turning to see what had happened, I discovered a man with a motor cycle who pointed ahead. The chauffeur then explained to me that this man was "a scout" and was supposed to warn automobilists where the police were stationed.

We passed through the residence district of a small town, and in spite of the fact that all the houses looked exactly alike, the vivid coloring of the many flowers gave an appearance of gorgeousness.

After riding about an hour we came to a small Inn called "Robin Hood Inn," where we decided to stop for luncheon. When the machine drew up in front of the wide porch, which was almost hidden from sight by vines and flowers, the landlady came out and told us to make ourselves comfortable for five or ten minutes and she would get us a "bite" to eat.

The bite consisted of a very generous meal and the more we ate, the more they gave us to eat.

After luncheon the landlady's daughter offered to show us their garden which covered several acres at the back of the Inn. Everything was beautifully kept and the girl took a great deal of pride in telling us that they furnished many flowers for dealers in Covent Garden.

We started on our way again at two, for we were asked to come to the tea as early as possible, since we were to be the guests of honor. It was just three-thirty when we stopped in front of the house, and oh, how pretty everything looked! We were all entertained on the lawn, or court, as they called it, which was back of the house. It was nothing at all like our courts in this country, but was just a bower of flowers surrounding a small fountain.

The other guests arrived between four-thirty and five, and at last I saw an English tea party such as I had often read about. Everyone talked at the same time and they gave you the impression in some unknown way that their lives would be much happier for having met you.

The conversation never dragged and there was not a second when one could wish oneself in any place but in this lovely garden with these charming people.

All too soon the time came for us to start back, and for the first time in my brief experience with such things, I was reluctant to leave a "tea."

The drive back to London was beautiful, as the sun was just setting and everything seemed so calm and peaceful.

HILDAGARDE BAXTER.

SKETCHES.

MR. LAME-IN-ONE-EYE.

A sort of cousin of mine, a real true Navajo, came to visit Dad, and as I was going to a ball game the very next afternoon, Mother said that I had to take him with me. His High and Mightiness sweetly consented to go. (If you could call an "Uh-huh" a consent.)

On the way out I stole an occasional peep at my young cousin; really, he looked quite civilized and was rather good looking in his bronzed way. My spirits soon took a tumble, however, for after driving up and waiting about two minutes, I gently suggested that he get down and hitch the pony. He "got!" The pony must have bitten him, for oh! the things I heard. He said it all in Navajo, but then I could imagine.

In fear and trembling I piloted my Mr. Lame-in-one-eye, (I don't even pretend to translate Navajo) to my favorite corner on the grand-stand, carefully placing him between a post and myself.

My young savage was behaving splendidly, but all good things must end, I suppose, for a man behind us reached over and hit him on the shoulder and asked, "Who's in the box fer Brenville?" Not understanding what "box" was, he believed that his lordly dignity had been offended and I had some trouble calming him and at the same moment explaining that Smith was pitching.

Mr. Indian thought it all very funny that when a little man with a big club knocked a ball away from him, everyone seemed to run and bring it to him. And it was still funnier when the very same thing happened to a big man with a little club. The silly things reminded him of some sheep he had once seen a greaser trying to make cross a ford. Simply because the first one had crossed where the water was deep, all the others did the same, and here, because the little man had run around in a circle all the others did and stopped at the very same places where he had stopped. Why the foolish things! If they kept this up they would be milling like cattle soon, there were three of them running around now! He thought better, however, of some of the men who started running around the circle, then changed their minds and went back and sat on the benches.

He soon forgot all this, however, in admiration of a tall man who was doing a strange war dance in the center of the diamond, and such a war dance! Oh! here was a man after his own heart, one who had refused even to try to run around, but let the silly ball fly by his head, unnoticed. Really this man

was so interested in his dance that he threw the ball so crooked that none of the men with the clubs could hit it. But then, what did throwing a ball amount to compared to those wonderful gymnastics?

When everyone stood up and howled, my Indian sat in solitary dignity. But I think he enjoyed the game, because I noticed that he came up the next day, and the next, and the next, and seemed quite disappointed when his own particular war dance was not performed. H. H.

THE SNOW STORM.

Snow, snow, snow, everywhere I looked there was snow. The yard appeared covered with a huge white blanket with undulations where the bushes and low shrubs were. The same white substance clung to the trees and decked the branches like soft rows of eiderdown looped up fantastically to take the place of the green leaves long since dead and gone. Little pyramids of snow perched upon each fence picket and every passer-by was dusted over with the tiny flakes; especially the postman, whose shoulders and hat were covered with an inch or more of fluffy whiteness. The air itself was full of the fast falling atoms, which gave the impression of the whole world being purified and made clean. J. A. E.

BETWEEN WHISTLES.

The bells ring, the whistles blow, and people hurry this way and that, pushing and crowding through the big iron gates before the mills.

The wind takes the straw hat of one old woman, whose clothes are tattered and torn, and she is obliged to duck and slide under horses' heads and around passing vehicles to regain

it. Then a crowd of girls who are better dressed, pass gaily in with the rest. Although some are decently clothed and some in rags, all are hastening in the same direction and for the same purpose. Finally two, who may have come from farther away than the others, run in, panting and breathless.

The noise stops, the big gates bang shut and all is still again. D. H.

PEG-LEG PEGGY.

Everybody knew Peggy and yet she was a mystery. She lived in our neighborhood, in a little brown house,—all alone, as far as anybody knew. No living thing was ever seen around this house, except herself. No one knew how she managed to eke out an existence, but in some strange way she did.

Peggy's chief characteristic was a wooden leg. It seemed to be the most stolid part of her. It never complained, nor even creaked as Peggy came whistling down the street. For Peggy always whistled. No one had ever heard her sing, yet every morning at six o'clock sharp one could see "Peg-of-the-peg," as she was called, pegging her way towards town, whistling as cheerfully as though she were a happy boy.

She was small and almost stout. Her clothes never seemed to wear out. She was dressed in eternal brown, winter or summer; and it seemed as if it were the same dress for all the seasons. A black straw hat was perched on her head, and fastened with a rubber band under her chin. It was never quite straight, always having a tilt to the right, just so far and no farther. Her black hair was drawn tightly back from her shining, much-tanned face; her dark eyes always twinkled. She always walked with a cane that went "thump, thump" on the hard pavement as if keeping time to her cheery whistle.

Peggy was often made fun of. More than once, people roused from sleep, as she came marching down the street, muttered things which were not complimentary; but neverthe-

less, there were few who did not feel a little happier, or smile a little brighter, as they heard the blithesome whistle, or the steady "thump, thump" of Peggy's wooden leg. B. C.

CANOEING.

Always have I wished to learn how to paddle a canoe. It looked so easy and graceful that I didn't think I would have much difficulty in learning.

To my delight, last summer, we hired a canoe. I had visions of myself gliding down the river paddling idly, while I admired the scenery. I could hardly wait until I tried it.

One morning, two of my cousins, Anne and Nell, proposed that we go a little way up the river in the canoe. I gladly agreed. On arriving at the boathouse, the man in charge asked me if I knew how to paddle. My weak, little, "Yes," made him look at me rather suspiciously, I thought. After much discussion as to who should sit in front and who in back, we started off with Anne steering in back, Nell on the floor, and I in front.

My cousins knew little more than I did about it. As the tide was with us, we got along fairly well, though I found it not quite so easy as I had imagined. The scenery tempted us on, so that we went much farther than we had intended. When we finally decided to turn back, we found ourselves in rather a strong current. Turning a canoe was a lost art to Anne. As a result, we worked and worked. None of the other canoes seemed to have trouble. Would we ever get out of it! Oh! If we only hadn't come so far! All exhausted, and warm, with one last effort, we managed to get headed for home. The way back seemed frightfully long and tiresome. Not knowing how to steer skillfully, we got in the way of motor boats, which splashed us, thus adding to our good (?) humor. I called myself all kinds of names for ever thinking canoeing was wonderful. Very late, we knocked up against the side of the float by the boathouse, very glad to get back and resolving, never, no never, to paddle our own canoe again. M. K.

BELOW THE CLIFF.

Just below the steep bluff lay the point, stretching out into the deep blue of the lake. The sinking tide gently lapped the ragged shore. The old willow trees had great trunks that told of their hundred odd years, and long drooping branches that swayed gently in the summer breeze. Every breeze of the lake seemed to seek out this cool green spot, linger for a moment in its cool mist and then go swiftly on its way, leaving behind a murmuring sigh.

An old warehouse stood at the end of the point, its door sagging inward on one rusty hinge. It had at one time been a dingy white, but the paint was blistered and cracked and great patches of blackened wood stood out against the whitewash. The dock had fared less fortunately for all that now remained of it were a few of its old poles worn thin and unsteady by the continued motion of the water. Out on the last pole a small boy was patiently fishing. Most of him was concealed beneath the huge straw hat that he wore, but two blue legs were wound tightly around the pole. Except for an occasional jerk at the line he was as immovable as his surroundings. A flock of white ducks floated into view, swam in line between the black posts, pecked lazily at the water, glided once more into the distance, and were lost in the blue.

Far across the lake a line of black smoke rose against the cloudless sky. A train sent forth one piercing wail that echoed through the quiet hills, and then went puffing once more along its way leaving the land to dream on undisturbed. C. H.

AN OLD LADY.

She was a dear old lady, this person whom I wish to tell you about, and when I was a very little girl I used to call on her at her quaint little homestead in a very out-of-the-way lane.

Occasionally I would carry her a bouquet of wild flowers or perhaps a few hot cookies, which I had taken from the kitchen when the cook had turned her back. Of course this was extremely naughty, but I wanted to carry her something, and what I did seemed so insignificant compared with the wonderful pictures and bright sheets of tissue paper which she bestowed upon me. You see, she kept sort of a little shop in one of her sitting-rooms, but she would never take any money from me. She said that I was her favorite little friend, and nearly every week she asked me to come and take supper with her. Once, mother let me go.

She wasn't wealthy, but she had the wonderful faculty of making the most out of everything. I think that I never saw whiter linen, brighter silver, or daintier china. Everything was so lovely, and really she was just like her home, positively the tiniest little woman I ever saw. As for her clothes—they were a miracle to me. I wonder what mother would have thought had my dress been as clean on the second wearing as hers was on the fifth. And there were only two that she ever put on, a gray and white calico for common, and a very plain black gown for best, that is, for Sunday or when she thought the parson was going to call. As to when she washed the calico dress, it is a problem as yet unsolved in my mind—and perhaps we had better leave it unsolved. Yet, she had more. Why! I had seen her silk dress, and knit mantle and pretty waist and ever so many things, so one day I asked her if she didn't like them, and she replied, "Oh! yes, honey. A very rich lady gave them to me, so I'm saving them." I can't imagine why she was saving them. She must have been nearly eighty then, and she died not long afterwards, but of course I never asked her any questions because she said it wasn't nice for little girls to be inquisitive.

I do wish that you could have gone to church and sat across the aisle from her. She wore the most adorable little bonnet with strings, and carried a funny little fan that hung from her wrist on a piece of black ribbon, and she always crossed her hands "just so." I think it must have been part of her

religion. I never went with her if I could help myself, because she made me cross mine too, and they used to ache just dreadfully before the sermon was finished.

On week days she wore white aprons, and little white caps which invariably looked very "starchy" and clean, and best of all she always wore a smile. I can see her so plainly now. Such a queer, placid little woman and yet withal so very good.

You would have liked my friend, and I wish that you could have met her, but that you didn't and never can now, is the reason that I have told you about her. L. W.

SCHOOL NEWS.

"BECKY SHARP."

Everyone who has read "Vanity Fair" must have a mental picture of Becky Sharp. Mine was that of a girl of medium size, slight, almost wiry, of most striking appearance, black hair and eyes, and with vivid coloring. Mrs. Fiske, in the title rôle of "Becky Sharp," was, to one who had never before seen her, striking both in appearance and personality. The latter was felt the moment she stepped upon the stage. Of medium size, with light hair, instead of dark, Mrs. Fiske gave the impression of vivacity and life, which I had attributed to Becky in my picture. Her face, bright and intellectual, was capable of changing expression with the most surprising rapidity. The great charm of her personality holds her audience spellbound. The cleverness with which she, as Becky Sharp, turns what are intended as awkward situations for her, so that the instigators are chagrined, is truly wonderful.

Another proof of her versatility is the way in which she changes her own character to suit the people with whom she is dealing, and in this way, obtaining her own desires. All the

time she is apparently sympathizing with the other characters she is, in reality, laughing at them and ridiculing their actions.

As her power and position increase, her aspirations grow. She manages to make everybody and everything conform to her own ends, which are generally selfish. A very good picture of the times is given us—the desire for power, the struggle for supremacy, the petty aims of society—all are depicted vividly and exactly.

In the end, however, we can not avoid entertaining a real liking and sympathy for Becky. The perfect calmness and resignation with which she meets the crisis of her life and the ultimate failure of all her aims and desires are nothing short of marvelous. All that the name of "Vanity Fair" implies is strongly impressed upon us. We could never think of the title again without a vivid recollection of the puppets, the cords of which "Becky Sharp" manipulates with such skill. And the final impression proves to be that Becky herself is merely a puppet in the world of "Vanity Fair." A. D. C.

THE FLONZALEY QUARTET.

On Monday, February sixth, we went to the Middlesex Women's Club to hear the Flonzaley Quartet. The artists were: Adolfo Betti, first violin, Alfred Pochon, second violin, Ogo Ara, viola, Ivan Archambeau, violoncello.

To begin with, the musicians themselves were most fascinating in appearance. They were ideal musicians, with their long hair brushed back in a truly artistic manner, and their decidedly foreign air.

The program was one of the finest I have ever heard, and two numbers in particular gave me that inexpressible pleasure which comes only when the composer's true meaning and emotion are rightly interpreted.

I think we all came away with only a dreamy realization of things about us. J. L. B.

THE HOUSE ENTERTAINMENT.

Saturday night, February the eleventh, the House entertained the Hall with a play, "Ye Village School of Long Ago," which I thought was one of the cleverest House plays that has been given since I have been at Rogers Hall.

The scene was laid in an old-fashioned school with its giggling boys and girls, presided over by the solemn pedagogue. The work of the schoolmaster was being inspected by a select committee from the town. This committee examined the various classes in the subjects that they best remembered from their own days under the dominie. The morning session ended, the children then produced their lunch baskets and proceeded to devour the contents. After the bell rang, and school had been called to order for the second session, special exercises were held. The children spoke pieces, read essays and at intervals sang such good old songs as "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Home, Sweet Home." After this was over and the master was about to close school, the scholars presented him with a gold headed cane. Then with one accord the whole school rose and sang "Auld Lang Syne."

After the stage was cleared and refreshments had been served, we danced for a short time. The bell rang too soon, as it frequently does, and with many regrets we bade our hostesses good night and returned to our rooms. C. H.

MRS. BILLINGS' TEA.

On Saturday afternoon, February the eleventh, all the girls who attend the Unitarian Church were invited to a tea at Mrs. Billings'.

We were received very cordially by Mrs. Billings and after taking off our wraps we went into the drawing-room where we met a number of the day girls, and also some other girls whom we did not know.

After a short time, tea was served in the dining room; the table was very prettily decorated, and just to look at the dainty refreshments made us hungry. The utmost sympathy was expressed for the two or three girls who were trying Upton Sinclair's theory.

We returned to the drawing-room again, and continued our conversation. The afternoon passed so quickly that everyone was surprised when Miss Faulkner, our chaperon, announced that it was growing late and that we must go.

Talking the tea over on the way home everyone agreed that they had spent a delightful afternoon, and that they highly appreciated Mrs. Billings' invitation. D. H.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

The last few days before Valentine's Day are harrowing ones at Rogers Hall. They are days when each girl is looking frantically back over the past months, wondering how many of her "breaks" are known to her schoolmates. How much has she said about "that cousin at Yale?" and will some utterly merciless friend use it in the verse that she herself will have to read?

Valentine's Day is always honored by decorations, but this year the dining room looked prettier than ever before, with the scarlet hearts scattered over the table and the soft candle light flickering on the walls. Between courses everyone nibbled candy and chatted wildly in a vain attempt to forget that in a few minutes her particular frailities might be exposed to the laughing eye of the public.

But when the Valentines had been read and the excitement had died down, someone was heard to remark that it wasn't bad after all. In fact the general opinion seemed to be that it was good fun to be teased when everyone took it so good naturedly. H. D. S.

THE MID-YEAR DANCE.

"Oh, I had the most wonderful time I ever had in all my life." This was the expression heard on all sides, as we walked down the corridor the day after the Mid-Year Dance.

The dance was over! Acceptances and regrets had been coming in profusely for weeks, and each girl had waited expectantly for every mail to see if her guest had accepted.

At half-past seven on the evening of the eighteenth of February the men began to arrive and the ushers worked smilingly and unceasingly until the first dance began. Oh, how quickly the evening passed! It could not have been more than an hour long, and yet could that be the last dance, they announced a moment ago? Soon that, too, was over, and we hastened to the drawing-rooms to say good night to our guests. Everything had gone off perfectly, the chairman and the entertainment committee surely deserved all the praise they received for managing the affair so successfully.

The dance on Saturday night was not all the excitement of the "Mid-Year." You would have realized why if you had seen the girls going to church the next morning. Not that we look upon attendance at church as a source of excitement but having so many men to go with us was quite a new experience.

In the afternoon several of our friends came up to call and it was not until five o'clock on Sunday that the last "Mid-Year man" said good-bye to Rogers Hall. R. A. J.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Washington's Birthday was a long-looked-forward-to day at Rogers Hall. From the anticipation with which we awaited it, one might think that we were to have a week instead of one short—but sweet day.

The night before the holiday we were excused from study hour and the girls had a bridge party in the Hall. Those who

were unfamiliar with that difficult game played "five hundred" and the excitement was intense. Miss Dewey was the lucky winner of the bridge prize—a very beautiful picture. The booby prizes were awarded to Amy Condit and Nan Kemp, these were a little rabbit and an elephant,—emblems of the Hall and House respectively.

The next day the lucky girls who live near Boston had the pleasure of going home and one or two of these took their friends with them. In the afternoon those who did not receive callers went to the theatre, as "Seven Days" was given at the Lowell Opera House. To judge from the laughter that was heard on their return, the girls must have enjoyed the play very much.

Wednesday night found us all together again, surprised, as usual, that time had passed so swiftly. B. C.

THE ANDOVER PROM.

The Junior Prom was the day before Washington's birthday—that is just a more elaborate way of saying the twenty-first of February. At intervals during the preceding day one might overhear a whispered, "If you meet Mr. So and So, please remember me to him, will you?" or "Have a good time and don't forget to tell me all about it, because I used to know someone who went to Andover!" Morally certain that we would forget these gentle reminders and wildly excited by the anticipation of the good time we were to have, we left school.

We reached Andover about half-past four—just in time to attend a reception, at which we met lots of people, among them many of the men with whom we were to dance in the evening.

The Grand March, which preceded the dance, began at half-past eight, but we were there long beforehand. The dance was held in the gym and I am sure that the boys would never have recognized even so familiar a place as this, if they had been blindfolded and unceremoniously conducted to the scene of the festivities. A clever transformation had been made by means

of banners, pillows and palms. The orchestra was stationed upstairs, almost hidden from view by palms and ferns. The boys who did not dance were there, looking down rather longingly, as though they regretted their deficiency in the art. The whole evening went entirely too quickly and before we realized it, we were on our way home.

Wednesday, the day after the dance, was just the kind of a day for hockey, and, after having luncheon at the Inn, we went to the Athletic field, part of which had been converted into a rink. Andover played a good defensive game but was beaten by Brae Burn Country Club (second team) by the close score of 3–2. After the game we had to go directly to the station in order to get home in time for dinner. I think that we all hoped the train wouldn't start for we had had such a good time, we hated to leave. M. P.

THE EXETER PROM.

"You're not the only ones," sang out a very tall brunette to a very short blonde, "we're going to the Exeter Prom."

"Well, it won't be half as thrilling as the Andover Prom. Just you see!" thus replied the short blonde.

This short dialogue occurred a few days before Washington's Birthday. From it we may derive a few hints of the important event which was to take place on February twenty-second.

The Exeter Prom! At last it had come. We had been waiting for this affair since last November when we were invited to attend it. Four very happy girls with their chaperon started, right after breakfast, for the depot. We left the train at Haverhill, where we were to take lunch with one of the girls. We did full justice to the luncheon and started immediately after it for Exeter—the land of pleasure and excitement!

Arriving there, after much hand-shaking and many "Hello there. Awfully glad you could come's" we made our way through a horde of youths and maidens, and were whirled away

in carriages to the Gym to witness the track-meet. This building was already decorated for the dance that evening. Three booths, erected by the three upper classes, stood in the Gym, competing for prizes. One decorated in green, another in red and the third à l' Orient. After much pushing and shoving we finally found places where we could see. Then, the meet started. It was very exciting to see a man do the high vault miles and miles, so it seemed, over his head. But we were rudely torn away from these amusements, and hustled to one of the men's rooms where tea was served.

Eight o'clock! Now for the dance! Since seven o'clock we had been primping and fussing, trying to make ourselves more beautiful than nature intended us to be. But at last we were rushed out to the Gym for the Prom. The men who were not dancing sat around the balcony floor and hung their feet over the railing, forming an unbroken chain of feet that entirely encircled the Gym. It was rather crowded, but who minded that? We really had a lovely time at the dance, but the best part of the whole affair was that, after the stroke of twelve, when we stopped dancing, we went to the fraternity house and here we feasted to our heart's content. It was all so informal and cosy that we almost imagined ourselves transported to our own homes.

This delightful conclusion to the evening's fun had to end sometime, however, and we returned to our rooms. We were forced to leave our downy couches at a perfectly unearthly hour the following or rather the same morning. But what did we care? We still had some impressions of the fascinating music, the bright lights and the gowns in our minds, so that even the prosaic event of arising at six A. M., could not disturb us, or shake those impressions from us. J. H.

THE GERMAN PLAY—"ALS VERLOLETE EMPFEHLEN SICH."

To those of us who have labored over the German "Grammatik," the mere title, "The Engagement is Announced," suggests a humorous play. The rest of us who can say, "der, die, das," I am sure smiled on that memorable evening when they caught glimpses of one or two belated actresses hurrying to get behind the scenes. However, for the benefit of those of the audience who were not well versed in German, Miss Hochdoerfer gave a short resumé of the play in English.

Franz von Grumbach, a young student who has come to his Aunt's, Frau v. Grumbach's, villa to cram for his exams, falls in love with his Cousin Malvine. The latter returns his love and everything would have run along beautifully if it hadn't been for the girl's Governess Fraülein Adelaide Hoffstengel. The young man, however, applies himself to the task of reconciling himself to this "lady dragon," and finally hits on a wonderful plan. He decides to have the Governess' engagement announced in the paper, to the virtuous but illiterate superintendent of his Aunt's property. He confides his scheme to Malvine but she, by means of her Governess' diary, discovers that the maiden lady's heart is otherwise attracted. Franz is not discouraged, however, and he puts his plan into execution. Fraulein Adelaide faints upon reading the announcement, but is restored by the superintendent, whom Franz has discovered to be really in love with her. A touching scene follows in which it is found that the learned lady does not spurn the humble superintendent. Franz confesses and is forgiven when he says that only one copy of the morning's paper contained the announcement. He is promised Malvine on condition that he passes his examinations.

One of the greatest compliments that one can pay an artist is to say that he has played his part characteristically, and this may be said of every member of this caste. Franz—portrayed by Madeline Smith—was the flippant, mischievous student; Malvine—Marcelle Sabel—was an inquisitive, fascinating young lady; Frau von Grumbach—Mildred Guckenheimer

—impressed us with her dignity as well as with her naturalness; Fraülein Adelaide—Esther Loveman—fully lived up to her rôle of a strict Governess; and Langerhaus—Betty Chowen—made us feel his passion in a sublimely ridiculous way. Yet I make bold to say that the acting would not have been so good nor the play so amusing, if it had not been for Miss Hochdoerfer's untiring patience and enthusiasm. A. K.

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE LUNCHEON.

When the Head invited six members of the Faculty, a few days ago, to be the chosen guests of one of the Domestic Science Classes, not a regret did she receive. Nay, 'tis even rumored two forgot important engagements at the tailor's! Be that as it may, one-fifteen found them gathered in the House parlor, awaiting the announcement that the trim little waitress soon gave.

The staid Laboratory had been transformed so that in place of revolving globe and map-stand, a fair cloth and a vase of glorious daffodils greeted their eyes, while at the window even the conventional conservatory was not absent with its wealth of Spring blooms. Yet it was the table that held their gaze with its tempting fruit cocktails and the nuts and bonbons that were suggestive of greater good to follow. Nor were they disappointed, for deftly Hebe set before them the soup, with daintily browned sticks. The chorus of praise increased amidst philanthropic talk and college world gossip and swelled to a veritable palaver as in due season the chops appeared, flanking the mound of snowy potato. And think not, O Reader, that the rolls and the entrée were lacking, for experienced cooks were these and their Chief a woman of parts.

History cried out in appreciation to Latin, Science passed on the theme to Art, nor were Spanish and Algebra silent as Hebe circled the board, though History was the chosen of the gods as the rolls by her elbow attested! The salad's cool green

depths and hint of red were tempting each guest to the uttermost, when Song peeped through the door, and bidden to join them, shared in the crown of the feast—golden pudding and the nectar of modern days.

What said they then? One and all shouted for the cooks; and clapped applause as each modest maid came in; and vied in praise till Uninvited Study Hour descended in wrath and ordered them from the door. "The Invited Guest."

THE RUSSIAN DANCERS.

Seeing the Russian Dancers, Pavlowa and Mordkin, is a rare opportunity and one that should not be missed. The performance was given on the 9th of March, and although this was in the middle of the week, Miss Parsons took a party of girls in town to see them.

We left school in the afternoon and took dinner at the College Club as the guests of Miss Harrison and Miss Faulkner. Afterwards, as it was a pleasant evening, we walked from the Club to the Opera House.

The program was divided into three parts; the first was a romantic ballet "Giselle" in which Pavlowa took the title rôle. Giselle is a little peasant girl loved by Loys, who is a nobleman in disguise. Giselle discovers the truth and goes insane from grief and finally dies. Pavlowa in this scene was truly marvelous; not a word is spoken, but through her dancing and gestures alone, we realize the feelings of this little country girl. The second scene is laid in the grave yard and the fairies are dancing in the moonlight around Giselle's grave. The dance by these fairies is one of the most wonderful dances of the evening; it held the audience spellbound by its grace and beauty. Giselle's spirit is roused by the fairy queen and she joins in the dance until a bugle call is heard, and then they disappear into the forest. The Duke has come to mourn the death of Giselle. As he kneels by her grave, she appears to him. Again a wonderful

scene follows as she flits back and forth across the stage ever evading her lover's grasp. The fairies enter and compel them to dance on and on until exhausted and only the rays of the morning sun release them from the spell of the fairies. But it is too late, the Duke dies of exhaustion as Giselle disappears forever. As the curtain falls we find the tears have come to our eyes so realistic was the dance and so beautiful and pathetic the little peasant girl.

The second part was the Suite from Coppelia in which excellent toe dancing was done by four of the ballet assisting Pavlowa and Mordkin. These two again held their audience entranced and it was hard to believe that such grace and suppleness was possible.

In the third part, two of the soloists danced Chopin's Papillion. Then followed a Russian solo dance in native costume and afterwards a gypsy dance. These numbers were executed delightfully and increased our longing to see what followed, a dance by Pavlowa with harp accompaniment and the Hunters' Dance by Mordkin. It was growing late, however, and we were compelled to miss these last dances.

We came away with the vision of those beautiful dancers still fixed in our mind. Their grace and unaffected manner had completely won our hearts as they must have done wherever they went. M. G.

MR. DARRACH'S READINGS.

To those of us who had studied "The Tempest," "Julius Cæsar," and "Twelfth Night," and even to others who were not so familiar with them, Mr. Darrach's three recitals of these Shakespearean plays proved to be most enjoyable. In the presentation of each play, he omitted only a few unimportant scenes. Mr. Darrach, himself, is extremely masculine in appearance, but in his portrayal of the feminine rôles he was almost as delightful as in those of his own sex.

In "The Tempest," the strength and power of Prospero was particularly well depicted, and in his last long speech when he forswears his magic, Mr. Darrach did some of his most effective acting. His Caliban was remarkable, and the quick changes of expression in taking the part of this half savage creature, seemed really wonderful. The scenes between Trinculo, the Jester, and Stephano, the drunken Butler, were most amusing. In fact, it is in these humorous parts that Mr. Darrach's talent is best shown.

"Julius Cæsar," a play with so many male characters, would appear difficult to act on account of the varied characterization, but Mr. Darrach did not seem to find it hard. His Brutus was very convincing, and his Casius and Mark Antony were well given. The long speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony, after the fall of Cæsar, were beautifully acted—that of Mark Antony, perfect.

"Twelfth Night," Mr. Darrach's last Recital, was presented as cleverly as were the first two plays. His feminine rôles were especially well acted—Viola, the lovely heroine, Olivia, the beautiful, determined Countess, and her serving maid, the mischievous, witty Maria, were all most natural. Here again, the amusing scene between Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and the Clown, was very interesting, and Mr. Darrach's wonderful magnetism and ability as an actor was appreciated by his enthusiastic audiences. H. M.

THE SPLINTERS' PLAY.

Every year there is a play given for SPLINTERS, and every year there is a great deal of excitement about it. Heretofore we have never attempted a musical production, confining our efforts to the drama. This year, however, it was decided to give an operetta, and our choice was the "Gypsy Queen," a story of the stealing of the little Tyrolese Queen by the Gypsies, and her return to her home by the aid of the Fairies.

In the first act the scene is the camp of the Gypsies where the band awaits the return of their queen, with whatever plunder she may have gained. While they wait they sing, tell fortunes, and one of the girls, particularly lithe and graceful, dances before the fire with her shadow.

The Gypsy queen returns, and brings with her the little Tyrolese Queen, heartbroken because she cannot go back to her home, pathetic in her childishness and her fear of the strange people, and when she escapes and starts to find her way back to her home one is almost as anxious as is the little queen herself for the hills and dales of her homeland.

The second act shows Rosalie lost in the forest where she falls asleep, worn out. The Fairies finding the little girl in a place sacred to their fairy revels, express their wonder and delight in a very graceful dance. They awaken Rosalie, who tells her story, and the Fairy queen, realizing that she may not keep her, promises to lead her to her home.

As a wandering band of Tyrolese, seeking Rosalie, come into the Fairy grotto, the Fairies flee, but after a moment's hesitation, return, and restore Rosalie to her people.

The singing was very pleasing, and the parts remarkably well taken. Rosalie in particular was lovable, and her voice, sympathetic and sweet, aroused a desire, even in the audience, to rescue her from her difficulties.

Altogether, in staging, music, costuming and all that goes to make an operetta successful the "Gypsy Queen" was one of the best SPLINTERS' plays we have ever had. H. S.

ATHLETICS.

EDITORIAL.

To some people winter is the least agreeable season of the year. But an ordinary New England winter ought to afford plenty of amusement to a person who is fond of outdoor sports. And although the air may be a trifle biting at times, that is a small matter compared with the good fun you are having.

While there has been less snow than usual this winter, the skating has been unusually good. The proximity of Shedd Park has offered another advantage to the girls and because of this there has been much more skating. But for those of us who are not adept in the "Gentle Art" there is the perfectly harmless sport of coasting. Of course we may be rolled off unceremoniously into the snow, but then we don't feel badly because we all went together, and besides, it wasn't anybody's fault—it just happened. " Punging," although it may not be called a sport is surely one of our most popular forms of amusement. Snowshoeing is another winter sport, but one that few indulge in to any great extent.

For the girls who like fencing and dancing the indoor gym work is always interesting. Several new dances have been introduced into the æsthetic dancing class, that have added much to its interest.

Fencing seems to have increased in popularity this year. The members of the first class are still aspiring to attain the knowledge of the meaning of the technical terms, "parry carte" and "parry tierce," and the advanced class are putting their plastrons and marks to better use than that of decorating their rooms, for they have now reached the stage of real warfare.

Winter is almost over now, at least we hope it is, for with Spring come our outdoor sports again. The Spring term has many attractions for there will be basket ball, baseball, tennis,

court golf, the preparation for Field Day and the hockey games to be played off.

The number of girls that go out for Athletics is greater than it has been for some years, and with all the improvements that have been made for us this year it seems that this ought to be an exceptionally good season.

Let's try and make it the very best we can, and if we all try and do this I am sure we will. CARLOTTA HEATH.

BOOK REVIEWS.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF HENRY IRVING'S LIFE.

We have all attended theatricals, from the boarding school farce, to the comedy and tragedy of the great city theater. Many of us have gone and enjoyed it a great deal, and perhaps we have had some short discussion on the Leading Part with a friend who, to speak frankly, was no better qualified as a judge than ourselves, but I doubt if the majority of us have thought of that Leading Part as otherwise than the actor or actress. Perhaps that is not unnatural. It seems to lessen the play if we think of hero and heroine as ordinary man and woman—like ourselves, capable of the same feelings, emotions, and ideas. So it is that we leave the theater, enamored with the play, but with little or no recognition of the greatness of the actor.

In Henry Irving, as Mr. Bram Stoker describes him in his "Personal Reminiscences," we find one of the greatest English actors that the world has ever known, and not alone may we say a great actor. After having read the book on his life, written by his most intimate friend, we cannot fail to see his strength as a man in the world as well as an actor on the stage.

Doubtless, it was because of his strength of character that he was so exceptionally talented in understanding and revealing

the lives of others. It may have been that this characteristic of his life was based upon his theory, "To know others, know yourself." Not that he held himself as a standard of perfection, but he accepted himself as something that he knew, and with that self-knowledge, he began to understand others. Consequently, his insight into human nature was very unusual. He seemed not only to play his parts, but live them. He was sincere in the smallest trifles, and especially in his acting of a character. As he has said, "The actor must, before all things, form a definite conception of what he wishes to convey. It is better to be wrong and consistent, than to be right, yet hesitating and uncertain," and he carried this out in his own life—in his actions and conversations.

He was ever thoughtful and considerate of others, but he never minded true criticism when it pertained to himself. Though proud, he never reached the condition where he felt that he could not strengthen his life, and better his life's work. One of his most redeeming characteristics was his absolute faith. He risked his life under more than one perilous condition, but not once did he ever show a sign of fear. There are, doubtless, people who would never allow themselves to say that anyone entering stage life was religious. Perhaps that term, as it is generally made use of, could not be applied to Henry Irving, but certainly his religion was to do what he felt it his duty to do, well, and in that respect, if in no other, he won a great victory. To me he appeals as being noble and good in the most genuine sense of the terms. He was generous, honest, clever, kind, broad-minded, and seemed to possess every quality that could be applied to a great man.

He played thousands of times both in America and abroad, and everywhere he won the esteem of crowded houses and enthusiastic, applauding audiences. He played a great many of Shakespear's plays, and besides these he spent a great deal of time on Tennyson's works, as well as on lighter plays.

One incident especially shows his popularity. When he returned to Dublin University where he had once been a scholar, and gave a lecture on several plays, he was greeted after the

performance by over a thousand young men, most of them college students, who were waiting to escort him to his hotel. As he entered his carriage the horses were taken out, and the men, harnessing themselves in, bore him to his hotel door. Here he seriously asked the proprietor if he could not invite them all in for a dinner, but this being manifestly impossible, he asked them to drink a health with him, which they did and then left, after much handshaking.

Henry Irving was a person with whom it was a keen pleasure to hold conversation, as he was both intellectual and attentive, and beneath this there was a depth of feeling and emotion which made him the sincere friend of thousands of people and in all cases his affection was returned. It would be impossible to name all or even part of his friends, but this fact alone is enough to assure us that they were numerous, and so were the honors paid him. One of the greatest of these honors was when Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the honor of knighthood, a thing never done before or since in the history of England. A few of his intimate and best known friends were Bram Stoker, John Lawrence Toole, Ellen Terry, Burne Jones, James Whitcomb Riley, Paderewski, Henschel, Hall Caine, Chester Arthur, Grover Cleveland, McKinley, and Mr. Roosevelt.

Yet the life of this great actor was not so bright and pleasant as, from this book, some of us might imagine. In more than one respect it was full of the pathos and troubles of human life, but he knew how to fight against even the greatest or saddest barrier, and he always did it with all the strength of his nature.

He loved his work, and he struggled for it, not to achieve victory for himself, but to elevate and purify the art to which he had given his life. Professor Glaister once said, "Sir Henry Irving's name stands as a synonym of the best and highest in dramatic art."

Irving himself has said, "I claim for the theater that it may be, and is, a potent means of teaching great truths, and furthering the spread of education of the higher kind—the knowledge of the scope and working of human character." L. W.

DENRY THE AUDACIOUS.

On opening "Denry the Audacious," Arnold Bennet's new book, the first sentence that meets our eye is this, "Edward Henry Machin first saw the smoke on the 27th of May, 1867, in Brougham Street, Bursley—" and we are inclined to think that an uninteresting account of some man's life is lying before us. However, our minds are instantly startled by that phrase, "first saw the smoke," and as we read on from this strange beginning, our delight and amazement increases. It is a biography, but a biography of a man well worth our knowing.

Edward Henry Machin, or Denry, as his mother calls him, thus saving considerable time, is "audacious." From his youth up, his life is a series of grasped opportunities. Mrs. Machin is a seamstress, living in the poorer section of Brougham, but before we close the book we find, through the cleverness of her son, this first situation greatly altered. His first upward step is the raising of his examination mark by placing a 2 before the 7 in the teacher's book and thus gaining a scholarship. Yet Denry is no sneak! To steal a little credit for scholarship—why should we condemn such a natural theft? It was Denry's chance and he made use of it. While working in a solicitor's office, the Countess of Chell enters with a list of people to be invited to her ball, and leaves it with Denry for his employer. Denry looks it over, then places his name on it not too near the end. He receives an invitation in a few days. Not having a dress suit he has an interview with the tailor. The latter is very busy and very fearful lest the son of a seamstress would be rather slow to pay his bill. However, Denry comes away fully satisfied. He receives his suit, and gets the tailor an invitation to the ball. At this dance Denry, on a bet, asks the Countess to dance with him and wins his wager. He admits, however, that he was nervous, though triumphant, so we find that our hero is often surprised at his own boldness. Perhaps we agree that our hero does well to be surprised.

After a time he leaves the solicitor's office and begins business for himself as a rent collector. When the tenants are unable

to pay, Denry loans them the money at interest, and thus earns considerably more than his commission. One of his cleverest money making schemes is the result of a wreck at the seashore, where he is spending his vacation. Denry buys the old life boat that was used to bring the passengers from a ship wrecked near the shore, hires real Norwegian sailors, guaranteed not to speak a word of English, and organizes trips out to the wreck. Of course this is a great success with the summer people, especially so, since pictures are taken of the passengers wearing oilskins and rubber suits, that command delightful prices. He next organizes a Universal Thrift Club, calling on the Countess to gain her patronage. While waiting for her appearance Denry strolls from one room to another, examining everything with great curiosity. He finally loses himself, and as no one appears at his calls, he is compelled to pile chairs and tables under one of the high windows, mount this improvised ladder and climb out, but not before the maid has seen him. The next day he reads in the paper that a daring robbery was committed at the Countess's Mansion, though so far no one had been able to discover what had been taken. Later a detailed description of the interior of the house is published in the paper, signed by Denry, but no one connects the two incidents. Denry does succeed in seeing the Countess later, but that is another story.

In the meantime Mrs. Machin has refused to budge from their little house to one more suitable to their increasing wealth. Her son's method of gaining his ends in this case, after trying every persuasion, forms one of the cleverest incidents in the book.

Arnold Bennet, in this story of a son of the masses, has given a decided emphasis to the everyday occurrences, the little unimportant things in life. We find that nearly all the great changes in Denry's career have come through these trivial incidents. He leaves the solicitor's office and becomes a tax collector partly because both he and his future employer were late to church one Sunday; he becomes engaged through the running away of a moving van; later his fiancee's persistency in buying a certain paperweight, caps the climax to some past

acts on her part, and the engagement is broken. Thus it is through the entire story. This book is one well worth reading; its originality interests and refreshes us. We are amused by the humor of the book, and by its hero, for they are both of a type that appeals strongly to the present day American. His "nerve" astounds us and we follow each event with increasing admiration for this audacious Denry. MADELINE SMITH.

"TAPER LIGHTS."

I wonder how often we slam a book onto the shelf, with an impatient—"Oh dear! Those are essays, and they are sure to be dull."

Sometimes they are dull, and more often they are too deep, but one book of essays that I am sure everyone could enjoy is "Taper Lights," by Ellen Burns Sherman. The subjects that she has chosen to write upon are distinctly original—The Salt Lake of Literature, for one, being the tears shed in all the ages, past and present, over pathetic fiction and drama. Rather an unusual essay is the one on "Why Love Grows Cold," in which Miss Sherman deals much with the effect of monotony upon love, and explains that, after forty or fifty letters, all began and ended in precisely the same way, it becomes a trifle wearying. This essay is written from the point of view of an outsider and the author prefaces her work with "The onlooker sees more of the game than the players." In concluding this, Miss Sherman cites the attempt of the ocean to escape from the land, and names the inexorable law that holds them together, as what "the little mortals call love."

Throughout the book, the impression of total originality is predominant. The author looks at things that have been viewed calmly for centuries, but looks at them in an entirely new way. And the fact that everything possesses interest for her, and that she has the power of making things possess the same interest for the reader is one of the most charming points in the book. HAZELLE SLEEPER.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE VISIT.

"Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Folts, rocking back and forth in the creaking old rocking-chair, as she peeled the potatoes for dinner, "I do wish that Jonathan 'ud come back and see his ma once in a while."

"They do say as how men folks who gets rich in the city never goes back to see their mas," said Miss Folts, with a sigh deeper than that of her sister-in-law's.

"My sakes, Hepsey, how cheerful you air," said the robust farmer's wife.

"Wal, somebody's got ter say them things, and I'm a poor forlorn creatur, and you can't expect me ter be very spritely," answered Hepsey.

"Mm-m-m! Wal, Jonathan or no Jonathan, cheerful or not cheerful, Hiram's got ter git his dinner in time ter take that load er pumpkins inter town this afternoon, so I s'pose I may as well hustle er mite," said Mrs. Folts, as she bustled over to the stove, where the kettle was humming a gay little tune.

"No use talkin', Hepsey, I do long fer that boy," said Mrs. Folts, returning to her chair to pick over some beans.

"Now, Nancy, wishin' won't git 'im here, so where's ther use er doin' it?" questioned Hepsibah.

"Wal, Ma," challenged a cheery voice from the doorway, "is my dinner ready?"

"Yes, pa, just a minute," answered his wife, as she piled the potatoes into a dish, which she set on the table. "Now, draw right up," she said, suiting the action to the word.

"Air ye all ready ter drive ter town?" she questioned, drawing up a chair.

"Already, Nance. I think I'll get er good bit fer them pumpkins. I never see a finer lot," answered Mr. Folts.

"That's good," said Mrs. Folts.

"Probably half of 'em will be bad when ye get 'em out," suggested Hepsibah.

"Ma," said the farmer, ignoring his sister's remark, "you looked kinder mournful when I came in. Are ye worryin' about that boy again?"

"Wal, pa," confessed Mrs. Folts, "I would like ter see our Johnny."

"So would I, Nance. Wal, I must git ter town but I think I'll smoke one pipe first. Don't you worry about the boy, dearie. He'll turn up before the end of the year."

"I'll do these here dishes up in a ji—! Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Folts, glancing toward the door where a tall, good-looking stranger stood. "What is it, sir?" she asked, drawing herself up.

"Mother! Mother!" called the man, opening his arms.

"Johnny!" screamed Mrs. Folts, as she rushed toward her son.

"Jonathan!" said Mr. Folts, pumping his son's hand up and down.

"Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Folts, for the second time that day, "How happy I am."

"What did I tell you, Nancy?" asked the farmer, as he kissed her.

"Wal, he'll probably fall and kill hisself putting up the horse," cheerfully suggested Hepsibah.

"How long 're ye goin' ter stay, Johnny?" questioned his mother.

"Mother, dear," said Jonathan, putting his arm around her ample waist, "I've come to stay forever."

KATHRYN B. REDWAY.

A BURRO RIDE.

Mabel and Esther were sitting one morning on the piazza of Sunnyside Inn, a hotel in the summer resort of Manitore, Colorado, which is situated at the base of Pike's Peak. It is a

favorite resort for summer tourists on account of its mineral springs, its nearness to Pike's Peak, the Garden of the Gods, William's Canyon, and the Cave of the Winds, all of which add very much to the beauty of Manitore.

"Where can we go this morning, Father?" asked Mabel of the man who was reading at the farther end of the porch.

"Why not take a walk through the Garden of the Gods, dear?" Mr. Walton answered.

"Oh father, not walk," cried Esther in dismay, for she wasn't a very good walker.

"And anyway," said Mabel, "we drove through the Garden yesterday with Mother."

"But won't the Garden stand going through again, my dear?" said Mr. Walton smiling.

"Oh yes," said Mabel hastily, "but we want to wait a few days before we go again, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," answered her father, "then why not hire some burros and go up William's Canyon to the Cave of the Winds."

"Oh Father, that will be great," cried the girls in one breath, as they jumped from their chairs, like a whirlwind and throwing their arms around him cried, "Oh daddy we knew you could think of something great, if you only tried hard enough."

Soon they were off, followed by the guide.

"Oh Mabel," cried Esther in delight as they wound their way up the narrow road which was hemmed in on either side by rocky cliffs, so high that it made one dizzy to try to see the top, "Just think, soon we will be at the top of those cliffs ! Aren't you excited?"

"Yes indeed, I am," said Mabel laughing and turning in her saddle to look at her sister.

"You'd better turn around, Miss, it is dangerous to move on your saddle here," said the guide.

As Mabel obeyed she said, "Oh, Esther what is your burro's name? Mine is Satan. Isn't he a dear?" patting him. Just then it dawned on Satan that he was going slowly. He stopped suddenly, and then bolted down the road with Mabel clinging to him.

As this part of the road was down hill, the guide knew there was no danger, and he was sure that as soon as the ascent began again the burro would stop, nevertheless he hurried after the runaway leaving Esther to follow. Soon he saw them at the bottom of the hill, Satan standing calmly by Mabel who sat on a rock.

"No, I am not hurt," said Mabel to the guide's questioning glance, Satan just wanted to race, and we beat too, didn't we, Satan, old fellow?" she asked, patting the burro affectionately.

Soon Esther came up to them and seeing her sister unhurt was very much relieved.

They then proceeded on their way up the rocky trail which grew steeper and steeper. Now and then they came to places where the cliffs rose many feet on one side, and on the other they looked down a sheer depth of many feet.

"Gracious," cried Esther getting as near the cliff as she could, "this makes me shiver, doesn't it you?"

"Shiver! No I like it, it makes me feel free and light."

In a little while they reached their destination, "the Cave of the Winds." They inspected first the little house which they had to enter to get into the cave and there they bought souvenir post cards. Then they paid their entrance fee and entered the cave with another guide.

The cave is a wonderful place, it is divided naturally into a great many rooms all named, and lighted by electricity. To Mabel and Esther the stalactites and stalagmites made it look like fairyland. They stayed there nearly three hours, and when they came out the guide showed them where two boys had discovered the cave, and had entered it by ropes to explore it.

Soon the children, with their guide, were on their burros again descending the trail called William's Canyon, where it is hemmed in by the high rocky cliffs.

In an hour they were down again in the village, and soon galloped up to the Hotel. Mr. Walton met them as the guide helped them from the burros.

"Well, children, did you enjoy your ride?" he asked.

One look at their bright and happy faces answered the question.

"Oh we had a perfectly wonderful time," they answered. And after lunch they sat on the piazza and told their Mother and Father all about their ride, the cave, and Satan's little race.

ELEANOR BELL.

ISABEL'S CAKE.

"There now, thank fortune it is ready to bake, at last," said Isabel, giving the cake she had just made a little shove into the oven. Then, after viewing it once more before she closed the oven door, she went over to the window.

It was Isabel's first cake and she was feeling very much excited over the batter which she had just put into the pan.

"Oh dear," she said, looking out of the window, "what a lovely day it is and how beautifully my cake has turned out."

"Oh, Isabel, what are you doing in the house this lovely day," sounded a voice from around the corner of the house.

"Why hello there, Billy, you can't guess what I have been doing. I have made a cake."

"A—a—what?"

"A cake."

"Cake, huh!"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd hate to eat a cake you made!"

"I'll bet you'll eat it fast enough when it's baked, that is, if I give you any."

"Oh well, you needn't bother about it, I'd probably get hydrophobia or something like that, but I say Isabel come on over and play 'Run sheep run' while your cake is baking."

"I wonder if I had better leave it? Oh well, I think I will have time for one game at least."

About half an hour afterwards Billy came running up the path for Isabel's hat, as they were going to the store.

When he reached the house he happened to think of the cake.

"She's forgotten it, I'll bet. Guess I'll look and see how it is," he said opening the oven door.

The once smooth and delicious looking batter was now a small black lump.

"That's too bad," said Billy taking it out and smiling at the "wonderful cake" Isabel had bragged of. "The poor kid will be awfully disappointed. I know what I'll do, I can get a cake at the baker's and put it in place of this one, Isabel will never know the difference."

A few minutes later, Billy came running up to the little group assembled in front of Mabel's house.

"Oh Isabel, I looked at your cake and it is all done," he called.

"Oh, my lovely cake, I forgot all about it. Come quickly or it will burn," she said running off as fast as she could go, the rest following.

"Thanks for looking, Billy."

When they reached the kitchen, Isabel opened the door of the oven and took out a big cake, with pink candies on it.

Everyone stood silent to watch the great proceedings. Even old Bridget came in to see the sight.

"Oh," squealed Isabel, "isn't it beautiful, but who put on the pink candies? Oh, you did Bridget, you darling," and she gave the cook a hug.

"But—I," said Bridget, but stopped at a signal from Billy not to say anything.

"It was dear of you," said Isabel, "and now you each may have a little piece, but I want to save some for mother."

And when they tasted of it they all said it was "delicious." To this day, I don't believe Isabel or the others knew that that cake wasn't the cake she made, for Billy told Bridget all about it and Bridget could keep a secret, you know.

Madeline White.

A COASTING PARTY.

One night, this winter, when it was very cold, someone suggested a coasting party, to which we all most willingly agreed.

We bundled up in sweaters and monkey caps and started out with two large "doubles."

It had rained all the day before and had frozen, so that the hills were sheets of ice. We could go almost a mile without stopping; even where it was level, we went nearly as fast as on the hills because of the thick crust of ice. Of course we could not coast a whole evening without some "dumps," but these always add to the fun if they are really exciting as some of ours were.

After we had coasted for sometime we hurried down to the drug store where we all had a hot soda to warm us. Then we were ready for more coasting.

It was wonderfully cold and so clear we all felt we could walk miles looking for new hills. We found many new ones and declared each venture better than the one before.

Finally we turned homeward and did justice to a most delicious Rarebit that we found ready for us. MARY HOLDEN.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The engagement is announced of Marguerite Roesing to Mr. Arthur Croxson of Evanston. She expects to be married in June.

Etta Boynton has announced her engagement to Mr. William Carleton of Springfield, Mass.

Beatrice Lyford gave a luncheon on February the fourteenth and announced her engagement to Mr. Francis Cabot Williams. Mildred Moses was the guest of honor.

Elinor Palmer Magruder expects to go to Rome after her visit in Lowell as Mr. Magruder has been transferred there from Montevideo.

Julia Stevens of Lowell has gone to Japan for a trip of some months.

Dorothy Underhill and Edith Richards have met in Florence, where they are both staying for a few weeks.

Edna Foster, Mrs. Oliver Smith of Buffalo, N. Y., has a daughter, Emilie Smith, born February 17th.

Irma Fogg of Philadelphia was married on March 7th to Mr. Orlando Crease Maiden. Mr. and Mrs. Maiden will be at home after June 1st, at 1415 Erie Ave., Philadelphia.

Marjorie Miller (R. H., 1910) is travelling in Europe.

Bernice Everett has been visiting her sister, Mrs. James Woodman, in Franklin Falls, N. H. On her way home she stopped off and made us a call at Rogers Hall.

Madge Hockmeyer (R. H., 1910) sailed on March 8th for Europe. She will join her aunt in Zurich, and will not return to America until next Christmas.

Dorothy Morse (Mrs. Henry Guild) has a little daughter, born March 9th.

Marguerite Baldwin (R. H., 1910) is going to Buffalo to visit at Easter time.

On Wednesday, March 8th, Mildred Moses (R. H., 1909) gave a bridge party at her home in Somerville for Beatrice Lyfford who was visiting her. The guests were all Rogers Hall girls.

Clara Francis (R. H., 1903) is spending a month in California with her mother.

Miss MacFarlane entertained some of the Rogers Hall girls at her home in Quincy on March 10th.

Marjorie Minton (R. H., 1910) has been spending two months in the South.

Natalie Newhall (Mrs. Geoffry Letchworth) of Buffalo has a little daughter.

THE ALUMNÆ TEA.

It was like turning the pages of "Looking Backward" to watch the opening and shutting of the front door on March 14th. For through that magic portal on that especial afternoon came a host of strangely familiar figures; not the ghosts of long ago, but mortals very much alive to the joy of renewing old acquaintances and reviving the days passed within the well-known walls.

That there was "regular Rogers Hall weather" for the Alumnæ Tea goes almost without saying, and most of the guests arrived together since the train from Boston runs as of yore. Miss Parsons, with Miss Faulkner, the president of the Alumnæ Association, received in the drawing-room and here all gathered to compare life-histories since the last reunion. Such confusion as arose when memory failed to supply a classmate's married name; such delight in finding a chum in her accustomed place! And what more delicate flattery can there be than the words, "You look just the same as ever!" That the occasion might be even more enjoyable Miss Glorvigen played several generous selections and Mrs. Sunderlius sang some delightful Chansons.

Not until the early Spring sunlight was failing, not until all had done full justice to the delicious contributions of the Domestic Science classes, did anyone think of leaving. Then there still lingered under the old horse-chestnut trees groups and couples, hoping and pleading for another such gathering soon.

SPLINTERS

ROGERS HALL SCHOOL

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Editorial	1
The Storm	3
Ten Years of Splinters	3
The Runaways	6
Riding Taught by Mail	10
"Wanderlust"	12
The Newspaper That Made a Town	13
The Cutting Out of Prince	16
The "Ten Cent Team"	22
Battista	23
Diary of a New Girl	27
At the Close of the Year	32
Athletic Department	33
Book Reviews	42
The Calendar	45
Commencement	55
The Senior Poem	56
The Alumnæ Banquet	57
Alumnæ Notes	58
Your Friends	59

This year four numbers will be issued.
Terms: One dollar and fifty cents a year. Single numbers forty cents.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Editors in Chief . . . . . Hazelle Sleeper, Tracy L'Engle.

Assistant Editors { Gwendolen Perry, Alice Billings, Bonney Lilley, Anna Kuttner, Ethel Osgood, Josephine Howland.

School News { Evelyn Pike, *Chairman;* Madeline Smith, *Assistant:* Helen Gallup, Harriet Hasty, Esther Loveman, Helen Munroe, Gladys Carb, Elizabeth Callahan, Lucretia Walker, Helen Tyler, Lucile Kemp, Dorothea Holland.

Advertising { Julia Burke, *Chairman;* Hilda Baxter, Sylvia Doutney, Kathryn Hopson, Ruth Lowell, Marian Colman, Leslie Brown, Leslie Hylan, Madeline White, Kathryn Redway.

Athletics { Carlotta Heath, *Chairman;* Dorothy Benton, Beatrice Chowen, Gertrude Parker, Elizabeth Talbot, Matilda Kloppenburg, Emma Arnold.

Book Reviews . Rachel Jones, *Chairman;* Sylvia Doutney, Evelyn West.

Children's Page { Ethel Hockmeyer, *Chairman;* Mary Holden, Ruth Greene, Carrie Baxter, Helen Foss, Ethel Dempsey, Marjorie Stover.

Business Managers { Millicent Painter, Cynthia Byington, Harriet Gage, Mildred Creese, Dorothy Jackson

Treasurer . . . . . Helen Brown.

Assistant Treasurer . . . . . Amy Condit.

Alumnæ Editor . . . . . Alice Faulkner



Vol. 11. JUNE, 1911. No. 4

EDITORIAL.

The end of the school year is always a time for reflection, a time when every happy moment of the past months is remembered with a new vividness and when everyone longs to hold back the too swiftly passing days.

Just what school has meant to us becomes clearer as the time goes on, and to those of us who are not coming back, the realization comes that no matter how beautiful the world may prove nothing can ever be quite like the school days. In these days come the friendships that are never to be forgotten, the lessons, not only the ones that we have learned from books, but others, sometimes harder to learn, but much dearer because of this fact, and the good times that have made for a love of school, that will last throughout life.

School spirit has meant more or less to all of us, since the first days of work, but it is now, when the days are almost gone, that we begin to understand what it is. It is a difficult thing to define, this feeling that binds us all so closely together. At first it is so slight a thing that its presence is scarcely felt, but

with the things that we do together, sometimes the hardest things, it grows and grows until it becomes very real.

In SPLINTERS alone much of the loyalty is shown. Long ago, when the magazine was first started as a chronicle of school life everyone realized how difficult a thing this was to be. And since then, in the ten years of SPLINTERS existence, each Editor has laid down her pen at the end of the year, knowing that the next Editor would do her best to raise the standard and that this strange intangible spirit would set the goal a little further on and make the striving toward perfection more vigorous.

Perhaps there is no time when this school spirit is better shown than on Sunday evening, when we gathered in the drawing rooms, before the open fire for supper. And then, when supper was over, eaten sitting on the floor or curled in a corner, with a neighbor's arm around you, someone went to the piano and sang the songs that everyone had come to know and ask for.

No matter in what out of the way corner of the world time may place us, I think that the low notes of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," or "The Last Rose of Summer" will bring back a picture of a group of girls gathered before the open fire, watching the flickering light and listening to the much loved songs.

After all there is no way to explain what school means to a school girl with its love and friends, its gaiety and energy. Those who have known will remember and perhaps think for a little while of days that meant to them what these days have meant to us. And to those who have never known, we can only hope that to them will sometime come the chance to know and love this wonderful school world. HAZELLE SLEEPER.

THE STORM.

Within the reach of the flying waves, the mist of the tossing foam,
With only the storm cloud overhead, the wind and I, alone.
The paddle bends to the swinging stroke, the grey breaks back before,
And far away, in the half seen west, a dim grey line of shore.

I turn my face to the beating wind, my hands to the clutching spray,
To meet the force of the flying storm, that comes at the end of day.
The challenge comes from the hidden land, over the rain lashed lake,
The cry of the striving branch and limb, the trees that bend and break.

Beyond the touch of the crested waves where the sodden sky hangs low,
The red light flares in the open sky, heavy and sullen and slow.
The world is a place of shadow life, with a lack of name or form;
I take the wind on my face, and learn the love of the fleeting storm.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

TEN YEARS OF SPLINTERS.

There is a fascination about an old diary, quite apart from any literary value it may have. As has been said, it is difficult to imagine any truthful record of human experience that has not an

interest for us, so SPLINTERS, quite apart from its worth as a literary production, has for me a charm.

Frankly, when I first began to turn over the leaves of the old numbers, I expected to find very little of interest except as it brought back fond memories of bygone days; the days when I helped to edit SPLINTERS, when my friends sat up nights to fill space, the days when Louise Bellamy wrote her gory tales and the first editor-in-chief drove us slothful ones with a merciless hand. If you have never written for SPLINTERS or worked in a play under the direction of that capable manager I assure you you do not know what hard labor is.

It was worth while to go back to the past with SPLINTERS, but I began to find out as I went on, that there was something else of more value than my personal reminiscences. What kind of a paper is this SPLINTERS of ours and more important still, what kind of girls have written for it? In a sense, SPLINTERS is the diary of our school, and as such the editors have had the responsibility of putting into the only lasting form, the ideals for which we are working.

I think that if one had no knowledge of Rogers Hall except as he gleaned it from the pages of SPLINTERS, his first impression would be one of a good deal of surprise. To how many places those girls have been, in how many things they are interested. They must be alert and wide awake girls with a good healthy and, thank heaven, objective point of view towards life. Not that SPLINTERS does not betray the fact that we earnestly try to follow the old Greek motto, "Know thyself," for some of it is subjective enough, but after all, SPLINTERS does show quite an amazing variety of subjects. The editor in nineteen hundred and five, for instance, always selected subjects of general and political interest for her editorials, as for example her editorial on "Universal Peace."

Then, one may find in SPLINTERS a good straightforward point of view, a healthy way of handling subjects and occasionally a fine humor that any one might envy. We have produced two humorists, par excellence, and lest anyone miss the pleasure of reading one of their stories, the editors of this number have reprinted a story of Mildred Wilson, Editor in 1904, and one of

Virginia Towle's, Editor in 1908. The second of these has the merit at this time of being not only full of real wit but also gives a suggestion of the way we feel about our school.

In the earlier numbers of SPLINTERS we printed occasional jokes but I am glad to say that the latter editors have given that up. Jokes are rarely funny long,—it's quite surprising how dull these are,—and there is a kind of wit well worth cultivating that is always fresh and of which SPLINTERS has had its fair share.

But there is something as fine as real humor, it is a gentle and reverent attitude towards life, it is a rare gift and shows itself in many ways. You can find it in SPLINTERS if you search it out. It has shown itself in the gentle and sympathetic treatment of character, it has shown itself in the feeling that has gone into some of our poetry and prose that deals with nature, for some of the Rogers Hall girls have caught something of the "calm of mute insensible things."

I cannot at this time stop to discuss any of the work in SPLINTERS from the critical point of view, but I may be privileged perhaps to speak of the work of the Editor of Splinters in 1906. It seems to set a standard of what we would like SPLINTERS work to be. In Polly Sheley's stories of German life, there is a quaint humor and a loving understanding of character, a certain directness of style that one recognizes as characteristic of a frank, straightforward nature but there is something more than this in her work. There is a quality of imagination in "The Law" which compels one's attention, a touch of sadness that you cannot resist. She had the real gift of essay writing, the ability to ramble gracefully, "Why should one progress when talking of such delightful things?" as she puts it in her essay on gardens. We should have liked that garden of hers, should have shared with her, her feelings towards it. "It will be so short a time before the apple trees, that, in their corner by the wall, are now in the height of their glory, will have shed their frou frou gowns; the young buds and sprouts that behaved so outrageously when they first appeared, will settle down to middle aged leaves and plants, and we humans will be wondering why our pulses settle down and what has become of our giddiness

until we realize that our feelings, like their cousins the young shoots, have become middle aged too, and will soon fall asleep, to wait for perhaps, 'A Song of April,' perhaps the call of the first Robin of the Spring." F. L. H.

THE RUNAWAYS.

"Jeff Bartlett, you bring that pail of water here quick, it's most twenty minutes since I sent you to get it. I ain't got the time to go an' see what ye're doin', but I warrant it's suthin' foolish. Lor' sakes! If it warn't for me this farm 'ud go to rack and ruin. Hurry up now!"

The old farmer, leaning against the elm tree and looking eagerly down the road, started at the sound of the scolding voice as if someone had shot a pistol off close to his ear. Picking up the pail at his feet he went to the old pump and filled it. On his way to the house he called in feeble protest:

"Well, but M'randa, I jest saw the boy bringing the weekly paper and I thought I'd wait for him out there under the trees; it's just fine out, leastways under the trees," and he looked longingly back over his shoulder.

"That's what I'm telling ye," snapped the tall spare woman who snatched the pail from him. "Forever lookin' after other people's business. What do you care 'bout the paper? You got 'nough to tend to right here 'thout thinking about the paper. Now get me some wood."

"But Miranda," he protested, then realizing how fruitless it all was he went slowly towards the wood shed. Even there the high pitched voice followed him.

"Say, Jeff," I've decided we ain't going to the fair after all; now don't tell me ye've ben looking forward to it. I was sort o' set on it myself, but we can't take the time, what with the crop and all."

Jeff appeared in the doorway, a stick of wood in each hand.

"Why M'randy, you don't mean that, why I just ben thinking o' that fair for months! Don't you know how you an' me had it all planned out to drive in behind the mare, a ribbon on the whip and you with your new bunnit? We was just a goin' to take 'em by storm."

"Yes, I 'member, but we ain't goin', and that's all there is to it," and there followed a great clatter of dishes so loud that any remark of the old farmer's would have been drowned.

Not go to the fair! The wood fell with a crash to the floor and Jeff Bartlett stood staring at his wife as she bent over the sink. Miranda was a good woman, but—and in that moment rebellion was born in his heart. He picked up the sticks and went back to the shed, but his face bore unmistakable signs of a firm resolution. He had made a bold resolve to do something without the sanction or even knowledge of Miranda.

In the evening he strolled up the hill, pipe in hand, to Farmer Berry's. The two men always smoked a pipe together after supper, and, as usual, he found Nathan sitting on the veranda waiting for him. They sat in silence for as much as fifteen minutes, then Jeff spoke, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"Say Nathan, haven't you ever sort of thought you'd like to see New York? I mean the city, they say as how it's big, bigger'n Granville. Hain't never ben no further than Granville," he ended thoughtfully.

"Yes, I've thought I'd like to see it some day. City feller here last year says they have as many as five or six street cars all goin' to oncet, and two or three otomobules—it must be a wonderful city!"

"Nathan, s'pose you an' me go to New York an' sorter see the place. They must have one hotel or a boarding house."

"What, go to New York! Why, Jeff, when was you thinkin' of goin'?"

"Tomorrow evening, 'tain't more than seventy or eighty miles, we can git there in five or six hours."

Farmer Berry rose and peered anxiously at his companion. To decide to go to New York in one day! He must have had a stroke.

"What do you want to go so soon fer?"

"I've got to go tomorrer; jest got to, that's all."

"But Sarah wouldn't want me to go so fur."

"Don't tell her," suggested the independent farmer. "If ye go away 'thout tellin' nobody they'll like ye better when ye come back, that's what I've heard." Then as if to banish all doubt, "I'll stand for everything, the hull blamed trip!"

"Wal, I'll think it over," said Farmer Berry ponderously. A blast of the dinner horn sounded from the foot of the hill.

"There's Mirandy callin' ye. I'll let ye know fust thing in the morning. Good night, Jeff."

"Good night, Nathan," and Farmer Bartlett trudged off down the hill.

The next night about eleven o'clock, a man with his broad brimmed straw hat and old carpet bag could be seen pacing anxiously up and down the platform of the Straws Corner Station.

Yes, it was Jeff Bartlett who, for once, had escaped the vigilant eye of Miranda. He was muttering to himself, "Now what can have happened to Nathan? I allus knew Sarah was strong, but it don't seem as if—no that can't be. The train'll be here in a half an hour; he'll be late." Anxiously he studied his watch under the flickering light.

"Oh!" panted a voice behind him, "I was feared I'd miss the train, but I'm here, that is, I guess I'm here." He dropped onto a bench and fanned himself vigorously with his hat. I had to wait till Sarah got to sleep, then I climb out on the roof and sort o' slid down the eavespout. Guess I must o' caught on suthin' comin' down," and he regarded the torn sleeve of his coat ruefully.

"Wal, I didn't have no troubles, thank the Lord, 'cept I fell down running so fast to get here in time, an' all the things flew out, an' it took me jest ten minutes to pick 'em up," replied the philosophical Jeff.

"Mirandy and Sarah's goin' to be mighty scared, but I think they'll sort of think more of us when we git back. School ma'm used to tell us we'd know the wuth of water when the well run dry. I left a little slip of paper telling Sarah I would come back

sometime and was all right." He chuckled softly. "Reminds me of the time we used to play pranks when we was boys. Wal, here she comes, we'd better get ready." The train thundered in, the two old farmers toiled up the steps and into a car, the whistle sounded and they were off for New York.

After they had become accustomed to the bustling activity of the city as compared to that of Straw Corners, the fugitives began to enjoy themselves. Far from the raucous voices of Mirandy and Sarah life became a joyous thing.

"I'd like to stay here always, that is, I guess I would. It's a mighty fine place," and Nathan smiled contentedly.

This was after a day spent sight seeing. They had caused everyone who saw them endless amusement and at every turn a laugh had greeted their old straw hats and carpet bags.

"The people are so friendly and they seem to laugh a lot. We're going to Coney tomorrow. It's some sort of island where they have shows, I b'lieve. Everybody goes there, leastways that's what a feller I met at the muzeeum told me."

If New York was a wonderland, Coney was a fairyland of new and increasing delights. Even the roller coaster proved an attraction and only after six times round, during which they waved their hats madly at the crowd below, were they content to get out of the car.

As they sat in the stuffy hotel parlor after supper, Nathan, carefully avoiding Farmer Bartlett's eyes, began, in a tone which he tried to make unconcerned, "I met a feller this afternoon in that thar penny arcady place. Sez he knew my mother, and wants me ter go autermerbuling with him ter morrer. I wisht he'd uve asked ye too, but he didn't. Ye don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind," and his face lighted up strangely, "I can go somewheres and see suthin, I guess."

The following day, as soon as Nathan had gone, Jeff ran to his room seized his carpet bag, went to the desk and paid his bill and, with frequent glances to left and right, made his way as rapidly as possible to the railroad station about five blocks away.

There be bought a ticket for Straws Corner and after waiting some little time boarded a train and sank into a seat with a sigh.

"My, but Mirandy 'll be glad to see me, I've ben away four days. She'll probably be at the station. I've had a good time and seen a heap o' things but something seemed sort of missin', I wonder what it could a ben?"

He ran the distance from the station at Straws Corner to the farm full of visions of Mirandy throwing herself into his arms and murmuring soft words of welcome in his ear.

When he came within sight of the farm all was as usual and there was no Miranda on the doorstep to greet him. Hurrying to the door he opened it and looked into the kitchen. There sat Nathan Berry buried in the weekly paper, his wife sewing beside him, Miranda was calmly peeling potatoes.

Jeff paused on the threshold in overwhelming surprise.

"Miranda I've come back to ye," he said finally.

Miranda looked up and her voice came shrill and commanding, "Wal, I don't know where you've ben and I don't care, but you wipe your boots on the mat before you come into my kitchen." BONNEY LILLEY.

RIDING TAUGHT BY MAIL.

If stenography and bookkeeping and languages can be taught by mail, why can't riding lessons be given in the same way? There are many advantages and scarcely any disadvantages. After all, the riding master doesn't actually hold his pupil on the horse—he only gives valuable advice, such as warning a beginner that pulling on the left rein is not recommended by experienced horsemen as likely to turn the horse to the right; that if he puts his right foot in the stirrup first, he will face the horse's tail; that tying the stirrups to his feet would undoubtedly prevent their flapping about so much, but isn't considered quite the thing to do, and that the ground isn't really so far away as it looks. In the first lesson, the horse to be chosen should be considered. Stable men and those versed in horses would probably give a list of the necessary points, such as breadth of chest, width of forehead, and so on, but the only

point the beginner need pay any special attention to is the height of the back. For obvious reasons, let it be as near the ground as possible. If possible, let him have a long mane, as that will be found a valuable addition to the reins. For the timid and nervous, a plough horse is almost indispensable for the first few lessons, as his even and regular motion, and his sedate demeanor fill the rider with self-confidence. If he is hitched to the plough, the feeling of security will be heightened.

The selection of a suitable place is not hard; the only thing that is absolutely necessary is, that it be in the country. The city is no place for a beginner; the streets are hard and unsympathetic, and the sense of humor is abnormally developed in the city urchin. Also, let it be as far as possible from the railroads, threshing machines, road menders, and the haunts of the automobile.

Mounting can be accomplished gracefully only after much practice, and for the first few lessons, stumps, stone walls and fences will be found invaluable aids. Dismounting—but let us say no more about that painful subject. Soft and inviting as the fresh green grass may look, when it suddenly rises up to meet you, it will prove far otherwise.

During the lessons, a little useful information about horses should be given. The rider should be warned what to expect when for the first time he feels the horse shake himself. That awful sensation cannot be described, but the beginner will recognize it when it comes, and having been warned, will not attribute it to an earthquake or any other terrestrial upheaval.

One or two good, reliable liniments ought to be recommended from time to time, and the beginner should be told what to expect, when he retires at night for the first few weeks. The bed will rise and fall under him in a spirited trot, or in the longer motion of a gallop, and he will fall asleep in a gentle canter; in the day time, the very chairs and floor will single pace under him.

With these hints and explanations, any beginner should be perfectly successful. As for riding, he has to learn that himself, anyway.

MILDRED WILSON, '03.

From SPLINTERS December, 1902.

"WANDERLUST."

Spring is generally thought of as the season for love-making and dreaming. We, like the earth about us, are instilled with new life and together with the flowers and the trees, are awakening. And it is just before we open our eyes entirely that spring comes, when we dream our loveliest dreams.

There are few or none of us between the ages of ten and twenty, who are immune to the spring. We all feel more or less sentimental at the sight of the moon on a warm May evening and who of us does not day-dream when sitting beneath a blossoming lilac bush? Even grown-ups show traces of the spring fever, for they acknowledge that a book without a love story is incomplete and in no true romance has a lover ever met his mistress in any season, except spring. And as for dreaming, do not old and young delight in tales of "Wanderlust?"

For my part at the sight of the first robin, I should like to take a knapsack on my shoulders and follow the nearest road into the country. As far back as I can remember, I have had this desire every spring. When I was a very little girl, I wanted to become an organ grinder and wander over the country with no other companion than a monkey. And now when I have reached the age of discretion, I have still the same old longing to live the life of a vagabond without the monkey! But I can no longer imagine myself passing a cap for pennies along the highway and so I turn to fiction and read about the vagabonds of other people's imaginations.

However, books of vagabondage, such as "The Broad Highway" and the "Beloved Vagabond," instead of curing my fever, only serve to heighten it; for who could read either novel and not wish to follow in the very footsteps of Peter and Paragot? What could be more enchanting than the inns of the "Broad Highway," or the acquaintances Paragot makes on his "wild goose chase after truth?"

Yet, however appealing the picture, however urgent the call of the spring, our dreams are never realized and remain mere idle fancies of the sunshine. Do we think that our imaginations are running away with us to make tramping along a country road seem so ideal? Do we believe that Mr. Locke and Mr. Farnol have bewitched us? Or is it merely that we fear the disapproval of our friends?

In this age of experiments we ought to acquire at least one thing,—the open mind. Vagabondage which has become such a "fad" in modern literature, must surely be worth trying, and spring is the time to start. ANNA KUTTNER.

THE NEWSPAPER THAT MADE A TOWN.

With a loud bellow and much letting off of steam, a train puffed into the Plainview Station. One man alighted and the train went on its way.

This young man looked curiously about him and then down at his suit-case; and then he laughed. He did not laugh aloud but merely chuckled in a way characteristic of a person capable of laughing at himself.

"Well, John Sidney Wall, do you know what you are going to do now? Here you are in a little two by four town with fifteen dollars in your pocket and a promise not to call on Father for a year," he said to himself as he walked into the station.

The room John Wall entered was the waiting room of the little green station. It had two windows, two doors, a rusty stove, a map of America, some benches around the wall, and a ticket office.

Wall walked up to the man at the booth and was greeted with a quick nod and a "Good Morning, where are you going to?"

"I'm not going, I just came," Wall answered.

"You know I'm the ticket agent," as he blew his nose.

"Thought so, that's why I came to you; I want to know something about this town."

"It's a mighty nice place—two churches and three trains a day. People says as how there may be another train before long."

"How many people has it?"

"According to last census two thousand, including women and children."

"Have you a newspaper here?"

"Yes, one that comes out every Saturday."

"No daily?"

"I should say not, there's hardly enough happening to make up a weekly."

"Where is the newspaper office?"

"There it is, over Logan's grocery."

The young man took up his suit-case and made his way to Logan's grocery; on reaching it he climbed the side stairs to the office of the "Plainview Message."

He entered the door marked "Office." There he found a little, fat man of about forty seated in an armchair with his feet on a desk. The man was reading a typewritten sheet while all about him were scattered loose pages.

When the man saw his caller the feet came down with a thud and he jumped up as if he were on springs. "Well my man, what can I do for you?" he asked jovially.

"You are the editor of the 'Plainview Message?' "

"That's what I am, and my name's Green," and he held out his plump hand.

"Mine is Wall," shaking hands with him. "I am a stranger in town but thought I would like to make Plainview my home."

"Yes?" as if encouraging him to talk.

"I took up journalism while at college, so I thought I could possibly get a job as assistant editor or something of the sort."

"Sorry, but nothing like that's needed. There's not enough work for one man, much less for two."

"What's the matter with Plainview anyway? With two thousand people and no large city near, it should certainly be a lively town. What's wrong here?"

"They're all asleep, the whole lot. Do you know what the young people do here? The girls stay home and help their mothers and the boys clerk. On Sunday and Wednesday nights they go to church. Once a year there is an ice cream festival. Now wouldn't that make a lively newspaper?"

"Not exactly, I'll admit. But why don't you make your own 'Society Column'?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this; as a sort of investment you might put your capital in ice cream festivals, picnics, and lawn parties. Things like this only need one good start to make them fashionable.''

"What good would that do?"

"In the first place, it would make interesting newspaper talk, then it would make more subscribers. Fathers with lonesome daughters from other such towns would decide that farming was good in Plainview and they would sell their homes to live in a lively spot."

"Do you know, that isn't a bad idea!"

"Of course it isn't, soon you will become a public benefactor, then you will have both money and glory—and I shall have a job."

"How shall we go about it?"

Then began the lively discussion between these two men. It was decided to take the natives by surprise. The plan was to send out invitations to all the "elect," which meant very nearly everyone in town. Then to bring out an "Extra," telling all about the "fancy dress affair given by Mr. Green and Mr. Wall at the Town Hall." For they decided these boors would have to be educated to the unaccustomed, and full dress and masquerades breached over this, also it would give ample opportunity for description.

Two days after the invitations were sent out, young girls were seen slyly entering one door of a store while their best friends were standing at the other. Then there would be mysterious matching of samples and threads. Everyone was very busy.

The fathers were also busy. Those men who were holding on to their fortunes, as if they were meant to amass and not

enjoy, were gently persuaded to loosen their purse strings. For the first time in twenty years, money was passing recklessly from one hand to another.

The party was a "glorious success," everyone was gay and unrestrained and the next day there was a grand rush for the paper. It contained a full page description of the affair with minute details concerning each costume and person.

Wall was right. It took only one good start to make parties fashionable. Soon a young lady sent out invitations, then the young men of the town gave a dance and the people of Plainview awoke and were gay.

As for the newspaper it came out every day and its arrival was awaited in breathless anticipation. Soon there were engagements to announce and weddings to be written up and soon, also, people from other towns became interested and Wall's prophecy was fulfilled.

About this time the "Plainview Message" became ambitious, gently the news was broken that property was changing hands. Shortly after this there was a great boom, everyone became wealthy, that is, the dust was shaken off of the money bags and everything hummed to the jingle of gold. Plainview became a city.

As for John Sidney Wall, he had made the town and he was content to live in it. GLADYS CARB.

THE CUTTING OUT OF PRINCE.

It was a bright, sunny day when I went in search of an eloped carriage horse. The sun shone merrily down on the dry, dusty plain; the heat seemed to scorch the very fence-posts that straggled along, here and there. Prince, the carriage horse, was old, but—he had escaped; and having a very vivid imagination had gone back to the days of his youth and cantered gaily out into the world to seek his fortune.

I was not in a good humor as I headed my horse towards the east. In the first place I had nearly lost my voice in a vain attempt to make my dog stay home. Every time I yelled at him he would sit down in the road and look cross-eyed at me until my back was turned and then—follow.

I had ridden about five miles when I came upon a great number of horses grazing. Had I been looking for some, I never could have found them; but here I was, in the midst of what seemed hundreds of horses, and all of them appeared to be saying, "Well, here we are! Take your pick!" And so many bays! They must have known Prince was a bay! I sometimes think that a horse has more sense than he pretends to have. I said to those horses, "You are concealing something from me!" but they went right on grazing and, search as I might, every bay I met was a stranger to me. I went through bunch after bunch without results. Some of them would start off and of course the whole drove would follow. This necessitated chasing them over miles of rough country and when I did catch up with them, there was never a Prince there.

I rode about two miles further without seeing a single horse, as my dutiful dog had cheerfully chased everyone of them far away. My gratitude towards him increased.

Finally I came to a fence and naturally, on coming to a fence, I had to stop. Far down the side of the hill I could see a horse enjoying himself with a patch of nearly green grass. He was a bay. So here was Prince and he was not running in a bunch. Well, I must chase him home; but how on earth did he get through the fence? A great distance off, up the fence, I saw something that resembled a gate. I rode up to it. It was—(I mean a gate). I dismounted and after some trouble proceeded to open this wonderful gate. I had to ride about a mile to get down to the horse now, but of course it would be worth it.

The heat was awful. Bob, who was already sweating, had slackened his pace. Tip, the dog, found relief in hanging his tongue out of the side of his mouth. I tried it, but it did not relieve me. I said the sun was hot—it got hotter, my temper was getting still hotter and fast nearing the superlative degree. Just then I rounded a sort of curve and came upon my bay horse.

It was a lame, one-eyed, debauched looking thing, bearing not the slightest resemblance to our well-groomed and innocent Prince.

Bob didn't like the things I said to him when I discovered the fact, so he promptly stumbled in a gopher hole and fell! This meant that the little bit of me that was not already on the ground, had to get off and lift—no—help Bob to his feet. I walked him around a little to see if he was hurt while Tip sat and watched me in a disinterested fashion. It was beyond words!

Mounting, I rode slowly back to the gate. I was tired and I knew the gate was heavy. But I did not know this—that although I had opened the gate from the outside, I could not open it from the inside! I soon discovered this. I tugged and pulled, pounded and jerked, kicked and pushed, but it was of no avail—I could not budge it. Then I tried to climb up and reach over. I tore my skirts and got my hands full of slivers. The boards and posts that it was composed of were too large for me to reach quite around. Then I tried lifting the gate and jarring it loose. No use! I worked at it frantically for about fifteen minutes and then turned back to my horse. My friend, have you ever seen a horse when its bridle reins are down and it has nothing to do but stand and wait? Have you ever gazed into the dreamy blankness, of the helpless brute's eyes? If you are a person of any kind of temper—don't try it. It might not be good for you.

About half an hour elapsed during which I sat and stared at that gate. Suddenly it occurred to me that all I had to do was crawl through the fence and open the gate from the other side. It was a pleasant sensation to realize what an absolute idiot I had been. After opening the gate I made friends again with Bob and we turned towards the south to see what we could do there.

I had ridden quite a stretch when I came to the end of the fence. Yes the end!! It had not been a pasture at all. It was open all the rest of the way and then I understood how the horse had got in. I also saw that if I had gone through that way it would have saved some distance and all the time I was spending with that fool gate.

The sun was getting lower now so that the glare came more directly in my eyes. I was so tired that I scarcely knew where I was going. Tip chased prairie dogs and then got stranded in a gopher hole. I tried to explain to him that it was useless to waste his surplus energy in that hole, as the gopher had long since run out of another, but he didn't seem to understand me or else he didn't care.

The country here was more hilly and rocky, which meant harder work for Bob. Besides, fences and farm houses appeared at random to add to the confusion. Houses were scattered everywhere. I had reached Sand Coulee! I travelled over all its surrounding hills, then across its one and only railroad track and with a despairing glance at the fast sunking sun—rode on. I ran through several more bunches of horses; went several miles out of my way and so on. Finally I climbed my last hill. The sun was sinking and I knew that I must get back by six, for supper. Far below me I could see a drove of horses, grazing. The crisis of my life had come! Was I to go back without the horse or go on and lose my supper? The thought of losing supper was terrible. Was I going to turn back? No! Never!! My uncle and the hired boy had both failed to find him and I, a mere infant, was determined to bring him back or die! Thereupon I gathered up my reins and we descended!

It was very steep, very slippery and very rocky. Besides, some rude fences ran up and down the hill merely to annoy us. I don't know how long it took us to reach bottom and I don't care, but I do know this—Prince was there as big as life! He was having a little tea party with the other horses, acting as sprightly and kittenish as a two-year old. It was ridiculous and disgusting and I told him so.

Everyone of those horses started on a stampede when they saw me and I stampeded after them. I was strangely reminded of one of these merry-go-rounds. The horses go up and down and round in a circle and never get anywhere. Round and round we went, seemingly without aim. Time and time again I cornered Prince and tried to head him off. He would look around for an avenue of escape and slip through a place that looked scarcely big enough for a man, then back to his friends

and away. Even my dog gave me a disgusted look, turned and trotted home. Bob remembered his childhood days, too. He knew that Prince was his victim and started in, in earnest. Round and round he went dodging, blocking, turning, twisting and jumping back as Prince's hoofs flashed past. I was getting dizzy so I gave the job entirely to Bob and soon Prince and another horse were cut out from the bunch and we were on top of the hill. Don't ask me how it was done, for I don't know! Ask Bob.

Just before us was a long lane. A little way down, the lane turned into another one on the right side, which led to a farm house. On the left the fence was broken, opening into a field with a very much betrampled mud-and-water hole. Straight ahead was the road home. Which lane would those two horses take? They chose the lane towards the right and dashed madly towards the house. Bob in full pursuit. (By the way—I was still on top of Bob.) Through water we dashed, past flying, squawking chickens, screaming children and open eyed and mouthed hayseeds. A wildly excited woman came out on the porch of the house, waving a dish pan and shouting loudly at me; but as I didn't know the code of dish pans and couldn't hear what she was saying, I didn't stop to investigate. Through their gate we went and landed straight in their newly plowed field! The running was hard here as the horses' hoofs sank deeply; but nothing daunted Prince, and Bob was too determined to give up. It was a pretty piece of ploughed land after we had been there a few minutes. Rather impolite to tear it up so, but we four didn't stop to consider that just then. Prince and his black friend headed for the opposite fence and ran up and down it trying to get through. On came noble Bob!! I don't know much of what happened after that. I never saw such deviltry in my life as had gotten into those horses! Bob was enjoying himself thoroughly. I was fast losing control of him. Ears back, eyes gleaming, foam dripping, backward and forward he ran, dodging kicks and cutting in when he got the chance. It was impossible to hold him and apparently he had gone mad. The black soon grew tired and dropped out, running up and down from a short distance and inciting Prince to greater efforts. I

only know that I was jerked forward, back, forward—back. I got dizzy—I reeled—I nearly fell. Instinctively I hung on, though to try to control the animal was useless. No, I would not disgrace myself or the horse by falling off now. I closed my eyes and the terrible, sickening jerking continued. I opened my eyes once just in time to see Prince's hoofs whizz past me and I closed them again quickly, expecting the blow. I don't know how long this continued; I could feel Bob panting for breath and I know that I would have fallen soon had not Prince turned and made a dive for the opposite side of the fence where the open gate awaited him. Like a streak he was across the field and we followed him. Through the gate he flew and once more we passed the lady-of-the-dish-pan. She screamed something at me to which I made some kind of an answer, which I don't remember. She was probably trying to take our number, but I did not stay to have conversation with her. The black horse was left in the field gazing longingly over the fence. I suppose the country lads and lassies thought it queer that I should deposit this strange horse on their land, but it is not my fault that the beast wasn't blessed with common horse-sense.

But Prince was not quite over his friskiness. Having tried the right lane he now turned to the left and entered the mud puddle. I circled around him and started to cross the puddle from the opposite side so that he would surely start home. Just as we came up the bank, Prince turned and struck out. It was a beautiful kick and it landed on my ankle! For a minute the pain nearly made me faint, but Prince was at last headed for home—sweet, sweet home, and I didn't care about anything else!! I had a long quirt and he felt it more than once, but I got him home over all those weary miles and had the pleasure of driving him down town in the evening and pounding him all the way. The best of it is—I got my supper, after all, but never will I go on another horse-chase. BEATRICE CHOWEN.

THE "TEN CENT TEAM."

The serious objection to having relatives in the country is the fact that you are sometimes, although through no fault of your own, forced to visit them. Far be it from me to discourage that delightful institution known as a family reunion, but it would not be regarded with so much dread if the traversing of the distance from the station to the house were not accompanied by such unavoidable discomfort.

When you arrive at the station you are doomed to a moment of harrowing indecision. You have to choose between two evils: going for a six mile jaunt in the "stage," or in the venerable "ten cent team." Finally, those of your party who have undergone this experience before, show great discrimination, as you afterwards learn, in choosing the stage, while those who have not attained this wisdom, yourself among these unfortunates, pile into the "ten cent team." Then begins the torture. The horse is in no mood to be trifled with. After ten minutes of tactful urging he is convinced that the easiest thing for him to do is to start. His pace is slow and dignified and he seems to be pondering over some weighty problem, for his eyes are fixed dreamily on the ground. Someone suggests that you are hoping to reach the village that night and the silent driver gives you such a withering glance that you feel that it would be advisable to hold your peace and let him manage things at his own discretion.

If you happen to possess a musical temperament your agony is complete. Each one of the four wheels has a separate and individual rattle peculiar to itself. It will not be necessary to dwell upon the charm of the driver's voice. Suffice it to say that he sings in the village choir and his practice hours are his trips between station and village. Now you summon courage to ask him timidly, if you have very much further to go, having expected to see the house around each one of the last half dozen turns in the road. You are tersely informed that you have been a mile and a half. The only thing to which you can not become

resigned is the probable cost of your journey and you do not feel that it will be worth it.

At last you painfully alight at the house, lame and with a disposition much the worse for wear, and inquire the exact remuneration he expects. You are informed blandly, out of a clear sky, that he guesses he will have to ask you twenty-five cents apiece, as long as there was some baggage which had to be strapped on behind. He even goes so far as to look apologetic.

Willing to have paid him at least four times the amount in order to get rid of him, you hastily hand him the money, and escape into the house where the stage party is awaiting you. The grins with which you are greeted comfort you in some degree for the trials and tribulations through which you have just passed, because you know from them that others have at some time made their first journey over that awful six miles in the "ten cent team." DOROTHY JACKSON.

BATTISTA.

"Who shall say the whys and wherefores of events, Signor? Battista was a fortune teller, a good enough one as they go. There is nothing to be greatly desired in any of them." Pedro pushed his empty glass back, and folded his slim hands on the edge of the table.

"Battista was also pretty. That, you may have seen, is unusual in those who work magic. As a general thing they are fat and unpleasant. Also there was much truth in what she spoke, and all those who were in trouble came to her, to hear the future foretold. It does not concern me much, the thoughts of other people. What with myself and six others to feed and the business bad, I have enough to think about, is it not so?

"But about Battista I have often wondered. She was a most strange girl. Signor, have you ever seen a chameleon, a small lizard-like creature, and you put him on red, he becomes red, on green he becomes green? Battista was like that, not

on the outside, you understand, but in her mind. If she were with good people, she would be good. The Saints! how good. What hymns! What downcast eyes—then when she was with bad people she would show the other side, and be as bad, quite as bad as they. Also she could be gay with those who were gay, and sad with those whom grief had touched. Mind, Signor, I do not say that these great emotions were not real—only she was like the chameleon."

Pedro turned a little in his chair and the light struck his brown face with its thatch of black hair, softening the hard lines, and making the whole expression more gentle.

"You must know, Signor, that Battista had learned the black art from Emilia, her grandmother, who was, on my body, several thousand years old, and who knew probably more about magic than anyone else who has ever left Italia. Long ago, when Battista told the fortunes for her own amusement and the profit of no one at all, Emilia told it about that Battista would become famous and speak the truth as could no one else. As I have said, Battista was very pretty. She had great black eyes, as black as the sky at night when one has stared long at the moon. More, she had learned much at the school and in the tenements, and she had not that respect for her parents' word which she should have had. She did not work in the factory, for her purse was kept full by those who came to hear what she could tell them. And she was an Italian of Italy. Why work, when there was no necessity?

"And so, Signor, it will be easy to see why I wondered what the real Battista was like under so many colors and I set myself to find out one way or another.

"One night I stood at the door of my fruit shop, and Battista sat on her doorstep, playing with the cards, and whispering charms to herself. Suddenly the devil entered into my soul and I thought—I will ask her the future and have her tell me of herself. So I crossed the street and I said—

" 'Battista, very bad news has come to me. What must I do?' Now, Signor, it is of a certainty that my voice was as that of a man, who has but now lost his mother, his father and his grandmother, and yet Battista replied:

" 'Take your sorrow to another doorway, Pedro, to one who does not know you.' There was nothing for me to do or say, but believe this, Signor, I speak truly. In the darkness, as the end of my cigarette glowed red, I caught a glimpse of her face in the glow, and she was laughing.

"I went away and left her. But for many weeks I watched her pass and I gave her greeting from my shop, but always she laughed at me, and asked me of my bad news, until I could not face her without shame. Still I watched her. She was very pretty!

"At length there came a night, the hottest we have ever had in our quarter. The streets themselves seemed about to crack. There was danger in stepping on the sidewalk for it was covered with the so little children who lay there to breathe. There was much that was horrible in that day. When one may not die, one sometimes fears to live.

"You have passed where every doorway is full of people, Signor, and the darkness is thick with men and women. Such a night was this, then. For many hours I sat in my doorway and smoked and wondered how much of the good fruit would be spoiled in the morning. There was no light in the shop, for light takes air, and there was none to waste that night. All of a sudden something moved very quickly beside me and I put out my hand, so, and caught at it. Then I lighted a match, and behold! I had the so little brother of Battista under my hand, and his hands were filled with oranges which he had stolen from me.

"What could I do, Signor? They steal from me all the time, and he had the evil heart, that child, and so I told him. Also I said I would have him arrested and sent to the great prison. He wept loudly, and I do not like bambinos that weep. So I picked him up, to carry him within, when of a quickness Battista stood beside me.

"Ah! Signor, if you could have seen her then. She was very white, for the heat takes our very life away. Moreover she was very angry. Her eyes blazed as if behind them someone had lighted little fires.

" 'Give him to me,' she said. 'He is mine.'

" 'Ah, but, Battista,' I replied, 'the oranges were mine.'

"And then she was furious. 'So, then,' she said, 'you will try to hurt me through him, since you know that I do not care enough for you to hurt me through myself.' She said many other things, also, that it is not well that I should repeat. A woman says many things, when she is angry, that are best forgotten. So I waited until she had finished what she had to say of my ancestors and my past life and then I said, 'Still, Battista, the oranges were mine.' She was not less angry at this, and she turned away and leaned against the doorway. I put out my hand and I could feel her shoulders shake and I heard her catch her breath.

"The little one was sniffling on my shoulder, and I said to him, 'Bambino, will you be good if I let you go, and cease this thieving?' You know what children are, Signor, and he was very little. So I set him down in the darkness, gently, that he might not fall, and said, 'Run away, for I have much to say to your sister.' He went with haste.

"And to Battista I said, 'Tell me one thing, fortune teller. You have said that I could not hurt you, because you did not care. Is that true? She was silent for a long time and then she said, 'No.' She was very pretty—that girl. What more was there to say, Signor? I took her within the curve of my arm, and for a long time we said nothing, but she wept much with her face on my shoulder. You see, I had found the real Battista."

A slipshod waiter approached the table, and turned the gas above it low. Pedro arose. "It is growing late, Signor," he said, "and this is not a good part of town in the little hours. Let us go."

Across the street in a doorway was a huddled mass. "My father, my mother, my grandfather, my grandmother," said Pedro, "and," he raised his voice, "Battista." A slim, small girl, wrapped in a long cloak arose from the bottom step and crossed the street. Beneath the folds of her cloak was the curved outline of a tiny head. "Battista and the bambino, my bambino," said Pedro proudly. "Battista, look into the eyes of

the Signor and tell him his fortune. Shall good luck follow him?"

"Chi lo sa?" said Battista, and smiled bewitchingly.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

DIARY OF A NEW GIRL.

October second—

It isn't half as funny to leave your happy family and tear yourself away from the bosom of your native State—though I will say that my native State didn't seem so terribly affected at parting from me—as you might think and as a good many people, mostly small brothers and older girl cousins seem to think. But I have one thing to cheer me up—I can't miss the people at home nearly as much as they must be missing me; and another nice thing is, that my roommate, who's a Boston girl and probably wears blue stockings and has a conscience as big as a barn, hasn't come yet, so I can choose the best dresser and desk.

Oh, and another nicer thing is that I like this place a lot. I had an idea it would be a sort of glorified grammar school building, and, gracious me, it's the nicest kind of old colonial, with lawns and an orchard, and a nice looking dog that I accidentally stepped on right off. And the nicest thing about everything is that it looks—not the school but everything here in New England—quite old and settled. It makes me feel as if the varnish hadn't dried yet, out where we live. Lowell itself isn't so attractive that if the authorities were advertising it they would mention Merrimack and Central Streets as broad, quiet and dignified—but out here in Belvidere, it's almost as nice as it is out home—that is, the part of it that I've seen.

October fourth—

While I am waiting for my roommate to arrive—she's two days late, in order to be fashionable, I reckon—I'll devote myself to my diary. I've been wondering quite a good deal what she'll be like, and I've finally decided. She'll be a typical Boston girl, with spectacles, and a smile like an iced pineapple—I can see it! And she'll be so interested in ethics and anthropology and chirography—whatever they are—that she won't even notice that I've taken the dresser with the largest mirror. Probably she'll be a very hygienic person, and want to sleep with all the windows open, even if it's as cold as Iceland's greeny mountains outside. But I shall be firm, decidedly firm, in such a crisis, and all her Boston rhetoric will not influence me in the least.

There are some splendid girls here from all over the country, and the "old girls" as they call those who've been here before, are just as nice as can be to us "new girls." Ever so many of them have been in here already to ask me how I like the school, and if I am going to try for any of the teams—and if I am homesick. I am not homesick at all, by the way, only I'm sorry for the family having to get along without me. I've told everyone so far that I intend to play forward on the Hall basket ball team, and bully in hockey, and I think I shall pitch on the baseball team, unless they think I'd make a better third baseman. I'd like to know what one girl meant when she said that she hoped I wouldn't let my modesty keep me from playing. I don't think I'm terribly modest, truly.

Everybody here seems to think me a Westerner, when indeed I'm almost Eastern. Just because our State isn't so near the edge that we have to hang our feet over into the Atlantic, I can't see why it should be called "Out West." One of the Boston girls here—only she doesn't seem a bit Boston, in fact she's quite pretty—said to me, "Oh, I should know you were a Westerner right off by your charming self-confidence."

Dear me, I'm afraid I've lost all my self-confidence now, just the same. I made the most awful mistake yesterday morning, just through my natural politeness and kindness of heart. As I came out through the door on to the side veranda,

I noticed ever and ever so many letters piled up on the umbrella stand waiting to be posted. "Now," thought I, "here is a good chance to show the people here how really thoughtful and considerate I can be," and I took up the letters and trotted over to a mail box on the corner of the next street. I was mailing them leisurely, when I heard someone call my name, and I looked up to see a teacher on the veranda up at school beckoning to me frantically. "Just a minute," said I airily, and poked the remaining epistles into the box. Well, I was quite astonished when she finished talking to me on the veranda, for it seems that it's very much against the rule to mail any letters, so everyone leaves them on the umbrella stand and the postman calls for them there. Wait until I am "thoughtful and considerate" again.

There's a carriage stopping at the gate, which probably contains Miss Iceberg, M. A., of Boston, my future roommate, so I'll descend and investigate, I think.

October sixth—

Well, to use a wholly novel and unique expression, I am "tired, but happy." I have been to the new girls' dance, and I've certainly had an "exceedingly pleasant evening." I didn't know girl dances could be so much fun, but I'd ever so much rather go to one than to a stupid old boy dance. I think boys are stupid—I do, you know, truly I do. I don't believe I shall ever care about boys again—they don't interest me at all. Why I'd rather talk to the girl who took me tonight—she's Marion Wilson from New York—for a minute, than to any of the men I know for an hour. She seems to understand just what you want to say before you know yourself, and she's ever so attractive. I think I should like to look quite a little like her. Why, she's almost as pretty as some of the girls at home. I asked her what she was going to try for on the hockey team and she said "Bully," so I didn't mention the fact that I'd decided to play bully myself.

If I didn't like Marion Wilson best of anyone in school I think I should like my roommate most of all. She's just as nice as she can be—a really splendid girl, and I think we two are very much alike. She has ever so much dignity, and yet she's jolly

and not at all conceited. We changed dressers and desks the first day she came because the ones I had given her were both by the window, and I like fresh air while she's afraid she'll catch cold if she stays in a draught. She is very pretty but she hasn't as much as the girls have out at home.

October seventeenth—

Oh, dear, I've "been and gone and done it" now, and I'm flying to my diary to find consolation and refuge from Pauline (I've forgotten to say that that miserable roommate of mine is named Pauline). I wish she would let me alone and stop laughing. If I were a boy I'd tell her I hoped she'd choke, but as long as I am a girl I must be a lady, and only wish she'd be one, too.

But I reckon I'd better stop fussing and explain. You see, here at school we have a little private bank with checks of our own, not negotiable, but just to teach us girls how to manage our money when we're older. Well, I didn't know that the checks were not all right to send anywhere, how should I? So I sent one down to a firm in Boston in payment for a sailor waist I'd had made; and they sent it up to the Lowell bank, which promptly telephoned up here to find out what the trouble was. Of course it made ever so much bother for everyone, and the worst part of it all is that I've been held up as an object lesson all day. And though you receive a lot of attention and gain a good deal of notoriety when you're an object lesson, it isn't the kind which makes you alarmingly popular.

I wish Pauline would stop laughing. Thank Heaven, I have sense of humor enough to see when a thing isn't funny!

November first—

I didn't feel very well this morning, so I thought I'd stay in bed, and here in bed I am. It isn't half the fun I thought it would be, though, and I think I'll get up this afternoon. Why, you can't have any visitors at all when you're ill, and even if you're ever so hungry, you only get tea and toast, which doesn't make one feel a bit like staying in bed for very long. One of the girls brought me in a box of candy this morning, before the notice, "Keep out," was pinned on the door, and I was enjoying

the candy very much when I heard some one coming, so I slid it underneath me. Dear me, when I took that box out a half hour later, it looked quite a little more like hash than candy.

But even if I am lonesome and hungry I have one consolation—I am not having to recite in Latin. I can make it up tomorrow all right, but I was a great deal too busy last night to get my lessons—and as long as Marion Wilson is in that class I wouldn't flunk for millions. Of course I didn't stay in bed to get out of reciting, but just the same I thought it very fortunate that I didn't happen to feel well today.

Oh dear, I am hungry, though!

December first—

Just now we are enjoying the blessings of flannel waists or sailor suits and high shoes. I don't enjoy high shoes in a truly æsthetic way, so I leave them off whenever I think I'll escape notice. But although I've been learning here that I am not so important as I thought myself, still I don't seem able to escape notice much of the time, and I've had to change my shoes six times this week.

It's queer how much less important you really are than you wish people thought you were. I've been awfully shocked, two or three times lately, to find—not what people thought of me—but to find that they don't bother to think of me. And nobody seemed the least bit impressed when I came out for hockey practice—though at home I was captain of the team. And when you find that the girls think more about other girls than they do about you, it makes you want to follow suit and think more about other girls than you do about yourself. But before I finish thinking about myself I want to put down one really interesting thing that I've discovered: When a girl first comes here to school, she's first of all a New York girl, or a Boston girl, or a Cleveland girl at Rogers Hall; but after a while, it doesn't make any difference where she's from, she's a Rogers Hall girl at Rogers Hall.

VIRGINIA TOWLE.

Reprinted from SPLINTERS, June, 1908.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The year is over and done, my dears,
  Our battles are lost and won,
The doors of the world swing wide, my dears,
  In the light of the morning sun.

The school-girl days are dear old days
  And happiness round them clings.
And ever and aye they'll speak to us
  Of half forgotten things.

A ribbon, a letter, a withered rose
  Will bring a smile and a sigh.
For the time when we dreamed and talked and planned,
  For the wonderful "by and by."

We argued how to bring children up,
  And how to dress our hair.
And do you believe in love or not?
  And how do you pronounce "there?"

Oh, the days slipped by like a dream or a thought,
  And now that they're nearly done,
We stretch out our hands to all of them,
  Loving them, everyone.

We love to walk to the little old "store,"
  Page's fairly breathes romance.
Morse and Beals is a fairy land,
  And the gym where we love to dance.

But the gates are closing fast, my dears,
  That have sheltered us so long.
We must face the shadow or sun, my dears,
  And keep in our hearts a song.

And ever along the winding way
Where travel the sons of earth,
Two things will lighten the load alway,
Friendship and Mirth.

A few more days and the path will part,
The flower will be uncurled,
So here's to us all and good luck to us all,
Out, out in the wide wide world.

MARGARET BLANCHARD, '08.

Reprinted from SPLINTERS, 1908.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

I suppose at the end of each year it is always pronounced the best that has ever been experienced, but I am quite sure that this has been an exceptionally good year in athletics. The number of girls interested in athletics has been larger than usual and although we have not had so many shining lights among us the true love of the sports seems to be more universal. There were those who have been unable to participate in the actual playing but who have proved to be enthusiastic spectators, a fact greatly appreciated by the players.

The honors this year have been very evenly divided; the Day girls winning baseball, the House winning hockey, and the Hall winning basket ball. Undeniably each victory has gone to the stronger team.

For the past few years the Day girls have not been prominent in the athletics but this year they have offered keen competition. They have captured successfully the laurels of Field Day and the numerals for baseball, and above all they are to be commended for the good sportsmanship which they have shown throughout.

THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

The plans for the new gymnasium have aroused much interest among both the faculty and the girls. The girls who are graduating this year are just as enthusiastic as the others but it is rather hard to think that they will miss all its benefits. It is to be built on the site of the present gymnasium, and has been designed to correspond with the architecture of the Hall.

A brief descripture of the interior may be interesting. The main room is large enough for the basket ball court to be regulation size. In this room is to be a complete apparatus for the regular gymnasium work. At one end there is to be a gallery. At the opposite end is the stage with dressing rooms on either side.

In the basement will be the feature which has excited the most interest—a forty foot swimming tank. The lockers and showers are to be down here, too.

Although the athletics have been more popular this year than previously, it is needless to say that next year will undoubtedly be the "best."

The following is a communication which I have received from one of the trustees.

"The new "Gym" will be fine, or any superlative adjective that any girl may apply.

While the plans are not fully completed I can assure the girls at Rogers Hall that no pains will be spared to make the new "Gym" splendid in all its details which will include full modern equipment, with lockers, showers and a swimming pool. We are fortunate to have a committee in charge who are much interested and fully keen to the needs of the school. Mr. Stickney, the architect, is competent and I know will plan the building artistically and up to date in its arrangements. We hope to have it completed before the beginning of the next school year."

CARLOTTA HEATH.

HOUSE AND DAY GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM.

The last hockey game was played in April between the House and the Day Girls. Frequent rests were necessitated by the heat, but in spite of this it was the best game of the season. The team work of the Day Girls was remarkable and they gave the House a very hard fight for the victory. At the end of the second half the score stood 4–4, and it was decided that the teams should play until one more goal should be made.

Leslie Hylan and Ethel Hockmeyer each had two goals to their credit while Helen Gallup had three and Madeline Smith had one. After more than five minutes of good fast play, Madeline Smith succeeded in scoring the deciding goal. The score then stood 5–4 in favor of the House team.

Line up:

House.		Day.
Helen Gallup, Madeline Smith, Cynthia Byington, Mildred Guckenheimer (Capt.)	Forwards	Leslie Hylan, Barbara Brown, Ethel Hockmeyer, Kathryn Redway
Ruth Lowell, Anna Kuttner	Half Backs	Bonney Lilley, Mary Holden (Capt.)
Josephine Howland, Grace Lambden	Full Backs	Elizabeth Talbot, Helen Foss
Natalie Kemp	Goal	Madeline White

A. D. C.

"FIELD DAY."

One of the very nicest days in the whole year is Field Day. It is Miss Rogers' birthday and the whole day is given over to having a good time. Every year a larger number of the old girls make an effort to be back on the day which more than any other seems to make us all feel glad Miss Rogers lived.

This year many of the girls came back; some who had not been back since their own school days, when they took part in the three legged race or the record for the high jump,

which by the way was made nine years ago by a girl who this year was among the spectators.

The weather man this year gave us a regular Rogers Hall day, an almost perfect one. The garden was lovely, the lilacs were just beginning to come out and the apple blossoms were changing from white to pale pink. It wasn't as hot as some Field Days have been known to be, but it was quite hot enough to warrant a display of new parasols which added greatly to the gayety of the scene.

The Day Girls carried off the honors and they deserved all the green ribbons they received for they entered into the games and races with a zeal and determination which was pleasing to watch and which should prove an inspiration to the House and Hall girls to offer a better and stronger competition than they did this year. Barbara Brown won five green ribbons and has second place in one other event. No records were broken this year, but several of the records of last year were broken. "Putting the Shot" was better. There was a new event—that of a Relay Race; a team from the House, one from the Hall and one from the Day—the Day Girls winning it. One of the very littlest Day Girls went in for everything and I might mention that she jumped over a line that was several inches higher than she is. Great prophecies are waiting to be fulfilled and if Betty keeps on we hope that some day when we are old girls we can be back and see her win the meet. But the old girls and the girls who are here now were not the only ones who had a gala day. There were four or five tiny little girls who are coming next year or the year after and it was a pleasure to watch them, they had such a good time, played so hard and were so interested in everything the big girls did.

After luncheon, and let me say here that one of the things the girls remember about Field Day is the luncheon, the girls who made the Varsity slipped away to their rooms, the old girls to other rooms, and at half-past two they reappeared, only this time clad in lombards and bloomers. The Alumnæ team wore red ties which distinguished them from the black ones the school team wore. The game was great, likewise the excitement, which reached its height when the whistle blew and the score was tied.

It was played off and the Alumnæ won. Then we realized that our big game of basket ball was over and it was time to dress for dinner.

All the old girls left before dinner and after dinner we all went out in the gym and danced, that is, those of us who were still able to dance. Strange to say, some of our most athletic friends preferred to sit quietly and sedately on a bench and talk it all over.

M. P.

THE ALUMNÆ-VARSITY BASKET BALL GAME.

The Alumnæ-Varsity basket ball game was the crowning glory of Field Day. The interest excited by the field events in the morning was mild indeed, compared to that aroused by the game in the afternoon. The game was called at two-thirty and from beginning to end excitement was at top notch. Despite the heat the playing was exceedingly fast. The enthusiastic spectators showed their appreciation in the usual way. The Alumnæ team, although they had had no opportunity for practice together, had very good team work. The Varsity put up a splendid opposition. At the end of the first half the score stood 5–0 in favor of the Alumnæ team. When play was started again it was plain that the Varsity had taken a brace. After twenty minutes of the hardest kind of playing, time was called with the score 10–10. It was decided that an extra period should be played. Miss Lawrence threw the winning basket and the game ended with the score 12–11 in favor of the Alumnæ.

Line up:

Alumnæ.		Varsity.
Gladys Lawrence, '08 Dorothy (Ellingwood) McLane, '04	Forwards	Grace Lambden Julia Burke
Miss Faulkner, '02 Miss Harrison, '02 Helen Edlefson, '10	Centers	Amy Condit Madeline Smith Mary Holden
Lucy Pond, '00 Dorothy Downer, '09	Guards	Carlotta Heath Anna Kuttner

G. G. P.

THE HOUSE-HALL BASKET BALL GAME.

The basket ball game between the House and Hall was played on May sixteenth. The teams and their "rooters" appeared promptly at 4.15 and the game started without delay.

The game was a curious mixture of good and bad playing, there was an exceptionally large number of line fouls, but practically no fouls were called for other faults. The passing in the center was good, but rather slow. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the whole game was the clean playing on the part of each individual.

At the end of the first half, the score stood 6–0 in favor of the Hall, the final score was Hall 10, House 1.

Line up:

Hall.		House.
Julia Burke (Capt.)	Forwards	Grace Lambden
Millicent Painter		Natalie Kemp
Amy Condit	Centers	Helen Gallup
Matilda Kloppenburg		Madeline Smith
Elizabeth Callahan		Ruth Lowell
Carlotta Heath	Guards	Mildred Guckenheimer (Capt.)
Beatrice Chowen		Anna Kuttner

D. D. B.

THE HALL VS. DAY BASEBALL.

On the eighteenth of May the first baseball game was played at two-thirty promptly on the Rogers Hall Diamond. The whistle blew, the Hall took the field, and the Day girls went to bat, prepared to do mighty things. Mary Holden was up first; she knocked out a single to begin the game with and before the inning was over the score keeper was in distress and the score had mounted to nine runs.

When the Hall finally got in, Dorothy Benton, the Captain, started with a single, was advanced by a good bunt and finally stole Home. So the inning ended 9-1.

It looked as if the Hall girls would surely be swamped; but, in the second inning, the Hall held them to one hit while they took four. But inning by inning the Day girls steadily increased their lead until the final score 22 for the Day girls to 10 runs for the Hall closed the game.

Mary Holden, Gertrude Parker and Alice Billings did some splendid batting for the Day team while Julia Burke, Dorothea Holland and Dorothy Benton proved the most reliable hitters in the Hall. Errors were as thick as leaves on the trees but they only added to the pleasure of the occasion. The Day girls however are to be congratulated on their fielding.

Line up:

Hall.	Day.
Dorothy Benton, 1st B. (Capt.)	Mary Holden, C.
Millicent Painter, 2d B.	Madeline White, SS.
Carlotta Heath, L. F.	Leslie Hylan, L. F.
Amy Condit, 3d B.	Gertrude Parker, P. (Capt.)
Julia Burke, P.	Alice Billings, C. F.
Dorathea Holland, SS.	Barbara Brown, 3d B.
Beatrice Chowen, C.	Ethel Hockmeyer, 2d B.
Elizabeth Callahan, R. F.	Elizabeth Talbot, R. F.
Matilda Kloppenburg, C. F.	Bonney Lilley, 1st B.

Score: 22–10.

Runs: Benton, 2; Painter, 2; Condit, 1; Burke, 2; Holland, 2; Callahan, 1; Holden, 2; White, 2; Hylan, 2; Parker, 4; Billings, 4; Brown, 2; Hockmeyer, 2; Talbot, 2; Lilley, 2.

Struck Out: Burke, 5; Parker, 8.

Base on Balls: Burke, 2; Parker, 3.

J. C. H.

HOUSE—HALL HOCKEY GAME.

On April twenty-fourth the last hockey game between the House and Hall was played.

During the first half it looked as if it were going to be a very even game, but in the last ten minutes of the second half

the House made four goals in rapid succession, thus outscoring the Hall by four. The House forwards, Helen Gallup and Mildred Guckenheimer, played exceptionally well. On the back field the House had their old half back, Evelyn Pike, playing again; notwithstanding her loss of practice she played a very good game. The Hall substitute, Beatrice Chowen, played a noticeably good game and scored two goals. The other two Hall goals were made by Amy Condit.

At the end of the second half the score was House 8, Hall 4.

Line up:

House.		Hall.
Mildred Guckenheimer, Bully	Forwards	Carlotta Heath, Bully (Capt.)
Ruth Lowell		Dorothy Benton
Cynthia Byington		Beatrice Chowen
Madeline Smith		Elizabeth Callahan
Helen Gallup		Amy Condit
Anna Kuttner (Capt.)	Half Backs	Gwendolen Perry
Evelyn Pike		Millicent Painter
Grace Lambden	Full Backs	Dorathea Holland
Josephine Howland		Tracy L'Engle
Natalie Kemp	Goal	Julia Burke

H. D. S.

HOUSE–DAY BASKET BALL GAME

On May twenty-third for the first time a basket ball team made up of House girls played a team of Day girls.

The day was very warm, in fact almost too warm for basket ball, but this did not seem to affect the players. The Day girls put up a very good fight considering the small amount of practice which they had had. Barbara Brown and Mary Holden both played very good games. Julia Burke played well for the House girls, scoring ten baskets. All through the game both teams were extremely careless about fouls—especially line fouls. Only three of all the fouls thrown were made. At the end of the first half the score was 12–0. In the second half the Day

girls scored one field basket and two fouls. Leaving the final score 25–4 in favor of the House team.

Line up:

House.		Day.
Julia Burke, Grace Lambden	Forwards	Barbara Brown (Capt.), Alice Billings
Amy Condit (Capt.), Madeline Smith, Ruth Lowell	Centers	Elizabeth Talbot, Mary Holden, Ethel Hockmeyer
Anna Kuttner, Carlotta Heath	Guards	Gertrude Parker, Madeline White

C. H.

HOUSE–DAY BASEBALL GAME.

On Monday May twenty-ninth in spite of extreme heat the House baseball team played the Day girls' team.

Both teams played unusually well, and it may be said that they were the two most evenly matched teams that have played against each other this year. The score mounted in jumps, first in favor of one side and then for the other. It was in the last inning that the Day girls made a rally bringing their score up from fourteen to twenty. The game ended with a score of 19-20 in favor of the Day girls.

Line up:

House.	Day.
Ruth Lowell, C.	Mary Holden, C.
Josephine Howland, SS.	Madeline White, SS.
Mildred Creese, L. F.	Leslie Hylan, L. F.
Anna Kuttner, P.	Gertrude Parker, P.
Natalie Kemp, C. F.	Alice Billings, C. F.
Grace Lambden, 3rd B.	Barbara Brown, 3rd B.
Mildred Guckenheimer, 2nd B.	Ethel Hockmeyer, 2nd B.
Helen Gallup, 1st B.	Bonney Lilley, 1st B.
Cynthia Byington, R. F.	Elizabeth Talbot, R. F.

N. C. K.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

The "prelims" and the semi-finals of the Tennis Tournament were on Thursday, June 1, with only eight entries. The play was very good and very interesting; the result of the best two out of three sets being victory for Millicent Painter, Helen Gallup, and Amy Condit, with Dorothy Benton.

The finals were played off on Friday and they were most exciting, for the scores followed each other, one all, two all, three all and so on, almost invariably. The volleying was sure and fast, the first set going to Amy Condit and Dorothy Benton while the second and third after good hard work went to Millicent Painter and Helen Gallup. The victors were awarded with green racket cases with R. H.'s on them. J. B.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HOW TO LIVE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.

Rather an original title for a book, is it not? The problem of how to live on twenty-four dollars a day is much more discussed and generally taken to be of more vital importance. But time? Why, there is all the time there is! Why try to save it?

But Mr. Arnold Bennett looks at this in a rather novel fashion and his essay on the subject is one that makes you stop and think. He claims, to begin with, that time is infinitely precious, and we waste it as one would never think of wasting anything else.

One rather wonders what impression this book would make upon the average British person, who works six hours and fills in the rest of the time in various calm pursuits. This sudden demand that he spend less time sleeping, eating and thinking about what he is going to do in an hour or so, must be rather startling. Also the appeal to cease merely existing, and live

must come as a thunderbolt to men whose days are apparently full to the brim.

Mr. Bennett suggests Marcus Aurelius as food for thought, and suggests meditating upon the sayings of this great man during the morning trip to town, instead of becoming lost in the pages of a morning paper.

All through the book the cry is to accomplish something, to increase our mental ability, to cease mere existence and begin to live mentally as well as physically. One point that is clearly made is that in mental life as well as physical, there can be no advancement without effort, for in every form of life strife is the sum total. When the book is read, one finds oneself wondering how much time really is wasted, and how much might be made of it. What can be done with the time we let slip through our fingers? And this self-questioning proves that the book has accomplished its mission—and we have really learned something about how to live on twenty-four hours a day.

HAZELLE SLEEPER.

"KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE."

Many and varied are the vocations to which a girl may apply herself when she has finished her career at school. She may devote herself to literature, to music, to art, to sociology and the general improvement of her fellowmen, or to staying at home and teaching her family to appreciate her. Often her efforts are not very far-reaching but once in a while they are much more effective than she imagines. At times mere example is sufficient to influence many people.

Irving Bacheller in his very amusing book, "Keeping up with Lizzie," tells of the effect which one boarding school girl had upon a small country town. Lizzie is the first to seek education outside of the home town; but when one has dared take the initiative, a general exodus of the young people results. The lawyer of the town, Socrates Potter, the only man in the community who appreciates the humorous side of the affair,

enumerates the expedients to which the harassed parents are driven in order to pay for all this education. Mortgages and loans are negotiated, prices are raised by the storekeepers. When the young people come home, automobiles and larger homes are absolutely necessary. Lizzie has these, so everyone else must. Finally when the financial affairs of most of the inhabitants are in a most precarious state "Soc" Potter takes it upon himself to enlighten Lizzie. Being a really sensible young woman she immediately starts to retrench. The habit of keeping up with Lizzie has become so deeply imbedded in the village that almost a revolution occurs. Everyone retrenches, not violently but effectually.

With this amusing delineation a story of the restless, dissatisfied rich is very cleverly interwoven. Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, rich, childless, in search of they know not what, buy an estate in the village. Mr. Warburton is an old friend of Socrates. In an exchange of confidences he admits that despite Health and Wealth something is lacking to make his home complete. Socrates, after much thought, asks if he may use a vacant cottage which is on the Warburton estate. In this cottage he installs five orphans, mere babies, under the care of a competent housekeeper. Mrs. Warburton's interest in this venture develops to such a degree that Happiness comes to complete the proverbial trio.

As a fitting climax for this little book, two charming love stories are brought to a termination. Lizzie marries one of the boys who has attempted to keep up with her, and then, by giving up the attempt, has gone beyond her. The other story comes as a complete surprise. Socrates, the staid, middle-aged lawyer, announces his engagement to the sweetheart of his youth. Even he must keep up with Lizzie. AMY CONDIT.

THE CALENDAR.

TUESDAY, APRIL EIGHTEENTH.

The vaudeville show, given by the young society people of Lowell, had been talked over with great interest among all the girls, because many of the performers had attended Rogers Hall in past years. Finally the evening came and we were seated in the hall waiting for the curtain to rise.

The first performance consisted of living pictures from the famous paintings of great masters. Mrs. Daniel Stickney posed as "Whistler's Mother;" she was almost a perfect likeness to the original painting. The portrait of "Marie De Medici" by Rubens was another very good copy, Mrs. Charles A. Stott posing for this picture. There were twelve of these pictures, all beautifully done.

The pictures were followed by songs and dances which were very entertaining, and then came the Pantomine called the "Dancing Master." This was a little sketch of a Rehearsal at a Ballet School. The ballet girls were Helen Nesmith, Elizabeth Wilder, Marjorie Wadleigh and Annis Kendall; Pauline Farrington took the part of the new pupil who proved to be a beautiful dancer even though the ballet girls did scoff and laugh at her at first. The two visitors, though we could not see them under their poke bonnets, turned out to be Miss Dorothy Wright and Mrs. Charles Stevens.

The dancing was gracefully done and the whole thing very amusing. The stage was showered with bouquets as the curtain went down on a very delightful and entertaining performance.

R. A. J.

SATURDAY, APRIL TWENTY-SECOND.

The Hall, this year, instead of giving a play or minstrel show for the House girls, sent us an invitation to a picnic, the first of the year. It is hardly necessary to say that this new form of entertainment was a decided success.

Saturday was a little cloudy with the feeling of autumn rather than spring in the air. For a little while there were serious doubts as to whether or not the picnic could be held, but the sun came out for a few minutes and dispelled our doubts. The picture of the girls in their "batting" costumes as they boarded the car for Chelmsford brought to mind these same girls on their way to church and the difference was great. Sweaters, big coats, ten cent hats and "jumpers" were the prevailing style.

On reaching Chelmsford, the girls walked a mile and a half to Robin's Hill where the picnic was held. A few girls had the privilege of riding in an express wagon behind a one-time race horse, but as we saw them jounced away few of us felt any jealousy for the special favor. After falling over innumerable walls, climbing up steep fields and struggling through deep undergrowth, we reached the top of the hill and preparations for our dinner were commenced. The lunch consisted of chops, potato chips, sandwiches, cake and coffee; that the chops fell into the fire and that the coffee contained such foreign elements as pieces of wood, stones and so forth enhanced rather than decreased our enjoyment.

After eating all we could or all there was, we sat talking, or tried to sleep, or wandered around until the time came for us to start home again.

The descent of the hill was very swift and while waiting for the car we stood watching the girls as they came straggling through the streets, criticizing or admiring the various costumes, and many of them were worthy of admiration. The race horse and the express wagon was the last to arrive and as it dashed by stopping only to allow the girls to dismount, then off again, it gave a style and finish to the scene, the style rather peculiar to itself perhaps.

The trip back was spent in singing; "close harmony" I believe most of it was, and those who could not sing, talked or listened to the vocal productions with astonishment.

We reached the school a little after four. The picnic was over, but the memory of it will remain for a long time to come. Like many of our pleasures here—it was the best. It is still a subject for debate as to the whereabouts of the two hundred and fifty sandwiches. M. S.

MONDAY, APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH.

We have all heard the wonderful play discussed, but only a few of us had been fortunate enough to see the New Theater's presentation of the play, so it was with many pleasant anticipations that we went to the Woman's Club to hear Mrs. Wentworth read the "Blue Bird."

A very interesting interpretation of the play was given and I am sure that the Rogers Hall part of the audience thoroughly appreciated it. Mrs. Wentworth's rendering of the cat and dog was excellent. It is not easy to read the part of the cat or the dog and give the impression of the cat's "meow" and the dog's "bow-wow," but she managed to do this. The dog especially was marvellous. He growled and barked and talked at the same time so realistically that we were almost convinced that there was a real canine on the stage. The little hero of the story was given tenderly and strongly; we were sure, from Mrs. Wentworth's characterization, that he would grow up to be a brave, strong man. The little girl was given sweetly and sympathetically. Bread, with his abject terms of fright, was humorous, but we still had a clear impression of his terror. Night, the great enemy of the children, at whose mention they quaked, was made very awful and majestic, and no wonder that youngsters are afraid of the dark if they regard Night in the same way as Maeterlinck does. As a contrast to Night, in name as well as in nature, came Light, the guardian angel of the two

children, gentle and courageous. She proved a real blessing, and the good fairy to the little searchers.

All the scenes stand out very clearly in my mind but the one which made the greatest impression on me was the one in the forest when the Oak, the Pine, the Bull, the Cow, the Horse and other animals had our little hero and heroine in their power and planned to destroy them. They all fought for the honor of putting the little lad to death. It is all so realistic and like the good old fairy tales of childhood days, that one can not help a thrill of delightful fear that carries us back to the days of Bluebeard and other dimly remembered terrors.

J. C. H.

FRIDAY, APRIL TWENTY-EIGHTH.

About four o'clock on a beautiful, week-day afternoon people passing by Rogers Hall might have seen about forty girls, assembled in front of the Hall, clothed in garments more or less shabby! Where could all those girls be going on a Friday afternoon? It couldn't be to a lecture because they were not dressed for that. What was it? "It" was something that is dear to every girl who has had experience with "it," and something of much curiosity to every girl to whom "it" was entirely new. To get to the point, "it" was a sugaring off to take place at Billerica at the "Wayside Inn!" Hence, the "batting" clothes!

We took the street car from Lowell, arriving at our destination in plenty of time for either a delightful stroll in the fields or a cozy, confidential chat under the shade of a tree before supper. When this meal was finally announced there was a grand scramble, as everyone was starved, as a result of the exhilarating country air. And how we ate! But the best of all came after supper. A huge kettle of boiling Vermont maple syrup, cooked to the point where it hardens upon being dropped on ice was brought on the porch. Forty girls grabbed forty plates and forty spoons, while forty pairs of feet made a rush for the kettle. Someone made the clever remark that it was

quite like a freshman-sophomore rush. We stirred, and dropped on ice, and ate until we were satisfied. Some of us complained of being too well satisfied.

When it was all over, eight very enterprising young women decided to walk the six miles back to Lowell. Although we had to walk on a railroad track for a short distance, plow through a newly laid pebble road for a long distance, step on pebbles that felt like rocks to the feet, slip from the road at regular intervals, I don't believe one of us regretted having walked, and I am very sure that not one of the whole party regretted having gone to the sugaring off. J. C. H.

SATURDAY, APRIL TWENTY-NINTH.

About eight-thirty on Friday evening, the day before the Yale Freshman Dance, Miss Parsons received a telegram, short, but to the point, stating that we were to count on about half of the Musical Clubs—half of the men, probably about twenty—and there were at least forty girls!

For a few moments there was great excitement and everyone offered suggestions, brilliant and otherwise, as to what could be done. However after a time we succeeded in finding among our friends living near, enough men to fill the vacancies, so that everyone was provided with a partner for the dance.

About five-thirty Saturday afternoon we were greatly amused at the sight of a long stream of men walking up Rogers Street, headed for the school. The Yale Glee Club had arrived! There was much excitement and much hurrying about until the harassed chairman of the committee had apportioned to each girl a man.

When everyone was provided for and introductions were over, we rushed for chairs, and forming groups over the lawn we ate supper. After supper we walked and talked for some time, until our guests left, to return later.

At eight o'clock the men returned and the concert began. Even if there were only about half of the members of the club,

they gave a very enjoyable concert. The selections were pleasing and some of the songs were made amusing by being directed to some of the girls, as—"Sweet Miss Mary" and "Our Miss Brown." As a novel feature in a Glee Club Concert, one of the men gave a very clever character monologue of an Italian.

After that—the dance! Those who have a passion for that exercise, indulged in it to their heart's content, as the music was catchy, and most of the men were unusually good dancers. Those who tired soon of dancing had a pleasant alternative in strolling around the grounds, or in lounging in the comfortable chairs, surrounded by cushions, talking and watching the dancers so that everyone was satisfied and spent the evening in the way that pleased them best, and I am sure the girls considered the Yale Concert and Dance a decided success.

J. L. B.

SATURDAY, MAY SIXTH.

Chaperoned by Miss Faulkner and Miss Harrison, one pleasant Saturday afternoon, seventeen of the Rogers Hall girls took a drag ride to Andover to see the Andover-Princeton Freshman baseball game. It was an ideal spring day and the drive was perfect in every respect. Once or twice, it is true, we received a slight scare as the drag tipped and swayed in dashing down a hill. This swaying is especially disagreeable if experienced from the back seat, as some of the girls can prove. Aside from these slight scares, nothing occurring to spoil our enjoyment in the ride. We drove up to Andover in a little over an hour and a half, but the time seemed shorter while we sang, laughed, ate candy, and had a good time all around.

We alighted from the drags as soon as we arrived at the field and took our seats in the bleachers to watch the game. After the boys had finished cheering for themselves and their opponents they gave a cheer for Rogers Hall, which compliment pleased us very much. The game was rather dull, Princeton

keeping the lead, until the ninth inning when Andover tied the score. In the tenth they made three runs and won the game.

The drive home at sunset was glorious, deserving far more than the mere mention of it, but it is sufficient to say that it was an altogether enjoyable afternoon. C. F. L.

FRIDAY, MAY NINETEENTH.

For local patriotism or for love of waffles there are few states like Ohio, as was easily seen when the girls and teachers from that state had a celebration last Saturday. Lima, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Springfield, Sandusky and Akron—all of these flourishing, prominent cities were represented. We also had a guest—from Massachusetts, which state should be very proud of being represented at an Ohio Convention.

We went to Billerica and had dinner at the Wayside Inn. We surely did do justice to that spread. We called it a Waffle Dinner, but really there were so many other courses besides the Waffle course that the meal could scarcely be given the title of "Waffle Dinner." At the table we told jokes and little anecdotes of personal experiences. We made quite as much noise, laughing and talking, as all the girls put together make in the dining room at school.

A wood fire, which Mrs. Hubbard had burning for us when we arrived, added greatly to our after-dinner enjoyment while one of our representatives from Lima sang for us. It was very cosey! The fire burned and crackled in a most fascinating manner, setting off the picturesque stone grate to a good advantage. We all sat in comfortable chairs with that perfect feeling of contentment which a good time of this sort always gives us. We listened with great pleasure to the songs with which Hilda entertained us.

We had to tear ourselves away early and take the car back to Lowell, away from Ohio in imagination to Massachusetts in reality. I am sure that that dear old State in the Middle West, called Ohio, appreciated the banquet which her devotees held in her honor as much as the devotees themselves. J. C. H.

MAY TWENTY-FIRST.

The Senior class enjoyed its first social gathering on the day that we all came together for the class dinner given by Miss Parsons. There were twenty-one of us who found our places at the table, by means of the attractive dinner cards. On the back of each card was some quotation appropriate for that girl. Red roses given by Miss Dewey decorated the center of the table. The occasion was especially festive because it was our first experience in enjoying the distinction and honor of being Rogers Hall Seniors. We were also fortunate in being able to celebrate two Senior birthdays, those of Tracy L'Engle and Esther Loveman. They were both the proud possessors of a large birthday cake, decorated with candles and covered with dainty sweet peas and lilies of the valley.

When dinner was over we returned to the drawing-room where coffee was served. Then as we sat around in groups Hilda Baxter sang for us.

I am sure that we all feel that our first Senior event was a great success. A. B.

MAY TWENTY-SIXTH.

Is it worth while to be a Senior? Well rather! We fully realized the fact the night that Miss Faulkner and Miss Harrison entertained the Senior class with a supper. Everyone had arrived by six-thirty; no one was even "politely late." We had the whole House to ourselves, and it was well we did, for our Senior dignity, if we ever had any, was left at home. Supper was the first thing on the program and after we had made our appreciation of the delicious Welch Rarebit, the dainty sandwiches, the frozen pudding and the punch very evident and unmistakable, our hostesses accepted our offers of assistance and everything was cleared up in short order. After that we danced until it was dark, and then we played Hide and Seek all over the House. Twice searching parties were organized and

missing girls were rescued from closets which possessed door-knobs on the outside only. The next half-hour we spent on the Hill, cooling off and resting from our rather strenuous game.

The remainder of the evening was passed in the House parlor before a cheerful open fire, which was the more appreciated, owing to the difficulty experienced in making it burn properly. A fire is always condusive to musical efforts and this one was no exception. In fact, we sang until Miss Parsons telephoned to suggest that we come home. Home we went, sorry that one more of our Senior parties was over and feeling that our avowals of the good time we had had were wholly inadequate to express our full enjoyment. A. D. C.

MAY THIRTY-FIRST.

Before the graduation of our Senior class there comes a number of good times just for the Seniors, as the class luncheons and suppers—good times that will remain in our memory the longest for the fact that they were shared by our class alone.

The luncheon at the Vesper Country Club was one of these. The day was not as pleasant as we had hoped, but our pleasure was by no means marred by this little detail. We left the school at twelve o'clock and reached the club about an nour later. Then we read or wandered around the island until luncheon was served. There was a large square table placed in a separate room for the girls. We were fairly quiet during luncheon, but when the last course was removed a great change became apparent,—cries of "Speech, speech," and "Come, you've got to say something" were heard from all sides while the clapping of hands threatened to drown our voices. At last, after repeated cries our timid little President, the cause of this noise, rose to her feet and made a very appropriate little speech. When she sat down the applause broke out again and did not cease until nearly every Senior had been forced to her feet and compelled to say the first thing that came into her head.

After leaving the table some of the girls played tennis or cards while others took a walk; a shower, however, soon sent them scampering for the club. We were compelled to leave at four, in spite of our desire to stay longer—and arrived at school a short time before dinner.

Another Senior affair was over, bringing us nearer and nearer to graduation and the separation that follows, but it had bound the class of 1911 closer together and made the girls realize that even graduation can not entirely break that tie

H. M. S.

JUNE THIRD.

The Senior dance—the last dance of the year is given by the undergraduates to the Seniors, and as it comes so late in the spring it is usually the cause of a great deal of excitement and pleasure. This year the dance proved to be the best one of them all.

The guests began to arrive at half-past seven, then followed the usual reception, and at about eight-thirty the dancing began. The evening was just cool enough to make dancing a pleasure, and yet warm enough to permit us to walk around the grounds. The Japanese lanterns hung from the branches of the trees, making a very pretty effect at the first of the evening, but a little shower which came up later on extinguished nearly all the lights. Although it rained very hard, it did not last long and only sent two or three couples scurrying for the shelter of the piazza, but by no means spoiling the evening for us.

The end of the dance came all too soon and more than one sigh of regret was heard when "Home sweet home" was played. The Senior dance was over.

I am sure all the Seniors appreciated the time and work which was put into this dance for them and would wish to give a vote of thanks to the manager and committee. They had carried the dance off so well and given us each and all a wonderful time.

R. H. J.

COMMENCEMENT.

Commencement Day, the day to which all the Seniors had been looking forward to for so long, dawned with a steady downpour that put an end to our hopes of a real Rogers Hall Day. This was a disappointment, for no place could be more beautiful than school in springtime, and as a rule much of our Commencement Day is spent in the garden. However, since it was evident that the rain would not cease we decided to prove that graduation indoors could be quite as happy as graduation out of doors.

After the reception, which lasted for some time, as there was a large number of guests and the whole Senior Class received, the graduation exercises began. Dr. Burton, of Smith College, made the address to the Senior Class and spoke as no one else could of the pursuit of the ideal. An ideal, Dr. Burton says, is essential to advancement, and only the unattainable ideal has any real worth. For, when the goal is within reach, effort ceases and it is only through strife that progress is possible. As the highest ideal, Dr. Burton spoke of loyalty and certainly after her talk there could be not finer expression of the value of this quality.

Dr. Chambré presented the diplomas to the class and to those of us who have heard his sermons and who have come to know and love him this presentation held a deep significance. Dr. Chambré has been a sincere friend to Rogers Hall and the memory of the few words that he spoke will be very dear to all of us.

Following this, the President of the class presented the gift to the school, a gift that very inadequately expresses our love. And then after Dr. Chambré pronounced the benediction, we suddenly realized that we were no longer Seniors at Rogers Hall, but Alumnæ.

After luncheon, for which our guests remained, we said good-bye to the undergraduates and our friends, and settled down to spend the afternoon as best we could until the Alumnæ banquet that night.

Commencement was over and we had graduated.

SENIOR POEM.

Out in the garden the wind blows fresh,
And the leaves are gold in the sun.
There comes the thought of the days that are past,
Now that the year is done.

Long ago, when the leaves were red,
When the year of school was new,
We laughed and talked and planned and hoped
The things we were going to do.

Now it is over, our dreams come true,
And the world is wide before.
We can carry our happiness out with us,
And plan, as we planned of yore.

Out of the horde that the year has brought,
We search for the best alone.
The joys we have found, and held so close
The memories, ours alone.

Each seems best as we call it back,
Lessons and laughter and play.
Dances and rambles and friendly talks,
And the springtime world of May.

But the memory comes of a hand held out,
The thought of an answered call;
And we know that the year has taught us this—
Friendship is best of all.

Out in the garden the wind blows fresh,
And the leaves are gold in the sun.
There comes the thought of the days that are past,
For the year is done.

HAZELLE D. SLEEPER.

THE ALUMNÆ BANQUET.

Escorted by a marvelous fife and drum corps lead by Harriet Coburn with the guests of honor, Miss Parsons and Miss Williams, the members of the Rogers Hall Association marched from the drawing room to the schoolroom on the evening of June the sixth for their biennial party and business meeting. The tables were arranged around three sides of the room and most attractively decorated in red, a fire in the open fireplace adding a further note of warmth to the scene.

Alice Faulkner made a very graceful and bright toastmistress, the toasts beginning after the salad came on. Josephine Morse welcomed the new members and Hazelle Sleeper of this year's class replied for the new members. A toast written by Harriet Greenhalge Martin to the "Old Days" was then read and very much appreciated. The numerous stunts were varied and highly entertaining, Harriet Coburn bringing down the house with her Chicken Dance, a most artistic performance which she danced with great esprit and abandon; Ruth Burke, with Polly Farrington at the piano, gave an exhibition of æsthetic and quite lovely ballet dancing; Helen Edlefson delighted everyone with her beautiful singing; Miss Williams also very kindly contributed a stunt, a clever imitation of the struggles of a child with a guitar, and finally Ellen Baxter convulsed us all by her very realistic impersonation of Isadora Duncan.

At the opening of the business meeting Helen Faulds was appointed Secretary pro tem, as Polly Pew was unable to be present. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and approved. The nominating committee then took charge of the meeting and the following officers for the coming two years were elected:

Alice Faulkner, President; Isabel Nesmith, Vice-President; Helen Faulds, Secretary; Joanna Carr, Treasurer.

Miss Parsons spoke of the necessity of notifying the Secretary of any change of address if everyone was to receive her notices, etc., promptly. It is planned to print the Constitution and By-Laws of the Society with the names and addresses of all members in the Fall.

Ruth McCracken proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Parsons to express our thanks to her for the happy time we old girls have had visiting at Rogers, and for her very great kindness in asking us to have our reunion at school where it means so much more to us than it would in any outside place. The President proposed that this should be a rising vote and then the very nicest reunion we have ever had came to an end, with a few dances and many little talk "fests" that lasted, some of them, well into the night. JOANNA CARR.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

Bessie Chalifoux was married on May 11th to Mr. Lowell Mead Chapin of South Bend, Ind.

Frances Dice of Reading, Pa., was married on April 19th to Mr. Frederic Randolph Stauffer.

At a reception given in April, Ruth Griffin (R. H., 1909) announced her engagement to Mr. Ruel Pope. She expects to be married in the Fall.

Hazelle Sleeper (R. H., 1911) announced her engagement on June 7th to Dr. Norman Calvert Spencer of Brookline.

Ruth McCracken took the lake trip on a Government lightship which her brother has just launched and expects to get to Rogers Hall in time for Commencement.

On May 25th Farrell Durment was married to Mr. Ralph Richard Macartney.

Marguerite Roesing of Evanston, Ill., is to be one of the June brides with Ruby Abbot, Helen Huffman and Betty James as bridesmaids.

Cards are out for Frances Herman's wedding, which will take place on June 15th. A reception will follow the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Neal will be at home after September 1st at 2025 North Front St., Harrisburg.

Tracy L'Engle (R. H., 1911) sailed for Europe on June 6th to spend the summer, returning in September to enter Wellesley College.

Elise Gardiner (Mrs. Allan Hume) has a daughter named Elizabeth born in January.

Alma Meyer has announced her engagement to Mr. Courtney Lynde Montgomery of Terre Haute, Ind.

Kate Field writes that she expects to attend summer school at the University of California and is much interested in the playground work in Berkeley.

The following is a poem by Alice Cone (R. H., 1909, Smith, 1913) reprinted from the Smith College Monthly.

YOUR FRIENDS.

There's the tall, dark girl with the taste for men,
And the round light girl with a temper sweet,
The long, thin girl who likes to walk,
And the dear little roommate who keeps things so neat.

There's the girl who has just your taste for books,
And the musical girl who plays so well,
There's the girl who is always ready to bat,
And the one who can best your "blue devils" quell.

There are so many girls whom you love so much,
And who mean such a lot in various ways,
That you are better for knowing each one—
They're your greatest blessing all your days.

SPLINTERS

ROGERS HALL SCHOOL

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTENTS.

Editorial

A Doll's Day . . . . . Edith Stevens
Fairies . . . . . Beatrice Chowen
The Fête of Corpus Christi . . . . Gertrude Hawxhurst
The Imagination of a Gossip . . . . . Sara Hayes
"The Drummer" . . . . . Beatrice Chowen
A Trip to Provincetown . . . . . Kathryn Redway
The King . . . . . Elizabeth Peck
Lady Mary . . . . . Gertrude Hawxhurst
Being Bridesmaid to Annie. . . . . Ethel Forbes

Sketches

A Little Child . . . . . Susy McEvoy
That Awful Forty-five Minutes. . . . . Sylvia Doutney
Amalfi . . . . . Gertrude Hawxhurst
The Guide of Antietam . . . . . Ethel Forbes

Children's Page

When I Visit You . . . . . Ellen Burke
"Buddy". . . . . Grace Helen Talbot
Tige to the Rescue . . . . . Ethel H. Dempsey
A Turkey's Story . . . . . Edith Stevens

Alumnae Notes

School News

Athletic Department

This year four numbers will be issued.
Terms: One dollar and fifty cents a year. Single numbers forty cents.

SPLINTERS

Vol. 12. DECEMBER, 1911. No. 1.

EDITORS:
BEATRICE CHOWEN
ELIZABETH COOPER PECK
IRENE KRULL
GERTRUDE HAWXHURST
DOROTHY DRAPER BENTON
HARRIET HASTY
ETHEL FORBES
EDITH STEVENS

BUSINESS MANAGERS:
DORATHEA HOLLAND
GERTRUDE PARKER
JULIA EDWARDS
CHARLOTTE ALLEN

EDITORIAL.

TO EAT OR NOT TO EAT—THAT IS THE QUESTION.

By some strange freak of human nature, people are seldom satisfied with what they are. Under some circumstances, this may be a splendid incentive to greater labors and accomplishments, but when applied to the question of appearance it has its disadvantages. Most people are so constituted that if they have straight black hair, they long with passionate desire for wavy golden locks or if endowed with a good deal of flesh, they want to

be blessed with a graceful figure and less avoirdupois. Concerning this matter of being too fat or its opposite, being too thin, I come to the real subject of this discussion.

To eat or not to eat is the absorbing question and to the thin girl, the answer is eat and eat again, while to the fat girl must the warning be sounded in stentorian tones "Refrain." No matter if you are fond of breakfast food with a generous supply of cream and sugar on it, fried delicacies and rich desserts, they are not for you, but rather a diet of toast and tea, with an occasional dish of salad interspersed until you have no will power left to longer resist, or you drag your weakened and exhausted body to the scales to find that you have lost—twenty pounds,—no three, perhaps four. Is it worth it? It is not for me to say. However, let us listen to some of the remarks these sufferers make.

"My dear I have been dieting for two weeks and have lost five pounds. Isn't that great? You don't think I look fat? How nice in you. What did I weigh? One hundred and thirty, my dear, think of it! I'm bound to reduce to one hundred and twenty-three for that is just what I want to weigh.

"No sugar thank you. Yes I must begin to diet again for I certainly am growing disgracefully fat. I went without breakfast for a whole week once. Yes it was awful but I lost four pounds.

The complaint of the thin sisters is just as severe. Milk must be consumed by them in endless quantities, no matter how distasteful that particular beverage. Ever and always must they eat and when too full for utterance, they must still force themselves to swallow rich cocoa or some other fat producing food. What results are obtained by these heroic methods?

"You don't think I am thin? My dear I only weigh one hundred and eight and my neck—it is so bony, I simply can't wear evening gowns."

"Do you really think I look fatter? How nice in you! I have only gained two pounds this week but I think my five glasses of milk a day are doing me good."

And so it goes, this process of reducing and gaining. Well, it is hardly a new idea. Women have always wanted to be beautiful. What to eat and what not to eat in order to obtain

the desired results, or whether to eat or not are questions which not only the fat and thin girl but all of us are called upon to decide. Whatever our dietetic principles, there are times when fat and thin alike, feel that they must have a regular feast. On the other hand, times come to us all when—well we would rather not.

ELIZABETH PECK.

Following a most successful summer many of the old girls and many new girls have come to Rogers Hall and have immediately entered eagerly into the gymnasium work and into the outdoor athletics.

The spirit is not confined to a few particular girls, but is prevalent throughout the entire school. One thing that arouses the ardor is the fact that we have a new gymnasium suit this year with white collars, neckties, short sleeves and no dickeys. The new gymnasium that is now being built spurs all the girls on in their enthusiasm, because they know that if they do well in the fall work it will help them so much when the swimming tank is finished, to say nothing of the other advantages of the building that we are so patiently looking forward to.

The rivalry of the Hall and House is greater than ever this year, because since it has been four years since the Hall has won in field hockey and naturally they are more determined than ever to win, while the House girls are equally determined that they shall not. All the contests this year will be closer than usual and there certainly will be no place for quitters.

A DOLL'S DAY.

I

Away in the corner behind the big chair,
Lay the old rag doll, no longer fair;
Tattered and torn and dirty too,
Thinking of good times when she was new.

II

Sitting in state in her small wicker chair,
Was Miss Isabella with golden hair;
She journeyed from Paris, a regular belle,
Full of adventures which she scorned to tell.

III

The poor old rag doll, now cast off and worn,
In her glad place Isabella has gone;
And now in her corner the rag doll doth say,
"I must be contented, each doll has her day."

EDITH STEVENS.

FAIRIES.

Dotty yawned repeatedly as she leaned over the lily pond and waited for the water sprites to appear. Daddy had told her many, many times that if she waited long enough, the little green fairies would float up and play with her. But here it was four o'clock and not a sign of them! Once she tried very hard to imagine that a lily bud was a fairy sitting on the edge of a lily pad, but just when the little manikin seemed alive enough to speak, he turned back into just a plain bud and Dotty nearly cried

with vexation. Besides, the sun was terribly hot and her head was uncomfortable. She put her hand into the cool, cool water and gently paddled it about. Now her whole arm was in! What a lovely feeling! She wiggled herself nearer to the edge—her sleeve was all wet, but she didn't care. Mamma would scold, too. In went the other arm! By wiggling her toes terribly hard she could shove herself nearer the edge. This she did, and she could bend her head so that her face touched the water. How much better her head felt!

At that moment a great green frog, who had hitherto been resting far out of Dotty's reach swam leisurely under her very nose.

"Oh, that's the Golden Prince, changed to a frog!—Oh please—please Mr. Prince come here!" She made a frantic grab for him—overbalanced herself—gave a sharp cry for "Mamma"—and then the strangly water closed over her head.....

When Dotty awoke, it seemed to her that she had been asleep a hundred years. Perhaps she was Rip Van Winkle! She put her hand quickly to her chin to feel if there was a long grey beard on it. No—she was not Rip. Then suddenly, she remembered the lily-pond and the green frog. She looked up quickly at mamma and daddy standing by her side. The old doctor was there too, with the funny, tangly wrinkles in his forehead.

"What happened to the Golden Prince?" asked Dotty faintly. She could not understand why mother was laughing and crying at once, or why there was a queer catch in daddy's voice as he answered—

"Oh, he's all right."

Nor could she understand why the doctor said, "Thank God!" like that and walked to the window. But she didn't have much time to wonder. She was falling—falling—falling, and couldn't stop herself. She tried to scream, but of no avail. Just before she reached the unspeakable bottom something big and white and strangly caught her and carried her up—up nearly to the sky. When she opened her eyes, she was sitting on the edge of a woolly cloud and lots of little girls in pretty, funny clothes were looking at her curiously. But they were very lovely to her, and played with her a long time. But all too soon Dotty saw the big white thing coming towards her. She tried to run

away from it. She ran to the edge of the cloud and looked over. The earth was many, many miles away and the white thing was very, very near. Then it caught her again and held her tightly—so tightly that she could not breathe. She awoke with a start to hear her mother ask something and her father answer in a light way.

"How can you laugh," sobbed mother, "when you know the child may never be sane again?"

"What's a sane?" Dotty startled them by asking. Then she promptly fell asleep again. Her mother joined her in Dreamland, and as they wandered through a big sunlit garden they came to a place where lovely doll-like fairies floated around on bubbles and Dotty knew them to be sanes. All night she tried patiently to explain to her mother that she could never be a sane again because she had never been like one of those. But her mother did not understand and shook her head and smiled in that gentle way, until Dotty stamped her foot in exasperation and woke up.

Then followed days when she did not know what she was doing or saying—sometimes she fell, sometimes she rode on clouds. Queer figures swam before her eyes—sometimes her father, sometimes her mother. Often the old doctor's face danced past, and he grinned horribly and pointed his finger at her. But nothing stood still a moment and nothing definite formed in her brain; so she tossed around in her bed fuming and fretting, while the old doctor watched night and day by her side.

One day Dotty sat up and said very distinctly, "I'm hungry. Please may nurse bring me some milk and—and—cake?" She wondered why the old doctor beamed all over. She had been spanked repeatedly for eating cookies and things between meals, but now it actually seemed to please them. And what was more wonderful—she was allowed to have lots of nice things to eat and the next day was able to sit up—and all the funny jumbly things went right out of her head, bang! And the doctor's face didn't dance around any more, and mother did not cry.

Dotty had had a very narrow escape but it did not destroy her faith in fairies. During those long days of convalescence, the counterpane fairies came walking over the bed, and, sitting

on her knees, would tell her long and lovely stories. Every fairy came from a different patch and was dressed accordingly, but they were all very nice and interesting. But as soon as mamma came into the room they had to run and hide, for some reason or other, and Dotty helped them breathlessly, sometimes even calling, "Quick, hurry!!" in her excitement. Often she blushingly confessed to her mother that they had not gotten under in time and mamma would only tell her that she had been dreaming. But Dotty smiled at her mother's ignorance and said nothing.

On the day that she was pronounced cured she went out to play with her chum Elizabeth. Sitting on the lawn together, she described her visits with the fairies. Ruth, Elizabeth's older sister, was also present. Ruth was the wonderful age of twelve and Dotty adored her with all her heart and soul. What Ruth said was so, beyond a doubt.

As Dotty told her experiences to the breathless Elizabeth, Ruth broke rudely into the conversation. "Did you say fairies?" she said in her superior way. "Why child, there are no fairies!"

"What!" gasped Dotty.

"Why no, of course not," scoffed Ruth. "They only come in dreams." Dotty had to admit that she only saw the counterpane fairies when she was nearly dozing off—but her wrath and dismay were aroused.

A little later she walked unsteadily into the room where her mother sat sewing. Her hair was much disheveled and her nose was bleeding, but a look of triumph was in her eyes. Crawling into her mother's lap she announced impressively—

"I slapped her face!"

"Dotty!" exclaimed mother in a shocked voice. "Whose?"

"Ruth's. She says there aren't any fairies, and she's gone—and spoiled everything," it ended in a wail. To her utter amazement instead of sympathizing with her, mother laughed aloud.

"What a tragedy!" she said.

Dotty slid out of her lap with dignity and gave her a withering glance.

"Mother," she said solemnly, "you and Ruth have—have spoiled my life!" and with that she fled to her favorite garden seat.

Here her mother found her a few minutes later, curled up in a heap, and crying out all the pent up grief. She gathered her tenderly into her arms.

"You don't know that you've spoiled m—my life," sobbed Dotty repeatedly, "but you have—you have. You'll be s—sorry when I'm dead. I slapped her face but it's true—it's true," she wailed. "I didn't see the fairies and it's what you just called it, a—a—tradigy!"

And it was. It was the tragedy that every child must meet—the realization that there are no fairies. BEATRICE CHOWEN.

THE FÊTE OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

One sunny May morning, we were awakened by the tramp of many wooden shoes beneath our windows and knew that already the peasants were arriving from their distant mountain homes for the fête.

The quaint little town of Cortina is high up among the Dolomites whose jagged rose-colored peaks tower majestically on every side, whose broad green fields stretch away to meet the distant hills, brilliant with buttercups and deep blue forget-me-nots. Here the nights are cold and the days warm and sweet. Here the peasant folk in their odd costumes gather in little groups to gossip, and the soldiers tramp through the streets all day.

The fête of Corpus Christi is the great event of the year. Days beforehand the peasants began coming into the town, tired and dusty from their long journeys, but happy in the expectation of a good time once they have arrived. All were dressed in their best. The women in bright shawls with long silken fringes and petticoats of red or blue. Their queer little hats with long black streamers reminded one of inverted bowls. Their great silver earrings, elaborately carved, bobbed and swung from side to side as they walked, and huge silver pins, worn only by the young unmarried girls, decorated their black coiled hair. The men in their

tight velvet breeches, that reached only to the knees, and short jackets gaily embroidered in colors presented a striking appearance. And in their broad brimmed hats floated long green feathers, marvelous to behold! Whole families were there. Rugged, strong tillers of the soil. Tanned by the winds and sun. Smiling and happy most of them simple and trusting as little children. Fond of bright colors, music, and a good time, the old as well as the young.

Soon the chimes in the old belfry began to ring and all made their way down the winding road to the curious little church which was soon full to overflowing. And then out upon the still morning air floated the harsh, unmusical voices of the peasants praising their God.

From time to time during the services guns were discharged in the church, and the kneeling people would start to their feet laughing and screaming.

They did not worship long. After the prayers had ended the priest led the way to many shrines along the road, that had been erected the day before. Shrines gaily decorated with flowers and candles, silver hearts and strings of brilliant beads.

What a queer procession it was! First the priest in his rich, brocaded robes carrying the "Host" on high. Four small boys in long white garments walked beside him holding candles, twice as big as they were; and a hard time the poor little fellows had of it not to stumble and fall. Over his head swung a heavy gold canopy and the ten young priests who carried it fairly staggered beneath its weight.

As the priest passed down the street the peasants standing by the way knelt, reverently crossing themselves. It was an imposing sight, but full of pathos, too. They were so ignorant, so pitiable and yet, full of a sublime trust and faith in God's love and mercy.

Following the priest came six little girls in long white cotton dresses, tightly clutching huge waxen lilies. They had just been confirmed and their little solemn faces sparkled with excitement and importance, as they stepped daintily over the moist ground so as not to soil those wonderful gowns, that someone must have sacrificed and toiled many days to give them.

There were Alpine climbers, old and grizzled in the procession with their coils of rope and pointed "stocks." There were old soldiers, grey and stooped who had fought in Austria's last great war. They stepped proudly past us to the lively air the village band was playing and an old torn flag, the flag they loved so well floated before them. All joined in the procession, and worshipped the saints at the shrines along the road.

Such poor down trodden people they were, who knew little of the world about them and less of happiness and comfort. Perhaps at first one would have denied that they were worthy of any pity. But only a glance into their eyes and one knows of the poor, starved soul within. And so the fête was over and the peasants started back to their lonely mountain homes. All night they passed below our windows, singing and laughing, and the round moon smiled lovingly upon them, and the great mountains bent kindly over their children.

G. HAWXHURST.

THE IMAGINATION OF A GOSSIP.

Miss Fannie Jackson was flitting about in a most industrious way, very excitedly getting things in order. Today the sewing circle was to meet at her house and that was one of the most important clubs in the little village of Hillsboro. This sewing circle did not live up to its name, for often sewing was forgotten in the numerous and fiery discussions of the afternoon. Gossiping was always in order, and woe to the one who came late.

Miss Jackson was exceedingly tall and slender. She wore the serene expression of one who had found her quiet and peace within the church. Her nose was straight and peaked, her cheek bones low, her eyes were of a watery blue. She wore her hair straight back. Her dress was of black with long sleeves and a high collar, typical of a woman who has become reconciled to her spinsterhood.

Miss Fannie was taking some blue china cups from the cupboard, when she was disturbed by loud raps upon the door. Before

opening it, however, she paused to put her cups down. The reason I mention this pause, gentle reader, is not because it was so long, but merely because the knocking continued, until Miss Fannie out of mere self-defense hastened to the door and opened it.

Her guest was quite the opposite of Miss Jackson. She was quite a small woman, and very stout. She had a perfectly round face with two piercing little black eyes. Her cheeks were flaming red, her hair was curly and fussy. Mrs. Josiah Perkins was all out of breath and excited. "Oh, Miss Fannie," she said bouncing down in the middle of the room in the most comfortable chair, "Oh! Miss Fannie, I am so excited. You know Miss Fannie,—oh there goes Sadie Dawson. Did you ever see any one gotten up the way she was in church yesterday? Lord! it was shocking. Think of wearing a hobilty skirt! Why she looked as if she was tied in a coffee sack." Mrs. Perkins spread out complacently her own voluminous brown one.

Don't you think, Miss Fannie, that this red taffeta waist is just gorgeous and matches well? I bought it at Enoch Greene's place the other day. He said that Mrs. William Taft had one like it."

At this point Mrs. Smith arrived and stopped the flood of words for a moment.

"My! such scandal," continued Mrs. Perkins, after Mrs. Smith had taken a seat, "and to think I should forget. Hattie Carton's daughter, Jane, ran away an hour ago with Dr. Jones, and was married. Eliza Henderson said they drove at a terrible rate down the street in a horse and buggy, and she just knew what that meant."

"Well do tell," said Miss Fannie with a horror stricken countenance, throwing up both of her hands.

"It ain't so, Mrs. Perkins, old man Headly is sick, and the doctor took him a nurse," said Mrs. Jones.

"You don't know anything about it, Henrietta Jones. You just don't know what an awful girl that Jane Carton is. Poor Hattie! They say she is just taking on awful over it, too, but I always said that such things would happen, when she sent Jane away to school. Hattie never was careful with that girl. I can remember seeing her coming home from the Junior section

of the "Willing Workers" with a different fellow each time. Girls ain't brung up the way they used to be when I was a girl, and that is what comes of it. The idea of running off is beyond me."

At that moment a knock was heard upon the door. "Oh! do let me tell the news first. It will be such a surprise. What do you think?" she said as she turned the knob of the door. "Hattie Carton's girl, Jane, ran— — —er—er—why—er—how do you do, Hattie," she said enthusiastically, throwing her arms around Mrs. Carton's neck, "and there's the sweetest girl in town, Jane."

SARA HAYES.

"THE DRUMMER."

The drummer was getting tired. The scenery was monotonous and his novel did not please him. He had made the acquaintance of two peculiar looking young ladies, who sat a few seats up, but they were intently gazing at the landscape and seemed disinclined to converse with anyone. The drummer had met all sorts and conditions of men and I noticed now that he was trying to study the two young ladies. They were both brunettes and had wonderful complexions. Perhaps the great amount of curls and puffs was not their own, and maybe they had helped the color of their cheeks along by artifice. Perhaps, too, their waist lines were slightly more indented than Nature had intended, but on the whole they were really good looking.

Opposite them sat the "Innocent-looking child," (as I had named her). She had a baby face and great wondering blue eyes. She, too, was interested in a novel and the drummer turned his attention back to the "Peculiar Two." Suddenly he straightened up, wiped his gold rimmed glasses, laborously tied his tan oxfords, and pulled down the coat of his brown striped suit. Then he arose and sauntered down to the further end of the car for a drink. On the way back he stopped for a moment to speak to one of "The Two."

"Enjoying the scenery, Miss Hansen?" he said with emphasis on her name. I recalled with amusement the hesitancy she had

displayed in giving her name when he had politely asked for the same, and his quick wink at me as he learned that it was "Well, er—er—Miss Hanson." He also stopped and chatted a minute with the "Innocent Baby," and after a few unimportant remarks he resumed his seat. A moment later he hem—m—m'd at me and held up a card. He pointed at the "Innocent" and said cheerfully:

"Your 'Innocent-looking Baby' is a bird." Then he resumed his novel. I laughed aloud and was about to turn to my book, when my eyes were arrested by a leather purse lying on the floor. I made a motion to pick it up, but one of "The Two" was before me.

"Is this your pocketbook?" she said to her companion with a meaning look.

"Why, yes!" returned the surprised Miss Hanson, snatching it eagerly.

"How could I ever have dropped it?"

"Hold on a minute!" cried the drummer, and before Miss Hanson knew what he was doing, he had snatched it from her. He fumbled in it a moment and then seemed to draw out a card.

"Miss Gertrude Helder!" he announced, with great impressiveness. "Why Madam! I thought your name was Hanson."

A startled look crossed the face of the "Innocent Baby." Then she opened her blue eyes wide. "Why that's mine! How careless I must have been," she exclaimed. And without a word the drummer handed it over to her. She smiled sweetly, closed her bag, and burying herself in her book, considered the incident closed.

The "Peculiar Two" looked at the drummer with veritable daggers in their eyes, but he merely seated himself beside me and laughed until the tears came to his eyes. Then he took off his spectacles and polished them again.

"These people are all a bunch of crooks," he laughed.

"All?" I ventured.

"Yes indeed! If you would like to know the truth, the purse was mine!"

"Yours?" I gasped. "But why did you—?"

"Merely a study of character. It amuses me greatly."

"But the money! There was at least a hundred dollars, I swear! I saw it!!" I argued.

"Counterfeit," he returned smilingly. "I used to travel with a theatrical troupe." BEATRICE CHOWEN.

A TRIP TO PROVINCETOWN.

It was sizzling! The sun beat on the water, then radiated upward. The paint on the boat rail was blistered with the heat. Near us sat a little boy, eating a sticky banana with infinite relish. I turned disgustedly from this spectacle, only to see an old lady fanning vigorously, while she inhaled menthol. "It's so good for sea-sickness," she confidentially said to a man sitting next to her with a handkerchief over his drooping collar. Finally, a shrill whistle sounded; the old lady jumped, the little boy, his banana finished, sobbed in his mother's lap. A grating noise was heard, the boat backed from the dock and we were off for Provincetown.

The harbor was dotted with beautiful yachts, fishing boats, and tugs. Slowly little flat-topped, green islands appeared, which proved to be forts. As we approached them, we saw a cannon at each corner and little iron doors in the sides. Many soldiers were camped on one, and the white tents glared in the sun. As we reached the end of the harbor, a beautiful yacht steamed past. On the deck, was a large red touring car; while from the mast floated a "Union Jack." On the right we could see Duxbury, and our last glimpse of land was the Myles Standish monument. Then——the sea! Nothing else was visible, and one could easily imagine one was on the way to Europe. Soon little black specks appeared on the horizon. As these hulks grew larger, we could distinguish the masts, then little by little they became clear, and we saw flying from the main mast the "Star Spangled Banner!" These were the United States's battleships. When we steamed into Provincetown harbor we passed the cruisers, and the "Jackies," clad in shining white, contrasted with the forbidding grey of the ships.

We docked at exactly half-past one and hustled from the boat for dinner. Several officials recommended the "Atlantic House," so we went down the one main street which is only a few yards wide, and turned down a little lane to the "hotel." A box-bordered gravel walk ran up to the piazza where a few men were smoking, their chairs tipped back against the side of the house, which was a low white structure with green blinds. Inside, the ceilings were very low, and beautiful old mahogany high-boys, tables and chairs were everywhere. At the dining room door stood an old man in a purple velvet coat and red carpet slippers. In his hand he held a little bag which was his cash drawer.

Turning to him we said, "Where do we register?"

"Don't register but just go in and eat all you want, then pay me fifty cents when you come out," he answered.

"Fifty cents?" we gasped.

"Is that too much?" he asked, anxiously.

We sat down at a long table with a castor in the middle, in which were salt, pepper, vinegar, and mustard. At each end of the table was a plate of crackers, and a dish of large sour pickles. We had a real old-fashioned dinner of pork, beef, or chicken, boiled or baked potatoes, squash, beets, cucumbers, and tomatoes. For dessert we had our choice of apple pie, squash pie, or custard pie, bread pudding or watermelon. The maids were buxom lasses, with rosy cheeks and large capable hands.

When we finished dinner, we went for a short walk to see the town. On every side were little white cottages, with green blinds, white box-bordered paths led to the door with its shining brass knocker. A little old-fashioned garden was a feature of each house. High hollyhocks grew by each fence, while phlox, pinks, sweet peas and nasturtiums grew in happy oblivion of so-called "landscape" gardening. We were wandering happily over this quaint little town, when the whistle again sounded, warning laggards that the boat was about to set sail for home.

We hurried to the boat just in time, for the sailors threw off the ropes and we were off——supposedly! A few yards from the dock we suddenly stopped. Fifteen minutes passed—a half an hour, yet we didn't start! Women ran excitedly from one end of the boat to the other and children cried. Finally, one official came,

with the announcement that we were stranded and could not get off until high tide, which would be at half-past seven. Dire confusion reigned, for we could not even get back to shore.

"My poor babies," wailed one women, "that stupid Eliza will probably put Johnny's pajamas on Edith; or else not put them to bed at all."

"I know I shall be sick," said the old lady with the menthol.

"Jack is coming tonight, and he goes away tomorrow and I won't see him until Christmas," sighed a pretty young girl.

"Never mind, Polly," said her mother soothingly, "send him a wireless, dear."

At the mention of wireless there was a grand rush for the telegraph cabin.

"She probably will get home in time to see him off in the morning," suggested a sour old maid, who had overheard the conversation.

We settled down to watch the little boats, which went back and forth from the warships. About seven o'clock, we really started for home. The sun was just setting and we watched with eager eyes the glorious ball of fire descend.

"Look!" said someone, "the stars are coming out!" We turned to the other side and watched the stars slowly appear. Our attention was divided between the beautiful night and the fascinating sunset. The sun slowly sank into the red, until only a glorious afterglow remained. This slowly faded and we turned to the other side of the boat; there was the moon! It was a "pale, thin crescent" of silver set in the bosom of the night, with the attendant stars sparkling and gleaming around their new queen.

Soon the numerous lighthouses appeared, flashing their signals to the marines who were guiding their boats into the harbor. Each yacht, whose white hull had gleamed in the morning sun, was hung with lanterns. Slowly, oh, so slowly, we glided into the harbor, docking at exactly eleven o'clock. We made a mad rush for the station, just in time to see the last train disappear around the bend.

We waited in the station until three o'clock, when the next train started for Lowell. A few stragglers were lolling in the hard station seats. Soon even these left and we were the sole occupants

of the station, sleepy officials inquired what train we wanted. The black janitor swept up the papers with an abused air, while two skinny, hungry looking kittens rubbed against us.

At last the milk train was made up and we hurried on. We reached Lowell just as the numerous teams and automobiles came for the Boston papers.

"I wonder if Edith has on Johnny's pajamas," I said as we stepped into the carriage. KATHRYN REDWAY.

THE KING.

They called him The King. It was a name which the parrots had chosen by common consent for their leader, and one which he received with ill concealed satisfaction. Why should he not admit that he was handsome? He knew as well as anyone, that no plumage could equal the brilliant green and blue tints of his own, and that no speech could be as eloquent as his. To be sure, Peter, young upstart that he was, had for a time disputed the leadership of The King. Peter possessed a certain quickness of retort and a most aggravating way of displaying his tail feathers to good advantage. However, such impertinence had been speedily punished. It happened in this wise.

Peter, being rather popular with the people who came to the Zoo, amused them at the expense of his fellow companions.

"Gee, ladies, look at the conceit. Oh you kid! Say something, you fat lobster. Why so sad? Come on, come on, sing a song, Miss Biddy. Give us the cracker. Whee, baby boy is hungry. Peter is hungry, too. Ice cream for Peter, ice cream."

These remarks made in a thick, nasal voice annoyed The King, but he paid very little attention to them, until Peter grew so bold as to direct them upon him.

"Oh you fat fellow, smile for the ladies, smile, birdy."

The King only puffed out his green breast in a more dignified fashion, but otherwise scorned to notice these insinuating remarks.

"Oh see the pride. Look out, you'll bust. Pop goes the weasel."

The crowd laughed, and The King darted toward his tormentor in a terrible rage. It was one of the few times when he deigned to do battle. For Peter there was no escape. Never again did he fail in deference or dispute The King's right to leadership.

The King was jealous of his own accomplishments. No one must excel him. Once Marmaduke gave a peculiar, light, trilling whistle which he had learned from a boy.

"Do it again," commanded The King.

Marmaduke obeyed, and The King tried to imitate him. The result was a prolonged, mournful wail. The other parrots laughed aloud.

"I will do it," cried their leader, as he tried vainly again.

All that night he struggled. Over and over again was the exact trill elusive. At last, when the gray dawn stole upon him, the whistle was sounded, but more clearly than Marmaduke could ever have made it. Thus did The King excel.

One fatal day they lost their leader. He was taken away to someone's home, there to exhibit his powers anew. The parrots mourned but The King rejoiced. He went hopefully, expectantly, with the attitude of one who had still greater worlds to conquer. For days he amused the family with his remarks, for he had a certain wittiness, in spite of the serious way in which he considered himself and all the world.

One day he was placed in the Conservatory to enjoy a morning sun bath. Suddenly a sound broke upon his ears, a most marvelous melody of music, rising and falling in a succession of trills and runs. The King had never heard anything so wonderful. He was thrilled from the top of his purple crown to the tips of his green tail feathers. Here was something worth attaining. He looked about him and discovered the songster, a pert little creature, all in light yellow.

"Who are you?" screeched The King.

The canary cocked her head on one side as she swayed back and forth. "Who are you?" she chirped.

"The King."

"Whose King?"

"Everybody's King."

"Oh ho," laughed Midget. "Don't talk that way to me. Why should you be called a King?"

"Because I can do more than other birds. There is nothing too great or too hard for me."

With these words, The King puffed out his breast with pride but the yellow Canary only laughed at him. From her soft white throat poured another wonderful flood of melody.

"Do that," she cried, "do that."

The King tried. A queer sound like the scraping of a file, issued from his mouth.

"Oh ho," laughed Midget, "you a King, you, pooh!"

The parrot started toward the tantalizing creature. He wanted to crush the life out of her soft feathery body but if he did, who would teach him the song? He must learn that.

"Do it again," he commanded.

Midget obeyed and the gleam in her small beady eyes defied him.

Again and again did The King attempt to imitate her. It was in vain. Still the bird sang on. At last his cage was carried indoors. The King ate very little luncheon for through the open window came his challenge, issued in notes of charming melody.

Never before had he failed in what he undertook. It was only a coward who failed. One could do what one would. These were sayings which The King believed. He had always made them come true in his own experiences. Was he now to be foiled by a paltry little songstress who disputed his right to leadership? No, he would show her that he was in truth, The King.

Every day and all day did he try. The people laughed at his ludicrous attempts while Midget only swayed upon her perch and sang all the harder. The King grew so angry that he beat his body against the bars of the cage in an effort to reach his tormentor. Then, when his fury was spent, he would spend hours, moping, with his head on his breast. Still Midget sang on.

At length his mistress and her friends ceased to laugh and began to exhibit real concern. The King would not eat. He could neither be coaxed nor commanded to touch a morsel of

food. He only glared at them maliciously, striving every once in awhile to sing. No matter if the birds were far removed from each other, The King strove with weakening power for his ideal, struggling ever toward the unattainable.

Finally the parrot seemed to have given up the fight. Still he refused to talk or eat, but made no further attempt to sing. The yellow canary warbled on in the Conservatory. Suddenly, The King drew himself up, puffed out his breast and raised his head as if scenting the smoke of battle. He had never deserved his title so much as at that moment. Midget ceased her song. The King made one tremendous effort. The result was a mournful croak. His head dropped forward upon his green breast feathers, and thus, The King died.

Through the open window as if in mockery, came a burst of melody, a rapturous song, rising and falling in a joyful succession of trills and runs. ELIZABETH PECK.

LADY MARY.

Sweet Mary was a fair Ladie
  And she lived in a castle tall;
And every eve her suitors brave
  Would gather in the castle hall
    This wonderous maid to see.

The fair Ladie she loved not one
  Of all who sought her hand;
She cared for none, for none cared she,
  Neither on sea or land.
    This wonderous fair Ladie.

One day unto the castle came
  A Knight in armour clad;
Upon his shield there blazed a cross
  And a glittering spear he had.
    Take care, my fair Ladie!

He wooed and won the fair Marie
  And carried her far away.
And wrathy were her suitors all,
  And each to each did say,
    "We'll kill this fair Ladie."

They sprang upon their chargers bold
  And after her did chase;
They came unto the castle wall
  And stormed the gruesome place
    To take the fair Ladie.

Her knightly husband fought full well,
  They pierced him through and through,
And when they found his fair young bride
  The same to her did do.
    They killed the fair Ladie.

They buried him in the castle moat
  And her in the deep blue sea,
And the suitors went to their own fair land
  Revenged on the fair Ladie,
    The wonderous fair Marie.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

BEING BRIDESMAID TO ANNIE.

Annie was a good laundress and had been with us long enough for us to know her pretty well, so when she came into the dining room one morning, while we were still at breakfast, giggling and blushing, we knew that something was in the air.

Mother very obligingly opened the conversation, and finally Annie told us.

"Missus Forbes, you know, yes'm, I told you about that man I knows in Brownsville. Well, mam, he writes me he can't get married, but a cousin of his wot comes from Ole Country last month says he want a wife. So John he tells Mike he know a girl up in G——— what wanto be married, and John gets him to write me post card in Slavish wanting me to marry him. So I gets married next Thursday."

"What!" we all exclaimed.

"Sure. I give you week's notice, Missus. And Missus!" here Annie stopped short and looked very uncomfortable.

"Well, what is it? Do you want me to help you or go to the wedding?" questioned mother.

"Yes'm, that's it, and I—can Miss Efful be a bridesmaid?" Here I almost collapsed with laughter, for it struck me so funny that I was asked to be bridesmaid to our laundress.

"Oh, do let me, mother, you know I've always wanted to go to one! And if you and father come along I'm sure it will be all right." I was crazy to go now, as I foresaw all sorts of good times.

Mother looked at father, and as he seemed to think it would be great fun, she gave her consent.

This delighted Annie immensely, but when father told her that he would take Mike and her out to the church and back in the machine, she nearly went wild with excitement. She was to be married in a small Greek church in a little coal works several miles from G——, so it meant quite a ride for them. The next few days sped away and Annie's wedding day dawned serenely.

Annie's dress was what she called "awful classy, with lots of holes," and was all white. Under it was a pink slip of a most violent shade, which made it look anything but white. Mother gave her her veil which, much to her joy, nearly trailed, and was surmounted by a wreath of orange blossoms. An extra touch of color was introduced by a bunch of imitation white flowers, with brilliant green leaves, tied by green and white ribbons. These were worn not only by the bride, but by the bridesmaids and "groomsmen." This I discovered when I got into one of the carriages with four of the wedding party, there not being room for me in the machine. They were all chewing gum and

though one of them offered me a piece, which I took in self-defense, they didn't say a word and only sat staring at me. I was embarrassed to the point of tears, but tried to keep my countenance and be as agreeable as possible. I didn't want to back out after I had come this far, so I turned to one of the men and ventured:

"Awfully nice day for the wedding, isn't it?" (It was as hot as the mischief and the dust was awful.)

He looked at me with a perfectly blank stare, and then at the others. Suddenly a bright thought seemed to strike him, for he began rummaging in his pockets for something. When he found what he wanted he offered me—another stick of gum! I managed to suppress my laughter and tried again:

"Do any of you speak English?"

"Me no spik English," answered one of the girls, and all of the rest nodded their heads, so I resigned myself to gum and silence for the rest of the ride. It was a great relief to me, at least, when we at last drew up at the little church.

There were only a few people there, it being a week day, nearly everybody was busy. The priest was at a nearby town officiating at a funeral, and had not returned, so the whole wedding party went up to the front of the church and sat down. At first I felt about as much at home as a fish out of water, but when I saw that mother and father, with some of their friends, were only five or six seats behind me, I settled back in the pew with more comfort and began to look around the church.

It was very small and very simply built. The one aisle led straight from the door to the raised dais upon which the two altars stood. There was a little table at the end of the aisle, and on it a picture of the Virgin and a dish of Holy Water. The main altar looked very much like a canopy bed, with the bed part removed. The canopy was made of a dirty blue material studded on the under side with gilt paper stars. The back of the altar was covered in the same way. On the left hand end of the platform was an altar to the Virgin, and here a few candles were burning, and some vases with flowers in them stood at either end. The walls of the church were bare, of a dull grey hue, and were hung with cheap lithographs of the Saints and Apostles.

My observations were stopped here by the appearance of the priest and the choir (the latter consisting of one man). I felt a thrill of anxiety as to whether I could get through my part all right, when I heard the priest begin the service, but my attention was soon distracted from these unpleasant thoughts by the choir. He sang all the responses alone, as no one else in the church probably could read, and with the funniest actions imaginable. At certain intervals he would run behind the alter and ring a little bell, and at other times if he saw someone standing, who should be kneeling, or the other way round, he would gesture violently with his arm for them to take the proper attitude. Once in the middle of a psalm (at least I suppose it was a psalm, it was so long) he turned around and, seeing father struggling with one of the windows, he immediately left his place, marched down the aisle, and opened it for him, then spit out of the window and returned to his place, without any audible pause in his song.

After a long prayer, the priest motioned for the bride and groom to come and take the Sacrament. Poor Annie was weeping copiously by this time, and was so flustered that she wiped her eyes on her veil, but she followed the father through the service without a mistake. All the bridesmaids and "groomsmen" had to stand up behind the bride and groom during the service, and though I was very much interested in the little crowns the priest put on the head of each of them, and in the way he tied their two wrists together with a band of artificial flowers, I was so scared that my knees were shaking and all I could think of was whether I could get through the ceremony without a break. I stood on one side feeling as awkward as a stick of wood, while all the rest kissed the picture of the Virgin, but I knelt with them to receive the priest's blessing. I felt as proud as Punch when I signed my name in the register under the heading "Bridesmaids." Then we marched out two by two, and got into the carriages. I was not with the same people, and as the countenances of my new companions did not betoken any more sense than the ones I came out with, I sat silent all the way back.

The house of Annie's friend where we were to have the dance, faced right upon the railroad bank with no street in front of it, and the only way we could get in was to drive up a narrow alley

and enter by her back yard. There were lights at all the windows of the house and loud sounds of laughter, and as we drew nearer we could distinguish a rapid thumping of feet and the rasp and twang of a violin and harp. When we came onto the porch we saw an old woman standing in the door and blocking the way with a broom. She refused to let us in until the groom paid her a dollar. We had to wait several minutes as he and the bride had gone to have their pictures taken. Father was already inside and I wanted to ask him about staying for the dance, but as the old woman would neither let me in nor father out, I had to talk to him through a window.

"Are we going to stay for the first part of the dance father," I called to him.

"Yes Binks, Annie teased your mother into staying so we'll stay too. Remember don't eat anything for I've been out in the kitchen and—you understand." I did.

By this time the bride and groom had come. After Mike had paid the old woman the dollar she demanded, we were allowed to crawl in under the broom, which was supposed to keep the evil spirits out of the house.

The first thing I saw was father off in one corner in a deep discussion with a rather rough looking man. I couldn't catch what they were talking about, but father told me afterwards that he had had a very nice time, so the man must have been able to put forward some interesting ideas.

I didn't know exactly what to do with myself in the crowd of dancers, and as I couldn't find any corner vacant, I went out on the back porch and looked in through one of the windows. I was getting rather tired standing there and wishing I could dance, when one of the "groomsmen" came to the door. He seemed to be looking for someone to dance with and when he saw me he said, "Come on" and walked inside the house. As he didn't seem to have the faintest idea that I wouldn't follow him, I decided to go on in and try it anyway. I was scared stiff, but I did just as I had seen the others do. I put my hands on his shoulders while he put his on my hips, and then we began. Rather slow at first teetering first on one foot and then the other, and then around in a ring faster and faster until I thought I was standing on my head. Then

I was lifted at least three feet in the air in a final jump and we stopped. We were right in the center of the room, and as I started toward the door, the man grabbed me saying, "No go, stay here'n' watch." A ring was forming now in the center and we found ourselves a part of it. A man stepped forward, put a heavy plate in the middle of the ring, and then stepping back a few steps threw a silver dollar at it as hard as he could. It only glanced off the plate and a shout arose.

"Another dollar for Annie's housekeeping fund," said mother in my ear. "She has earned nearly ten dollars already this way. Every man who dances with her is to pay a dollar unless he breaks the plate and then he doesn't have to pay. But come, now we must go, so hurry and tell Annie that you enjoyed yourself and that you were delighted to be her bridesmaid."

I told Annie that I'd had the time of my life being her bridesmaid, and I had. It was an experience that I'd hate not to have had. It makes a fine story to tell, but that evening I confess my feeling about the matter was one of deep gratitude that I was safe in the machine with father and mother.

ETHEL FORBES.

SKETCHES.

A LITTLE CHILD.

There are some people who always see the shadows. There are some people who always wear a smile. But there are some still who do need, at least, a few bright spots in the dark, dull mist of the future, to make life for them worth living. To Helen it seemed as if the only prospects the future held for her, were innumerable broken engagements. She was walking home, late in the afternoon, mechanically guiding her footsteps, her sole occupation seeming to be the avoidance of the little mud puddles, made in the old brick sidewalk by the recent rain. Occasionally

she raised her head to bow to some distant friend she chanced to meet. Occasionally she looked up at her right to the old gray houses she had seen so many times before, but never were they so gloomy as now. She was approaching the Orphans' Home at the end of the street, where she turned down into her own, where she lived. Many a time, as she passed, she had seen the little girls marching slowly, two by two, around the old building, followed by a quiet, dark-robed nun. She had always pitied the poor children—their lives so monotonous and so loveless. But, somehow, today their childish faces were dimpled with smiles. They chuckled and giggled among themselves as they marched along, and occasionally, a shrill little laugh broke the silence, measured only by the patter of their small feet on the gravel walk. Now, as Helen walked farther on, she saw them approaching; and now, she was within an arm's length of them, and they were walking directly towards her on the opposite side of the high iron fence. One merry little tot was laughing softly with her companion, and, as she walked, she lightly and slowly let her hand run along the harsh iron of the fence. As Helen grew nearer, the child looked up into her face with a mischievous little grin. With a quick movement, Helen reached out her hand and slipped a bright, shining quarter into the fat fingers protruding there. Quickly they were withdrawn, and two bright, twinkling eyed looked up into hers in surprise. Helen smiled back and passed along. Turning, as she reached the corner, she saw again those fingers, those chubby, fat fingers, waving in the air, and blowing to her kisses—fairy kisses, like rays of sunlight through the shade.

SUSY MCEVOY.

THAT AWFUL FORTY-FIVE MINUTES.

Ruth jumped out of bed with a bound, and with shivers and shakes, closed the windows. The maid had just knocked, and she knew only too well the danger of lingering under the warm covers, so with a wonderful display of will-power, she withstood the daily temptation. But alas! Her fond roommate held quite

a different opinion concerning the matter, and deemed it far wiser and more sensible to sleep until the last minute.

Ruth put her underclothes on the radiator, and went over to Helen's bed, talking to and shaking her at the same time.

"Helen, it's ten minutes of seven and you had better get up." A faintly murmured, "All right" issued from the half-awakened figure, and with a deep sigh, she—turned over. Ruth started in dressing with alacrity, and soon reached the stage of hair-combing. Then she saw in her mirror, the peaceful vision of her sleeping roommate, and with a show of impatience called:

"You simply must get up, because you never will be dressed in time, if you don't. Besides, you told me the last thing last night, to be sure to get you up early this morning."

Helen actually opened her eyes and yawned. She spent the next few minutes in watching Ruth "do" her hair, then calmly inquired as to the time.

"It is quarter after seven, and I don't see why you should lie abed, any more than the rest of us. If you don't want your mail, we do." With that, Ruth snatched her towel and toothbrush, and stalked from the room. Helen still remained in the same place, evidently pondering over what she had just heard, but making no visible signs of arising. When Ruth reappeared, she was too angry to speak. She hurriedly finished dressing, and started out, but when she reached the door, she turned and said, with extreme iciness:

"Helen, if you are late this morning you will certainly be sorry for it. There are about two minutes before the bell will ring." She had guessed rightly, as no sooner had she reached the bottom of the stairs, when the bell did ring, and with a hopeless sigh, she went out and mailed her letters. Soon the rooms began to fill up with girls, and she ran to the foot of the stairs and called to Helen. No answer. She saw the maid coming, and frantically asked her to wait just a minute. Just then Helen came sauntering down the stairs, neatly dressed, and as though she had all the time in the world. She saw Ruth, and exclaimed, "Oh, there you—" But without letting her finish, Ruth shoved her into the drawing-room, and turning, said to another girl, "Did you ever

see anything like her? In ten minutes she can accomplish what it takes others three-quarters of an hour to do."

SYLVIA DOUTNEY.

AMALFI.

When morning breaks over the old monastery that leans far out over the steep cliff as if trying to catch a glimpse of itself in the sea so far below, all the world seems full of life and light. The bright blue water laughs and dances, the bees buzz softly to themselves as they flit from rose to rose, and the old dreaming garden awakens to watch the bright green lizards frolic on her sunlit paths. The air is heavy with the fragrance of orange blossoms, the pink geraniums that hang in gay festoons, smile down upon the poppies at their feet, and from far up the hill comes the sweet voices of the peasant folk, singing.

But oh, the charm of the long evenings, when the moon hangs thin and golden over the inky cliff; when the swallows swoop madly through the air,—black against the pink sky. Then the sea is blue, green, purple,—and far off the faint lights of Amalfi glimmer in the dusk. The peasants wander slowly home along the roads chanting their evening prayers, their sweet, sad voices floating out upon the still air. And the old garden smiles to herself as she goes back to her dreams of monks in long, dark mantles, of knights and kings, and little peasant children whose baby feet have danced among her roses,—smiles at the weary, restless world so far below, at the calm, quiet sea stretching sleepily away in the distance, and at the tiny moon hanging like a silver thread over the dark, deserted monastery.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE GUIDE OF ANTIETAM.

There was a scraping of a chain, as we entered the little basement shop of the guide, and as our eyes became accustomed to the dim interior of the room, we were conscious of a small man,

standing in front of us with his hand extended. The light from the one dusty window fell aslant on his bent and slender figure, giving an impression of sadness, which was further heightened by his deep set and expressive eyes. His dusty clothes were of a cut fashionable years ago. As he stood, with the background of rusted guns and sabres behind him, it seemed as if he were a part of them, as if he had surrounded himself with these worn out trophies of a nation's struggle until he had become the soul of them all, the genie of these heart-rending memories. His voice recalled me from my reveries as he began to show us the historic treasures which he was guarding in this little room. This sabre which had been carried in four wars belonged to his father, who in turn had received it from his grandfather. It had been in his father's hand when he had been found under that apple tree, the one with the spreading branches by the well.

This rusty matchlock had been his brother's, his oldest brother, who had been a member of the Signal Corps. It had been found buried in his own cornfield with many other weapons and bullets. Even now relics were found in the cornfield, the time we were most likely to discover them, being after a heavy rain when the earth was washed down, and the white tops of old bullets showed up plainly.

"This old piece of paper in the frame with the despatch box hanging underneath?" Oh that had been his other brother's, the one who was shot down while carrying it. The despatch box had been found in the ground in the middle of a field clutched tightly by a human hand. A ring on the hand identified it, and now the paper and box were treasured among the other relics. "Look," said the old man, pointing out the window, "you can see the apple-tree from which these balls were taken. They came from the old church in which the confederates made such a brave stand. Two men only were taken alive from behind its walls. They held the place while half a regiment retreated down the pike."

"Why do I stay here with all these memories of my family and friends?" the wrinkled guide smiled as he turned towards us. "Because I love them. I loved the realities of those memories. I love the ground which was theirs, for which they fought and in which they are buried. I love the cause for which they died, and

the names they have behind them in this world. I have kept their swords and muskets here until they have taken the places of their owners in my heart, and I treasure them accordingly. No, I can not take your money. To be able to tell others of their heroic deeds, to know that I am of the same blood, that I am kin to heroes, is all that I ask."

ETHEL FORBES.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

WHEN I VISIT YOU.

When my dress is spandy new,
All fresh and white with ribbons blue,
Why then I'll come to visit you.

I'll wear the hat that Mother made,
And take my coat that's trimmed with braid,
With my red and white sunshade.

Little gifts, I'll bring a few,
Some flowers that are wet with dew,
And then I'll add a kiss for you.

ELLEN BURKE.

"BUDDY."

"My Mistress calls me Buddy. I do not like it very much, because it is not dignified for a gentleman like me. But still I have got used to it. I love my little Mistress very much, but still I find one fault in her. She is too fond of her stuffed animals. I do not like stuffed animals because I am jealous of them, and I do

not like my Mistress to get them all the time. But at last I found a way to cure her of that bad fault. As soon as I see a stuffed animal I rush for it, and as soon as I get hold of it, I shake it and shake it till I tear it all up. Even when that is done I am not satisfied, I go around the house shaking the sawdust all out and when all this is done I feel quite pleased. Then I feel sure that she must love me best after all."

GRACE HELEN TALBOT.

TIGE TO THE RESCUE.

One day Betty and Bobby Brown were playing out in the yard. A gypsy man and woman came to the house to sell laces, and because Mrs. Brown wouldn't buy any of their laces, when they went out of the yard, they went around to the back gate where the children were playing. The gypsy man went up to the children and showed them some money and told them that if they would tell him where their father kept his safe he would buy them some candy. At the very thought of candy the children told the man that their father kept the safe in the parlor, and went with him for the candy which he gave them, and sent them home to their mother.

When she heard about the candy she was very angry and the children said nothing about the safe, because they knew she would punish them.

That night at about twelve o'clock, the man who had bought Betty and Bobby the candy came with two other men, and robbed the safe, and after that they went up to the children's bed room and stole them. Once out in the cold night air the children awoke and began to cry. The men said if they would stop crying they would buy them more candy but the children would not listen to them and continued to cry, until the men got impatient and tied handkerchiefs with chloroform on them around their mouths. They took them out in the woods to the gypsy camp which was about half a mile from their house. They put the safe on the ground and tied the children to a tree while they packed, and when they started, put them in a covered van.

But meanwhile Bobby found an old piece of paper and a pencil. He wrote a note to his father telling him where he and Betty were and that he would tie a piece of wood to the back of the gypsy van so it would drag on the ground and make three tracks and in that way their father could follow and rescue them. After he had written the note he gave it to their faithful old dog Tige, who had been out strolling in the woods all night and had found the children there. Bobby told him to run as fast as he could and give it to his father, and the dog understanding him, took the note in his mouth and with one bound was off and away. Mr. Brown thought that the dog was at home all the time or he would have had some one guarding the house. All this time Betty had been crying very hard so the gypsies did not suspect anything had happened. When they were ready they started, without noticing the stick which Bobby had tied to the wagon.

Tige reached home in a very few minutes, and began to bark outside Mr. Brown's window. In a short time Mr. Brown, seeing that Tige was in a great hurry, went through the children's room to go down the stairs, and when he saw that the children were gone he hurried all the faster. When he had read the note he patted Tige on the head, and hurried up to tell his wife the bad news.

After he had quickly dressed and the policeman had come, they started on the search. It was quite easy to follow the tracks, once they had found them, because the roads were very muddy, and they soon caught up with the gypsy wagon, and after some fuss they rescued the children and money, and put the gypsies in jail. The children promised never to talk to a strange person again, but they soon forgot their promise.

ETHEL H. DEMPSEY.

A TURKEY'S STORY.

I

I am a turkey, nice and fat,
And handsome too, I think,
For I can see my image, when
I go to get a drink.

II

My comb and wattles are bright red,
My feathers are deep brown,
There is no bird in all the land,
Who has such great renown.

III

One day, I heard the bantam hen,
Say to the cock in red,
The gobbler need not be so proud,
For soon he will be dead.

IV

I felt so scared I could not walk,
For just a little while,
And then I ran away and hid,
Behind the big wood-pile.

V

I s'pose the day will soon be here,
And then I will be dead.
I guess I'll run away so fast,
They can't cut off my head.

EDITH STEVENS.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The following extracts are taken from letters from Madge Hockmeyer (R. H. '10) who has been in Switzerland studying music and languages since March.

"Now I must tell you about my trip to the Rigi this week. It was pouring guns on the day that we had planned to go, and we didn't know whether to start for the Rigi at once, or wait until the next day; finally I asked some people in my very best German if they thought it would clear up; they said it was only a passing storm, so we decided to risk it. Our boat did not go until 6.15, so we checked our things, and went to an awfully nice tearoom which Auntie had told me about. At 6.15 we took the boat for Vitznan, and when we got there it was clear and fine, and we had the most beautiful weather and view all the way up. The view on the top is indescribable; imagine if you can, a chain of snow-capped mountains, stretching three-quarters around you and then a plain in front dotted with lakes and tiny houses. Oh! it was wonderful up there. You can think how high up we were when I tell you it takes over an hour to go up by train. We had supper and then went to bed. I hardly slept at all, I was so afraid they would forget to call us for the sunrise, and at 3.30, I woke up and decided to stay awake. It was light enough for me to see the snow mountains as I lay in bed. At four, just as I started to call Mrs. Tucke, a bell started ringing, a good loud one. We dressed in a rush, and hustled out on top and oh! I wished you were all there too, it seemed awful not to have you, I know I'd enjoy everything just twice as much if I had you all to appreciate it too. First the clouds got pink, then the Alps and then streaks of red appeared, and then up the sun rose; he seemed to be laughing at the whole world and no one in the world could feel sad just then. There was so much to take in, I could easily have stayed there all day. We had breakfast at seven, and then it rained, so we wrote letters. At ten we saw a mebelmeer, or sea of clouds (we seemed to see every kind of weather up there) and at

10.30, we took the train down and the boat back to Lucerne. We went to the Hotel du Lac, had lunch and then went to see the Lion which was simply beautiful."

ON BOARD THE CUNARD.
R. M. S. Franconia.

"Today we went all over Algiers. We anchored in the bay at 2 P. M., and we stay here till 2 P. M. tomorrow. We went ashore in a motor boat, and went on an excursion; we only paid 6s. 6d. each, that is $1.60 about, and we went for three hours steady. First we drove all through Algiers, out to the Jardin D'Essai; I never hope to see such a wonderful place again, ever. Banana trees, date, fig, almond, in fact, almost everything you can imagine. I felt as though I were walking through a jungle and expected to see an elephant every second. I did see some beautiful peacocks and took a snap of them, but don't expect for a minute that they will come out. From the gardens we took the most wonderful drive. Algiers is built on a hill, the houses are all white, with white roofs and you can't imagine how striking it looks in the bright sunlight. The Arabs all wear the most peculiar costumes. The high caste women, are beautiful and are rarely seen; once in a while they are allowed out of the house but they can't go far and they are heavily veiled and only their eyes can show. These women are all owned. They are bought by Arab men, who pay for them up to the price of three and four hundred francs (or $80). The more beautiful they are the more they bring.

Without a doubt Algiers is simply fascinating, only it scares me a little to have so many strange outlandish creatures so near. Of course the real place to see is the Arab quarter. We left our carriages for that and walked through. It is simply fierce. It wouldn't have been bad if there had only been a little of it, 'cause you could have held your breath for a little while. I started in by holding mine, but I could only hold it three-quarters of an hour. If it hadn't been for my smelling salts, I know I shouldn't be here now.

I can't think of a place like it. The streets are simply dark, narrow passages, lined with tiny little cells. To give you an idea of the size, just high enough for a person to sit in, not stand, and large enough for only one person. These were the workshops and shops of the Arabs; their houses, I think, were behind, and were little dark sort of holes, leading from the workshops. The Arabs were squatting in the doorways, smoking, and some were working. I guess they must be very clever; one was making the most beautiful wood-carving thing. They are very dirty and many looked as though they had some awful disease; loads of them did have some dreadful eye trouble, and their eyes made one sick to look at them. Just the same I shall never, never forget it.

We went to the king's winter palace and it was lovely; all the rooms were done in mosaic, and were simply beautiful. We went into two mosques. In one we had to have large carpet slippers put on our feet before we could enter. The Arabs washed their feet; rather, they scrubbed them in a large fountain in a court; we watched them, they have to do it before they can walk about, then they went off into dark corners and knelt down and prayed. They bowed their heads to the ground and did all sorts of odd things, it was terribly interesting. The women have their heads covered with a white sort of sheet, and then brought around and draped over their noses and mouths, having only their eyes showing. I am going to try and photograph one tomorrow, but they don't like to be photographed so I very much doubt if I can get one.

The class of 1911 has already distinguished itself by having had a wedding. Hazelle Sleeper of SPLINTERS fame has taken the fatal plunge and now reigns supreme amid domestic bliss. We had a week end visit the other day at the school from Tracy L'Engle and Helen Munroe, both enthusiastic about college life. Bonney Lilley is also at Wellesley and has started a literary career of fame. "Pinkie" Smith has travelled much this summer treating Sandusky, of which we have heard much through Helen Gallup, to a glimpse of our Puritanical way—Helen is at present

in Detroit studying, and so we miss the latest news from Fort Strong. Marjorie Wadleigh is at the Ingleside School. Rachel Jones has just returned from a visit in Lima with Hilda Baxter. We can guess what a wonderful time they had. Rachel expects to be at home at least the first part of the winter which expresses the sentiments of several members of this class. Julia Burke we see now and then in Lowell and Amy Condit, I believe, is to be at home this winter. Evelyn Pike was in Boston just before school opened, but will spend most of the winter in Lubec. Of course we are very much interested to know if Anna Kuttner's nose is turning up, as we said it would, after a few weeks at Bryn Mawr. Marcelle and Esther are at home this winter. Gwendolen Perry is at the University of Chicago studying. Alice Billings passed with honors in her examinations and is enjoying Radcliffe immensely. Natalie Kemp is taking lessons in dressmaking and cooking but also goes to Atlantic City occasionally. Carlotta Heath, after assisting at gay weddings during the summer, expects to spend the winter at home or very possibly go abroad after Christmas. Millicent Painter at present is awaiting a visit from Katharine Kessinger and finds Kittanning again a very livable place. Leslie Brown, we hear, is alternately trimming hats, cooking and dressmaking at a domestic science school in Boston. I shall certainly engage her services in the Spring for an Easter bonnet.

With so much domestic training and home atmosphere it seems as though SPLINTERS in the future should be full of announcements from 1911.

A wedding of unusual interest to us all was that of Ruth Griffin (R. H., '09) of Gloucester, to Mr. Ruel Putnam Pope (Harvard, '10) on Thursday, the 12th of October. In the wedding party four Rogers Hall girls were bridesmaids: Mildred Mansfield, Ruth Sprague, Elizabeth Field and Etta Boynton, and of course they all had a glorious time. A reception followed the wedding ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Pope will be at home after January 1st at 26 Thorndike St., Beverly, Mass.

Jessie Ames (R. H., '99, Smith, '03) was married on September 18th, to Mr. Andrew Marshall of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall will be at home after November 1st at "The Hill," Tewksbury.

Margaret Stephenson of South Bend, Indiana, on June 3rd was married to Mr. William Sudlow. Her address is 519 So. St. Joseph St., South Bend.

Rogers Hall was well represented at the wedding of Calla Wilson of Somerville, on the evening of Wednesday, September 20th, to Mr. Arthur Russell Corwin. Dorothy Downer (R. H., '09) was her maid of honor. There was a reception at the house after the ceremony.

Ellis Abbott was married on the 28th of June, to Mr. B. M. Lordner of Niles, Michigan.

Miss Parsons has received cards to a coming-out tea to be given for Marjorie Miller (R. H., '10) by her mother on the 15th of November, at 559 Marshall St., Milwaukee.

A most successful presentation of "Pandora's Box" was given on June 19th, on the estate of Mr. O. C. Sanborn of Winchester. We were especially interested in this because Mary Kellogg, a Rogers Hall girl, who has made a study of interpretive dancing, arranged for and carried out the whole presentation. Mary danced beautifully herself, and with such a setting, as this estate made, you can imagine how lovely it was.

Eleanor Cushing of Brookline has announced her engagement to Mr. Kenneth Cover of Cleveland, Ohio.

Marian Elliott's engagement to Mr. Rhea Kingsley Baker of Springfield, Mass., has been announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Conant Payson (Dorothy Norton, R. H., '07) announce the birth of a son, George Shipman Payson 2nd, on September 7, 1911.

A son was born to Mrs. Horatio S. du Mont (Leila Washburn) of Greenfield, on the 7th of October. His name is William Washburn du Mont.

Mrs. Karl Pitcher (Marjorie Fox) of Haverhill has a baby boy, born in July.

Gertrude Lane (R. H., '09) was married on July 1st to Dr. Ellwood Emlen Shields.

Charlotte Tibbetts (R. H., '07) was married on June 26th to the Rev. George Everett Tomkinson. The Rev. and Mrs. Tomkinson will be at home after November 1st, at 8 Park St., Southbridge, Mass.

At St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Evanston, Ill., Margaret Roesing (R. H., '07) was married to Mr. Arthur Croxson. Ruby Abbott and Elizabeth James, both Rogers Hall friends, were bridesmaids at her wedding. A reception took place after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Croxson will live at 2347 Pioneer Road, Evanston, almost next to Louise Cayzer's home.

On October 18th Mary Easton was married to Mr. Wescott Burlingame. Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame will be "at home" Thursdays in December, at 98 Willett St., Albany, N. Y.

Lois Fonda was married in October to Mr. Leo F. Willson of St. Albans, Vt.

Harriet Coburn of Lowell is studying at the School for Social Workers in Boston.

Katharine Kessinger (R. H., '10) came to Rogers Hall at its opening in September, but this time in the capacity of official chaperon for at least four "new girls," her younger sister and a friend being the nucleus of the party. Since then she has made visits in Bangor at Prudence Robinson's, and in Newton at Rebecca Reynolds' from whom we have had a little visit at the school.

Helen Huffman (R. H., '08) of Newark, N. J., is engaged to Mr. John Meredith Miller of that city.

Although Kate Field of Berkeley, Cal. was only at Rogers a year, a great many people will be interested in her engagement to Mr. Henry Williams Sharp of Portland, Oregon, which was announced at a luncheon given on October 28th.

Julia Stevens has developed into a lecturer and has given several most successful talks on her trip to Japan.

Marian Chandler (Mrs. Frank H. Galey) of Philadelphia has a little daughter named Eleanor Chandler Galey.

To Mr. and Mrs. Chester Halnan (Helen Lovell) of Bradford, Mass., a daughter was born on September 10th, named Anna Halnan.

Frances Herman of Harrisburg, Pa., was married on June 15th to Mr. Harry Taylor Neale. Kathryn Dyer of Rogers Hall was one of the bridesmaids. After September 1st Mr. and Mrs. Neale will be at home at 2025 North Front Street.

On July 12th Helen Prudden was married to Mr. Charles Seymore Williams.

Glennis Ranlett was married on October 11th, to Mr. Clark A. Parker, of Auburn, Maine.

In Blackeline August 17th, Rena Thomas, formerly of Lowell and Rogers Hall, was married to Mr. Arthur Brainerd. Mr. and Mrs. Brainerd will live in Chicago.

Ilma Meyer was married on the 8th of November to Mr. Courtney Lynch Montgomery, at Evansville, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery will make their home in Terre Haute, Indiana.

Beatrice Lyford of Montclair, N. J., was married on November 1st to Mr. Francis Cabot Williams of Nutley, New Jersey. Mildred Moses was her maid of honor.

Lucretia Walker is just recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

Virginia Towle, a former Editor of SPLINTERS, visited at the school over the week-end on which we went on our excursion up Mt. Uncanoonuc.

Helen Edlefson and Mary Kellogg came up to school and entertained us one Saturday evening with interpretation dancing and singing.

At a dinner party given by her uncle, Mr. Mason, on Friday, November 17th, the engagement was announced of Josephine Howland of Akron, Ohio, to Mr. Lawrence Miller Purdy.

Maude Turner died of typhoid fever at her home in Garden City, N. Y., on October 8th. We enjoyed so thoroughly having her with us at our Alumnæ dinner and can more fully appreciate this loss to her family and friends.

SCHOOL NEWS.

OCTOBER 9TH—

The Woman's Club of Lowell has every winter a very fine course of lectures which we girls are given the privilege of attending. Today most of us went to hear Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens'

talk of his father, Charles Dickens. The lecture was not a formal one but a series of personal anecdotes which gave us a more intimate knowledge of the great novelist.

October 12th—

Ting-a-ling went the bell, meaning that we had ten minutes to catch the car. I took my belt in one hand and my coat in the other, and flew into the room across the hall to be buttoned up. The car waited a few seconds for a few of us, and it saved my life, for I was the last one to get on. The little rickety car took us through the streets that we already knew, so I took this time to get my breath and pin my hat on straight, but when we changed to the big car that was to take us to the foot of the mountain, I forgot about everything inside and had only eyes for the beautiful scenery. Cynthia and I went out on the back platform and sat on the steps. As the track ran over a very hilly country, and many of the ravines were crossed by bridges, it was a very exciting place to sit and we enjoyed ourselves immensely, until some enterprising souls, having found that the back platform had a stolen whistle as well as the front, came out and annoyed us to death tooting it; when, at Cynthia's suggestion, we helped them in self-defense. We would probably have stayed there the remainder of the trip, if I had not heard some of the girls on the front platform singing. I took Cynthia by the hand and we made for the other end of the car to join in the chorus. The motorman seemed to enjoy the singing, but being Irish, he liked to talk himself more than to hear others, so we were compelled to listen.

We learned that Uncanoonuc Mountain was one of the highest mountains in New Hampshire. It had a little gauge railroad to the top of the mountain, which was about three-quarters of a mile long, and a hotel at the top of that. (Here we were pointed out a white speck on top of a green mound in the distance.) The hotel had a tower and from the top of the tower you could, or ought to be able to, see into New York State. My imagination was aroused here and I spent the next two or three minutes thinking of the different states I would be able to see at once. New York to the south, stretching away in pink

splendor, New Hampshire to the north, a symphony in green, and maybe Rhode Island in yellow to complete the color scheme.

I was awakened from this dream by Cynthia jogging my elbow and telling me to hurry up if I didn't want to get left, as she was going to see the top of the mountain and not sit at the foot all day, so I followed her meekly into the car. I had wanted to walk, as some of the others did, but as my disposition is naturally meek and gentle, I did as she wanted me to. I was rather glad I did, too, when I saw them climbing over rocks and trees as we passed them on the way up.

We saw the view opening up before us long before we reached the top, and the color scheme instead of being pink, blue and green, was a symphony in red and yellow with here and there a silver streak for a little river and dark spots for towns. I must confess, though, that our first thought was not for the scenery but for dinner. We had hoped to get a chicken dinner, but found we would have to wait over an hour for it, so everyone agreed to a quick lunch, with something to eat on the way home.

Cynthia and I found ourselves seated on high stools at the end of a lunch counter. Cynthia ordered an egg sandwich and coffee and then asked me what I wanted. I couldn't think of anything but chicken and they didn't have that, so Cynthia ordered the same for me as she had. I didn't want an egg sandwich, but it was easier to eat that, than to think of anything else so I took it. But she wasn't going to have her way in one thing, so when it came time to ride down the mountain I wanted the sight, so I walked. The way was rough, but we all enjoyed jumping from stone to tree, and tree to rock, and probably, judging by myself, imagining we were Indians and trying to imitate their swiftness and grace.

We had a fine little lunch in Manchester, all of us, in fact, except two who were scared to call to the waiter as he disappeared into the kitchen in his final exit. It wasn't us, so that did not hurt me very much. On the rest of the way home we were all too tired to make much noise, so we only sat and ate, and watched the trees and fences disappearing under the twilight and the soft light blanket of mist which came down with it. Rogers Hall

looked very cheery with the lights aglow in all its windows, and I was not exactly sorry to get back. E. F.

October 19th—

Tonight the election of officers was held! This is one of the most important meetings of the year and to be president of one of the houses is one of the greatest honors a girl can have at Rogers Hall. Besides the president the House and the Hall have eight other officers and the Cottage, being a very small house, only one. These officers consult with Miss Parsons on matters concerning the general good of the school, take part of the responsibility for its order, and last but not least manage the entertainments. We think that the new officers are fully up to the usual standard and that we are particularly lucky in our choice of presidents: Matilda Kloppenburg of the Hall, Mildred Creese in the House and Gladys Carb in the Cottage.

October 21st—

Had anyone by chance passed Rogers Hall on a certain bright, crisp autumn day, after lunch they would have seen a very animated and excited group of girls patiently waiting for the tardy drag which was to bear them to the celebrated town of Andover.

After waiting about fifteen long minutes the drag pulled up at the gate and after one grand scramble found us seated, rather closely for comfort, but happy and warm and ready for the long ride before us. However, the ride did not prove long, as the time was passed only too quickly with many good-natured jokes and popular songs. After riding about an hour and a half, we came upon the quaint little town of Andover, which was at this time in a very lively condition, as on that day the Andover boys were playing the Yale Freshmen in football. Of course a chance like this could not pass unnoticed, and so it happened that we all enjoyed a very lively football game, in which Andover won by eleven to six. It was with a little reluctance that we once more piled into the drag, but this condition lasted for a very few brief minutes as we were informed that we were to stop at a tea room for "eats," and "eats" surely sounded good to a hungry bunch of girls.

The little colonial tea room was most attractive in every way, but we had little time for observation as it was getting late, and accordingly we rapidly devoured sandwiches and chocolate and then went contentedly back to our places on the drag. By the time we were fully started the moon and stars were out, the promise of a glorious moonlight ride home put us in the best of spirits—and so it proved that once more our ride was only too short, and we arrived at Rogers Hall tired, happy, and hungry.

B. W.

Most of us will grant that theatre is a big treat when it only means comic opera, and a delightful pastime occasionally, but to enjoy a performance, which opens our eyes to new and absolutely unfamiliar things is a far rarer treat. We had such a one Saturday, October twenty-first, when Miss Harrison took us into Boston to see the Irish Players.

First, it might be well to explain the idea of the actors presenting these plays and stories, some of which come to us from years ago, while others date from the present day. It is an attempt to establish an Irish school of dramatic literature, and to let the world know something else of that people than their jesting and more of their life, ideals and deeper feelings. This was first started in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-nine and met with much opposition, both in pecuniary and other ways, but now the company is well organized, and has awakened in the public a deep interest both here and abroad. To William Butler Yeats and Lady Gregory a great part of the success is due and we are grateful for their labor.

There were two plays given Saturday afternoon, though the first, "Kathleen ni Houlihan," a morality sketch, was very short. It pictures the children of Ireland with their love and loyalty which leads to sacrifice at any cost. Here I think we are given a side of their natures for which most of us never gave them credit.

The other was "The Playboy of the Western World," which is full of humor, and gives us a clear insight into their somewhat romantic lives. Behind this little comedy lies another story—that of a coward who has been made a hero by the people, and

yet who is seen in his true light before the play is ended. As for the actors, they are all finished artists, and have that ease and charm about them, which is not frequently found throughout an entire cast. In short they live their parts, and so give one the impression of being at home on the stage. There is a weirdness throughout, from the poor little Wayside Inn or Tavern, which is furnished crudely, to the speech of each individual.

H. B. J.

The school was represented by a small but very enthusiastic number of girls at the Concert given by De Pachman in Symphony Hall, Boston. Most of the girls had preferred to go to the Irish Players, but those of us who were more musically inclined felt well repaid for our choice.

October 27th—

Today four of the girls in our English History class went into Boston to see the colored motion pictures of the coronation of King George, V. These were the first pictures, directly colored from nature, ever shown in this country. It made a splendid example for I do not think more of a variety of colors could be found anywhere, than the vivid reds of the costumes of the "beef eaters" and the soft, beautiful shades of the Queen's robes. The pictures afforded us a fine opportunity to take a peep into the real English life. The Garter Investiture of the Prince of Wales, showing the procession from Windsor Castle to St. George's Chapel and return, was one of the most interesting pictures; the long procession of the knights of the order in their full livery. Besides these views, were other pictures of English sports and the surrounding country. The drill given before the King by the school boys, was a wonderful sight, also the unveiling of Queen Victoria's memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. The coronation procession was omitted and we were greatly disappointed; but the Royal procession through London gave us a very good idea of what it must have been. A very interesting lecture accompanied the pictures. When the performance was over we left, feeling that we had in reality witnessed the cornation. D. K.

October 28th—

Dear old Kathleen:

Well, I promised to tell you all the details of our Hallowe'en party, didn't I? You will get this in time to use the ideas that you want in your celebration on Hallowe'en night, and I'm glad we had our party on the twenty-eighth; for now I can help you some, I hope.

The gym was certainly lovely. Corn stalks and leaves hid the instruments of torture that you generally see on the walls of a gymnasium. The far end was screened off to hide the stage properties of the play which was given later in the evening. In front of the screens, were strings with doughnuts and apples on them, just high enough to let you smell 'em without allowing you to take a bite. Then there were the candles that you blew at, to see how soon you would be married; the historic ducking for apples in a bucket of water, and going after a raisin in a pan of flour. Upstairs, was the "Chamber of Horrors." The little dark flight of steps was enough to scare anyone, aside from the unholy sight which greeted your eyes when you came to the top. The place was very dimly lighted by pumpkins and one or two candles, that threw just enough light on the bare rafters to make them look uncanny. With this for a background, the different trials were much more impressing. A Salvation Army meeting was going on in one corner, and here they had many converts. Then you could kiss the "Lips of your own True Love," who was very cold to you indeed, having lips of ice. Another nice stunt, was to put your finger in a cup of molasses instead of on the "Bull's Eye," for which you aimed. There were also two fortune tellers who were busy all the time.

After all this came the play; the main attraction of the evening. It told the story of two naughty children who would not go to bed. In their dreams, as a punishment, come the witches and pixies to annoy them, but these were dispelled at dawn by the Fairy of Sleep.

We spent the rest of the evening dancing, as I think is the way nearly all our entertainments end. Miss Harrison had charge of the play and Tillie Kloppenburg was chairman of the Hallowe'en

committee. You already know a good deal about both of them, as I have mentioned them both in my letters I'm sure. You will meet Harriet Jacobs, who had charge of the decorations, and as for the "Chamber of Horrors," I won't have to introduce you to myself. I do hope you will be able to get some ideas from this to help you, and don't forget to let me know how it turns out.

As ever your old friend,

E. F.

NOVEMBER 1ST—

Only a few girls availed themselves of the opportunity to visit Whistler's home but those few felt well repaid for going. The trip was an interesting one, not only because we were given an opportunity to inspect the home of a famous artist, but because of the beautiful exhibition of old-fashioned work, done by the people of Deerfield.

Chaperoned by Miss Hochdörfer we took the car but left it when we reached the business section of the city. Down a side street in the old part of Lowell we tramped, through the rain and wet until a sign, "Whistler House," met our gaze. The house itself is large and roomy, as all old-fashioned houses had a way of being, but one finds slight evidence of Whistler's residence there, aside from a few etchings and an excellent copy of the famous portrait of his mother.

However the exhibition was very interesting. We enjoyed looking at the quaint samplers, the baskets and the rag rugs, some of which were exceedingly pretty. It was very interesting to watch the process of weaving these rugs. The loom certainly looked as if it might have belonged to some great grandmother. What appealed most to me, and seemed to be admired by all the girls, were photographs done in a dark brown finish. Among these were picturesque country or woodland scenes, and most fascinating pictures of children. Many of them were dressed as little Puritan maidens. One or two stand out in my memory as particularly attractive, namely, a little boy, barefooted but smiling, with a fish pole over his shoulder and a curly haired little fellow, trying with the aid of his mother's hand to make a few first faltering steps.

E. P.

NOVEMBER 3RD—

On the evening of November third, a most delightful entertainment was provided for us by Miss Robbins. Miss Dorsey, who has made an extensive study of the negroes in the South, was to give us a talk on her experiences while in that part of the country. No sooner had she begun to speak than we realized that she had brought the charm of the South with her. Her low, sweet voice, and the simple, direct style of her delivery appealed instantly to everyone, without an exception. In a very pleasing manner she described the quaint customs of the negroes and gave us many delightful stories and incidents, many of which she herself had experienced.

But best of all was the singing. Miss Dorsey had no banjo, explaining that it would be hard to secure the same pitch as the "darkies" used in singing; but she had a guitar, and as she thrummed soft accompaniments she sang the old negro songs. Had anyone closed their eyes they never would have dreamt that the individual singing was Miss Dorcy and not a "darky." Some of the Southern girls actually looked home-sick, nor did anyone blame them.

The audience experienced deep regret when Miss Dorsey ended these delightful songs and put away her guitar.

Later in the evening, refreshments were served and we had an opportunity to meet Miss Dorsey. We did enjoy the evening a great deal and we want to thank Miss Robbins not only for it, but even more for her constant interest in our school. M. K.

NOVEMBER 4TH—

We were a most enthusiastic crowd when we returned tonight from the concert given by Farrar and Clément of the Metropolitan Opera Company, at Symphony Hall. We had all heard of the great Farrar many times before, and I'm sure we felt that she was as big as her reputation and was as charming as she is famous. Clément, although we did not know much about him beforehand, we found to have a most beautiful voice, hardly less enjoyable than Farrar herself.

NOVEMBER 8TH—

THE BLUE BIRD.

"Yes, I know it is Wednesday, but we're going to town to 'The Blue Bird.' Good bye." With these words I seized my gloves and ran out of the room, leaving one of the poor "day-pupils" with eyes wondering and mouth open, standing in the doorway.

There were about twenty-five of us lucky ones and as we stepped into the car I knew we were going to have a glorious good time, for it seemed to be in the air.

The usual visit to "Huyler's" over, we went to the Schubert theatre where "The Blue Bird" is being played. It is a small and very pretty theatre, but the thing which made it seem very different from most playhouses is that they have young women dressed in black to take the place of usual men ushers.

It hardly seems necessary to describe or try to explain such a widely known play as "The Blue Bird," still one can not but comment upon the wonderful stage settings. In many plays the plot is strong enough to keep one's interest aroused without much thought being given to the scenery, but in such a play as this one of Maeterlinck's, the fairy-like, mysterious element can be brought out more vividly by wonderful staging than by any other means. Every scene was in its way charming and fascinating, but to me the scene, "The Kingdom of the Future," had an attraction which none of the others possessed. This scene, high in the clouds with the stars peeping through the sky, was so perfect that one was sure it was real. Father Time, with his long white whiskers and golden scythe, standing on the boat which bears the unborn to the real world, was so much a part of the scene, that here at least one could not speak of the acting and the setting as separate things, but as part of the wonderful mysterious whole.

This spell of mystery had so taken hold of me that when the curtain dropped for the last time I could not find myself as I sat dreaming of "The Blue Bird." Then I was called back into this world, as it were, by someone calling, "Come, you dreamer, we will never make that train." C. A. A.

NOVEMBER 11TH—

HARVARD–CARLISLE.

Just exactly what the requirements for perfect football weather are I do not know, but this much I do know, that they seemed to me perfect on the day of the Harvard–Carlisle game. There were no clouds to worry the nervous ones who insist on wearing their best winter clothes, nor any need of heavy wraps to bother the enthusiast, who spends most of her time bobbing up and down. So with serene minds, we left Lowell, also we took heavy coats, suspicious of even the most promising of days.

The trip in town was short, so full of anticipation were we of this our gala day. We entered Boston triumphantly, sure that Harvard would win, although the papers did prophesy a hard fight, as there was to be a "sub" team. We even went so far as to feel sorry for the Indians.

We took the car for Cambridge from the North Station, with only a lingering look at Boston as we rode through it. There had been something said about lunching at the "Dunster," so we marched on there only to find it vacated and in front of it stood a crowd of Indian girls.

Our appetites were continuing to grow and neither Indians nor the sight of Cambridge could appease them. By an inspiration someone suggested the Agassiz Hall, so into the yard of Radcliffe we made our way. We were told that it was a Buffet lunch, but that meant very little to us, until we were within and saw before us bare tables with an occasional tray of food on them and girls standing around lunch booths asking for sandwiches, beans and other things. We stood awkwardly wondering what to do, when someone whispered:

"Take a tray and get your own lunch."

Very self-consciously we took up our trays and sided up to the booths, one after another, looking each time to see how the others did it. When our trays were so filled we could hardly carry them, we took them up to the cashier's desk, then found a table upon which to deposit our load. Our first instinct was to look around to see if any of the Radcliffe girls were noticing how full our trays were. To our relief they were blissfully unconscious

of us. Many a time after we were seated, did we go back to the counters and desk.

"Be sure you stack your plates afterwards—it's the proper thing," whispered one observant mortal. Thereupon, our appetites appeased, we proceeded to do the thing according to the accepted mode and then departed, but with the pleased feeling that we had had a new experience.

But we had very little time for thought because we were off for the game! We were a cheerful lot as we went through the square and over the bridge to the Stadium. We passed through the crowds and up the stairs to seats on the enemy's side ungrumblingly. Probably we did give a few covetous glances at Harvard across from us, at least I did—I suppose I should say that a few of our number were cheering for Carlisle.

The men came on the field, first the home team and then the visitors. Everyone knows what a Harvard football team is like, a lot of clear-headed, good-fighting men. But the Indians,—few of us can get away from the idea of feathers and war paint; no wonder, because the Indians' team in their football suits looked very much like their ancestors, and even Harvardites must admit, their playing was savage. They went about the game in a business-like way that was so effective that it made you wonder how Columbus ever took one with his tobacco back to Spain, for the discoverer was not primarily a soldier. The last bit of my sympathy for the "poor Indian" fled.

By the end of the first quarter we were forced to admire their game—it was a good one; they had many trick plays which they used frequently and for which Harvard was slow to find a remedy. We waited for Harvard to play and beat the "savages." They did play, but they couldn't beat them, in spite of our desires, and the game ended with a score of 15 to 18, in favor of Carlisle. Little consolation did we get out of the fact that the "regulars did not come in until the last quarter."

We took the car back to Boston in a most crestfallen state of mind, but before we reached Lowell, the fact that we had seen a good fight overshadowed our dejection, and we got back to the school glad that we were not one of the few who did not go. Also, our appetites had returned. G. C.

NOVEMBER 13TH—

Mr. Crothers, as he stood before us, looked capable of many things. His high forehead expressed intellect, while his eyes brimmed with humor. He seemed a man who had had many experiences, but who had found in each new one as much pleasure as in the one that came before. His philosophy was somewhat the same as Wordworth's.

I have never seen such a vast amount of poise in a speaker. In fact, I forgot he was there for the fixed purpose of lecturing; it seemed as if he just happened in and stopped to chat a while. And such a well ordered conversation was his! Out of a chaos of ideas he would devolve a point, how I do not know, but before we could realize it, he had taken us, step by step, through a logical process to a more than logical conclusion.

Mr. Crothers seemed to have the rare power of throwing a spell upon his audience. Just where this magnetism lies it would be hard to say, perhaps in his voice, and yet, I do not remember that distinctly, or in his poise, or in the absence of gesture. During the lecture Mr. Crothers used his hands not more than three times, gesture seemed unnecessary. His hands, however, were always occupied, one held his glasses, while the other touched the side of the table. When he did "suit the action to the word," he did it well.

Had I not known Mr. Crothers as an essayist, I would have found him great as a lecturer. But we have his words that, "A man who does or is many things can be famous for but one of them." If this be the case upon what shall his fame rest? As an essayist he is first a humorist and second a philosopher, as a lecturer he is a philosopher, and then a humorist.

As Mr. Crothers talks through the Professor of Military Instruction in the University of Theology, his humor is subtle; as the "Merry Devil of Education," it is pungent, and as the "Missionary to Persia," it is pure and simple humor. Yet, in all this display of wit, there is a deeper strain underlying it. He, as a preacher, is trying to show his people how his Christian Soldiers should march onward. The "Merry Devil of Education" is a direct assault against the age of dilettantes and the "Missionary to

Persia" is an appeal to his people to like their "jobs." His humor, however, almost eclipses his philosophy.

This is not true of Crothers as a lecturer. He reaches his audience best when he tells them what Colonel Newcome meant to Thackeray, or how this ideal man by some freak of fate came to be mixed up in the world of Vanity Fair. He is at his best when he says, "Vanity Fair is connected with Pilgrims Progress very directly and is one of the greatest obstacles in the path." These seemed to suit Crothers as he gave them, better than the few lapses into wit, in spite of the merry, black eyes. In one of his humorisms in his discourse on fame, he says, "Fame is like an umbrella, a thing very useful, but often forgotten."

The question now is, is he greater as a humorist or a philosopher. My answer is, everyone is more or less a philosopher, but the world is sadly lacking in humorists. Therefore, to one, he shall go down in the annals of that short lived thing "Fame," as an essayist not a lecturer. G. C.

NOVEMBER 16TH—

This evening, Mr. Ornstein, the young Russian pianist, came to the school to play for us. Our enjoyment of the music was greatly enhanced by the fact that we could watch him at close range as well as listen. Then as he played with out notes, the open fire and the candle light gave just the right setting.

Mr. Ornstein played some exceedingly difficult compositions, several of which were his own. His technique was wonderful and he seemed to prefer the brillant showy music of Chopin, Rubinstein and the Russian composers. He was more than generous in giving encores and seemed very eager to please us.

After the music was over light refreshments were served and Mr. Ornstein seemed perfectly at home among the group of girls who were eagerly asking him all sorts of questions. Then just before leaving he played us one more last selection and the evening was over. S. D.

NOVEMBER 20TH—

This afternoon twenty-five of us girls were again given the privilege of attending the Women's Club. This time it was to hear the Flonzaley Quartet.

It is without doubt the most wonderful quartet I have ever heard and I think it has been said that they have the reputation of being the best of their kind in the world. The ease and precision with which they play distinguish them from all others.

The programme was divided into four parts under which were several different movements. It would seem rather difficult for me to criticise or praise such wonderful music, but I may say that I enjoyed the "Sonata a tre" by Guiseppe Sammartini, for two violins and a 'cello and "Molto vivace" by Dvorak more than any of the others. The little swing and the feeling expressed in these, seemed to leave with me a greater impression than the other numbers which were played. C. A. A.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

WITH APOLOGIES.

The splendors fall on Rogers Hall
And the girls to the field are racing,
And e'er the afternoon is o'er
A harmless ball are chasing.
Blow, whistle, blow—set the ball a flying,
Blow, whistle, blow—drag off the dying, dying, dying.

Oh hark! oh hear! how thin and clear
The study bell is sounding.
While we who feign to hear it not
Its tones in shrieks are drowning.
Blow, whistle, blow—the clock we all are eyeing.
Ring, bell—then answer, girls—sighing, sighing, sighing.

BEATRICE CHOWEN.

THE FIRST HOCKEY GAME.

The annual hockey game between House and Hall was played on Monday, November 20th. Much interest and enthusiasm was shown by all. Both teams showed good training but the lack of experience on the part of several girls betrayed itself in stage fright in critical moments. This was particularly true of the Hall team.

During the early part of the year the victory had been conceded to the Hall team and when the game started they made one goal almost at once, Margaret King rushing the ball through; but after that the House collected itself and through better head work and fighting spirit kept the control of the game. The Hall, after this same goal, seemed paralyzed. During the first half, the House made only two goals but was easily superior.

In the second half the House kept the ball wholly in the enemy's territory; the playing of the three center forwards, Cynthia Byington, Harriett Hasty and Beatrice Miller, being particularly conspicuous, while Beatrice Chowen backed them up with some of the prettiest work at half back seen this year. Dorothy Benton played a good game for the Hall but received no support, while the forwards, Margaret King and Betty Callahan, on whose skill the Hall depended, never got a chance at the ball. The House made four goals during this second period; the final score being 6—1.

House.		Hall.
C. Byington D. Nissler A. Kile B. Miller H. Hasty	Forwards	B. Callahan M. King E. Huston B. Walker D. Benton, Capt.
G. Dexter S. Hayes B. Chowen, Capt.	Half Backs	S. Doutney M. Kloppenburg D. Kessenger
M. Creese C. Long	Full Backs	I. Krull D. Holland
E. Mayer	Goal	L. Langdon

HOUSE VS. DAY.

A year ago, the House team met the Day girls in hockey. The Day girls, after only about three weeks' practice, had produced a team that held the House eleven through two exciting halves, and were only beaten at the end of ten minutes' extra play. Practically the same team lined up against the House girls this Fall for the championship game. It was certainly one of the most interesting and thrilling that has been played for several years. The reputation that the Day girls had won during practice games, for their marvelous team work and individual brilliancy, led every one to expect them to win an easy victory. But the defensive work of the House girls was a revelation, and for a long while it seemed as if it might be anybody's game. In the first half the Day girls decided to defend the hard goal, and when the whistle blew the score was 2—1 in their favor.

The second half was started off by the House making another goal, thus tying the score. The game ended with a very unusual play. A foul was made in the striking circle, so the ball was bullied at that place within a yard of the Day girls' goal line. Harriet Hasty got the ball, and pushed it toward the goal. Gertrude Parker blocked it, however, and kept it from going over the line, just as the final whistle blew.

The best individual playing was done by Mary Holden and Gertrude Parker, both of whom played a steady, intelligent game. Goals were made by Ethel Hockmeyer, Ruth Greene, Barbara Brown, Helen Joseph and Beatrice Miller.

The line up was:

Day.		House.
L. Hylan	Bully	H. Hasty
E. Hockmeyer	Forwards	H. Joseph
B. Brown		B. Miller
R. Greene		A. Kile
S. McEvoy		D. Nissler

Open A Charge Account



OVER 700 CHOICE STYLES
TO SELECT FROM

WRITE FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHION BOOK; IT EXPLAINS ALL

Bernard Mayer Company

1040 West 35th Street

Chicago, Ill.

SPLINTERS

ROGERS HALL SCHOOL

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTENTS.

Editorial
- The Law of Opposition . . . . . Beatrice Chowen
- The Frost . . . . . Edith Stevens
- Robbers Three . . . . . Ethel Forbes
- Sterlingville Station . . . . . Elizabeth Peck
- A Perfectly Proper Play . . . . . Gladys Carb
- A Problem of the Age . . . . . Charlotte Green
- In Camp . . . . . Helen Smith
- An Editors' Meeting . . . . . Elizabeth Peck
- The Village Post Office in Summer . . . Matilda Kloppenburg
- Thirty Minutes Late . . . . . Kathryn Redway

Sketches
- Coke Ovens . . . . . Ethel Forbes
- On An Intimacy with One's Closet . . . Gertrude Hauxhurst
- The Bake Shop Woman . . . . . Elizabeth Peck
- Assisi . . . . . Gertrude Hauxhurst
- Taku Glacier . . . . . Eleanor Bell
- On Shopping—A Monologue . . . . . Beatrice Chowen
- The Woods . . . . . Kathryn Redway

Children's Page
- My Valentine. . . . . Ellen Burke
- A Valentine . . . . . Katherine Nesmith

School News

Alumnæ Notes

Athletic Department
- Hare and Hound Chase . . . . . Dorothea Holland
- Snowshoe Party . . . . . .

Dr. Chambré . . . . . .

This year four numbers will be issued.
Terms: One dollar and fifty cents a year. Single numbers forty cents.



Vol. 12. February, 1912. No. 2.

EDITORS:
Beatrice Chowen
Elizabeth Peck

Irene Krull
Gertrude Hawxhurst
Dorothy Benton
Harriet Hasty
Ethel Forbes
Edith Stevens

BUSINESS MANAGERS:
Dorathea Holland
Gertrude Parker
Julia Edwards
Charlotte Allen

EDITORIAL.

THE LAW OF OPPOSITION.

It is a curious thing, this Law of Opposition; although not at all unfamiliar, everyone has felt its power more than once. It is a natural phenomenon that is experienced almost daily and when accused of it, although you say, "No, no, I never felt it," your

guilty conscience prods you gently in the side and says, "Yes, yes, don't you remember?" And you do.

Have you ever seen a patch of grass with a "Keep off!" sign boldly displayed that has not tempted you to run across it? Have you ever, in a store, seen a delicate object bearing a "Please do not handle!" sign? Have you not had the mad desire to give it just one little touch? And have you not yielded to that impulse? It is particularly marked in a child. As soon as its eyes rest upon that particular object all is settled. That, and no other article in the store is the one he must finger! There is a crash, a scream—and the mother drags out the terrified youngster. He can not help it; it is his nature.

The "White House Cookbook" says that one should never turn a spoon over in one's mouth while eating. This presents a new idea to the child. If the idea occurs during a dinner party, the result may be embarrassing.

In the dining room of almost every boy's home may be found apples, oranges and other species of fruit. Yet what is more delightful to a youngster than to sneak into a private orchard, and at the risk of being shot, or having a dog make a meal of him, procure, by hard labor, two or three wormy little apples and bear them triumphantly home. It sounds ridiculous, but have you not done it yourself? Are not fish caught in forbidden streams the most delicious? Is not game shot before the hunting season the most savory?

You are out driving and come to a sign that reads, "Danger! Do not go beyond this curve!" Do you not immediately go and investigate why not?

You want to step into a "Private—No Trespassing!" garden almost by instinct. It may not be half as beautiful as some you have seen, or even your own lawn at home. A "No admittance" door will affect you in much the same way.

And so it goes—what can you do? The Law of Opposition holds good with everyone and herein consists the discipline of life.

BEATRICE CHOWEN.

THE FROST.

One brilliant morning in winter,
I rose to find on the pane
The dainty art of the frost elves,
They'd been at their work again.

Swift-fingered elves from the lowland
Had answered the Night Wind's call,
They had painted the window with landscapes,
And flowers, and pine trees tall.

With sparkling rainbow colors,
Each crystal shone in the sun
Making a wonderful picture,—
The frost elves work was done.

But soon by the sun's warm radiance,
The exquisite works of the night
Were melted in wreathes of vapor,
And borne away from my sight.

EDITH STEVENS.

ROBBERS THREE.

"Well, I'll tell you about it, Dad, don't lick me 'til I tell you, now, for honest it wasn't all my fault.

"You see, me and Jim Swan, (Jim's that kid over in Paradise, the one mother sends home every day 'cause he looks so tough) me and Jim just thought it would be grand to have a band like that Tom Sawyer had, only we wouldn't go about it in any such

a baby way, as he did, and chuck it up after one try, but have a real rip-snorter and do everything up brown. I was Tom Sawyer, the Blood Thirsty, and Jim, he was Huck Jim, the Evil Eyed. (We didn't like the last names they had in the book, so we got some others out of 'Dead Wood Dick' and they're hummers, aren't they, Dad?) We didn't have no cave, so we had to have a make believe cave down in Long's back field, in that big tree, by the railroad, where we could see most of Pittsburg. Well, those rough-necks from over in the fifth ward comes and pies stones and everything at us and then pulls out the boards that we had to stand on. We didn't want to run, but we just had to, and they got an air gun and five glassies that we had in the tin end of it for safe keeping.

"Jim says, just as we hit our back alley, 'Jack, where'll we have our cave now?' and I says, 'I don't know.' And he says, 'Say! let's have it in your coal cellar!' and I says, 'No! there 're rats down there, and it's dark.' Then he says real sudden, 'Say, Jack, what are those two little windows up in the top of your house? An attic?' And I tells him it wasn't no attic, only an air space just as you told me it was the other day. He says that air space was just the same as an attic, and any way we'd better go and see.

"We got that chair squeezed into that old closet on the third floor all right, and Jim was standing on the shelf pushing the trap door up, when in comes Bunny. And she wants up, but Jim says no, she couldn't, 'cause she was a girl and girls couldn't be robbers. But Bunny says she'd tell if we didn't take her up, so we did. Jim said she could be a kid we'd kidnapped, and she'd have to cook our meals, so we explained her coming up all right. We had an awful time pulling her up, and then she had to take Jim's seat on the trap door cause she was afraid to stand on the beams. Then Jim remembered that we didn't have nothing to eat, so we started down. Bunny yelled bloody-murder and wanted to come too, but we told her she couldn't get up again if she came down, so we fixed the trap door and told her to sit on it till we came, and then crawl over in the corner so's we could get up. Well, we got cookie to give us some stuff, and we hustled back. and there was that big hole in the ceiling, and Bunny sitting on the floor looking too funny for words. Now, Dad, she wasn't

hurt a bit, and anyway she wouldn't have come through if she'd stayed set down, stead of walking round, and besides, if she'd walked on the beams and not on the plaster between, nothing would a happened. Say, are you going to lick me hard, Dad?"

ETHEL FORBES.

STERLINGVILLE STATION.

The wind howled about the small country station, whistled around the unprotected corners, and hurled itself with shrieking vengeance against the wooden structure as if to destroy it. The station agent leaned back in his chair and gazed thoughtfully at the whirling snow without. Some of the flakes clung to the window pane, but he could see drifts piling up on the other side of the track and a veritable white blanket on the rails themselves. The only sounds to break the silence within, were the steady, monotonous ticking of the clock and the click, click, of the telegraph instruments.

Suddenly a stamping of feet was heard outside. The next moment the door swung open, admitting several people along with a blast of cold air, that made the kerosene lamp, hung in the middle of the ceiling, flicker and threaten to go out. Under its dim light the figures were soon discernible as they gathered around the large coal stove in the center of the waiting room floor. A stockily built man, clad in a thick coat and a cap pulled down over his ears, stamped the snow off his heavy boots, and removing his thick gloves, extended his large clumsy hands to the welcome warmth. His wife unfastened her fur tippet and removed the exact copy in miniature from her little daughter's neck.

"Take off your toboggan, Johnny," she admonished, "I suppose we'll have quite a spell to wait. No, you can't have a penny to put in the slot. Don't give it to him, Hiram. He's been eating molasses candy all the afternoon. He and Mary ate

every bit that was left from the candy pull Sara had the other night. Listen, I hear someone coming. See who it is Johnny, like a good boy."

The jingling of sleigh bells at first faint, grew louder and louder until the children, their faces pressed against the frosty pane and blowing peepholes with their warm breath announced, simultaneously.

"It's the Perkinses."

"Mr. Perkins, Sam, old Mrs. Perkins," said Johnny.

"And Mrs. Perkins, too," added Mary.

"Well I declare," cried Mrs. Cummings, "It must be old Mrs. Perkins is going in town for her niece's wedding. I wouldn't have thought she would adared to try it. She's been laid up with rheumatism going on three months. Well, Liddy always was her favorite niece. I hear as how she's got a real likely fellow, too."

Once more the wind rushed through the opened door, bringing with it a few scattering flakes of snow. The newcomers immediately separated and Sam leaned his lank frame against the ticket window and opened a conversation with the telegraph operator. Mr. Perkins shook hands with Mr. Cummings, calling forth a hearty "Hello there Hiram," while the women, after divesting themselves of several layers of outer garments, found seats and entered into conversation with Mrs. Cummings.

"I haven't seen you since the night of our church supper, Eliza. Even then I was too rushed to more than say 'how d'y do'. You know more came than we planned for. We had plenty of everything except cake. As it happened, I'd just baked one that morning, a chocolate layer, after that recipe of mother's, which most everyone in Sterlingville copied, I guess, and even if I do say it, it certainly was good. I sent Mary home for it as fast as she could go. Oh yes she got back in time. The icing was a little squashed but I don't know what we would have done without it. On the whole, I think the supper was pretty good, better than the Methodist's. Did you ever eat such chicken as they had? Chicken! land, I told Hiram the fowl must have been running around the barnyard for two or three years. How have you folks been? I hear little Ida had the croup."

"Yes, she's been real sick. One night we—"

"I know just how awful it is. Mary used to have terrible spells when she was about two years old. One time I was so scared I didn't know what to do. She got purplish in the face and the doctor came just in time."

"Then Tom got hurt skating, he—" began Mrs. Perkins, making another attempt to get a few words in.

"Oh yes," broke in Mrs. Cummings, "I heard about it. My Johnny said he saw your boy fall and double right up like a jack knife. I never will forget when Johnny broke his leg. It was in the summer you know. He and Frank Martin were playing out in the old apple tree and all at once I heard an awful scream. I hurried out, my heart thumping for all it was worth and there lay Johnny on the ground. It was Frank who did all the screaming. Oh it was awful. We thought he was killed sure. Well he wasn't, but he was all of six weeks in bed. You can imagine what a sight of care he was."

Mrs. Cummings opened her mouth to continue her monologue but her husband called out to the ticket agent.

"When is that train due, Mr. Hardy?"

"Due an hour ago, probably be along within twenty minutes."

Again the door swung open. This time a young girl entered. Upon seeing her, Sam Perkins relinquished his lounging attitude at the ticket office and stood at attention. Miss Parker hastily removed the veil which swathed her head, disclosing to view a rosy face which was soon wreathed in smiles. Sam smiled in return, blissfully unconscious that the girl was looking past him at the ticket agent who was young, good-looking and citified to just the right degree. Grace Parker took no account of the writhings and twistings of her country suitor, his efforts by standing first on one foot and then on the other, to gain the power of speech but soon entered into conversation with the young man at the ticket window. At last she could not resist asking the question uppermost in her mind.

"Is Emily Saunders coming home on this train?"

"I believe so."

"I suppose she'll be so grand and snobbish that she won't even look at us folks."

She could see that the shot had told; but the entrance of a tall man in a fur coat prevented her from getting any answer. He walked over to the window.

"How late is No. 41?"

"It ought to be here very soon Mr. Saunders."

"I hope so. I expect my daughter on it."

The eager joy and pride in his voice was unmistakable.

Click, click went the telegraph instruments insistently. It was the call for Sterlingville. The next moment the operator appeared at the window, his face white as the driving snow without.

"What's the matter man?" cried Hiram Cummings, striding forward. Mr. Saunders stood as if turned to stone.

"Number forty-one is wrecked, six people killed."

"Who?" gasped Saunders.

"Four men, a woman and—a girl," he spoke the last with difficulty.

"Emily!" cried the farmer sinking into a seat.

No one spoke for a moment. Then Mr. Perkins said.

"There boy, aren't they calling you again?"

Hardy turned once more to his duties.

"It is three miles up the road. They want help," he said.

Saunders rose and staggered toward the door, followed by the men. Hardy started forward and then sank back in his seat.

"Oh I can't go," he cried with something like a moan, as the click, click of the instruments reminded him of his duty.

As the last person dashed out the door, his head fell forward on the desk. The station clock ticked calmly on.

* * * * * *

"Well, I can't say as it's really a surprise to me," said Mrs. Cummings, rocking vigorously back and forth. "You know the way Charles Hardy acted the night of the wreck when they thought Emily was the girl who was killed. I suspected before, but then I knew. Emily always was a sweet, pretty girl and I don't know as learning has made any great amount of difference in her. I guess Hardy is a nice fellow with considerable education if what I hear is so. To be sure he hasn't any money, that's why he came here; but then old man Saunders has enough for both of them. Well,

I wish them happiness, and I shouldn't wonder if they had it. Must you go, Eliza. Come again soon. Mary come here. What a time I do have with my family!"

ELIZABETH PECK.

A PERFECTLY PROPER PLAY.

The new High School needed money, more money than the state could apportion to it. Of course it could be finished without the help of the citizens of the town, but then, it would be like all the other school buildings in the state and Plainview wanted its High School to be as imposing as the Capitol, itself. There was nothing to be done, unless the citizens should be further taxed. The cotton crop was a failure that year. At the mere mention of a larger expenditure, the older people shook their heads ruefully, signifying the impossibility of such a thing. But the younger people had set their hearts upon having the finest and most modern school house in the entire state. If their parents could not help them get it, why it was, "just up to them." There was one meeting after another and much talk and many discussions, after which it was decided that each class should give an entertainment to raise money. In the long run the parents would be paying for the school, but they would not realize it and further more, they would enjoy the gayest season the town had ever known.

Plays never came to Plainview, because the people were opposed to "such wicked displays." We shall not say how they knew they were wicked, because even the most self-righteous fiinch under too many straightforward questions, probably they had "heard tell," or—well it's of no consequence! The list of amusements consisted of socials, teas and lawn fêtes; but dancing was never indulged in by these people who walked firmly on the straight and narrow path.

But there was a sinner in their midst, a certain lad called William Drake. He had lived in New Orleans, had danced and

once—let me whisper this for fear someone might hear—and once had acted in a stock company. Think! he had been "little Charles" in "By the Weeping Willow" when he was twelve years of age. After this William was taken to Plainview and adopted by his aunt. Poor Aunt Mary suffered much in her efforts to hide the boy's past from the neighbors, but William was very proud of what he had done and would tell about his life in the city on every possible occasion. William was fifteen now, but he had never forgotten that one blissful week before the footlights, nor did the boys and girls ever tire of listening to his wonderful tale. Always after relating what happened, "By the Weeping Willow," some discontented voice would pipe up saying,

"Gee, I don't see why we can't do things too."

Bill's class, of course "the fellows" always called him that, was the ninth. It was in great doubt just how to get its contribution towards the fund. They could not make up their minds to giving one of those "slow affairs" because—well, one in their class had known other and greater things. As this one had spoiled their taste for the "simple life," it was he who must help them. William realized this and worked hard to find something new.

One day in the class in Shakespeare, the idea came; it was a wonder! No sooner did the recess bell ring than the class was assembled. The conversation that followed was something like this:—

Bill:—"I've got it and it's a peach."

Others excitedly:—"Got what!"

Bill:—"The idea, of course; we'll make more money than the rest and it'll skin them when it comes to fun."

Others:—"Go on and tell us."

Bill:—"It's this; we'll give a play."

Mary (a stage struck red-headed girl):—"A play, how could you William?"

Bill:—"Just as easy."

Others:—"Easy! You know they won't let us."

Bill:—"Yes they will, because it's a perfectly proper play."

Others (repeating doubtfully):—"A proper play."

Bill (Beside himself with excitement):—"It's this way; we read Macbeth and make lots of fuss over its greatness as a show and

everyone even Deacon Smith, who's on the school board, thinks it's good for us. Well—if it's good for us to read, why isn't it good for us to act and for everyone to see. I'm going to submit it to the school board this evening. Anyone's got an objection, please signify."

There was not a word of dissention on the part of the class. So, that night as the twelve members of the school board were seated in the committee room of the Town Hall discussing "the doings of those youngsters," the worst of the lot entered. He bowed to the board and before the astonished members could give vent to their surprise—

"Sirs," William spoke in his most dignified tone (the way he had seen Albert Taylor give his curtain speeches) "I have come before you tonight in behalf of my class, the ninth grade, and for the benefit of the community at large."

By this time, the Deacon and other members were showing intelligence. The Deacon cleared his throat and said: "Well, seeing as we've got the interest of the very same at heart, I guess we might listen, but mind you it's about education, because that's our business."

"It is, sir. You see we haven't given anything towards the school fund because we didn't want to give an old poky party. But now we know what we do want; we want to give a play." William stood there like the ambassador of the people, waiting for the authorities to give their verdict.

The astonishment of the class was mild before that of the "judges." No one spoke; they puckered their brows, looked down at their feet, then at each other, to be sure they had heard aright. Their spokesman, the Deacon, was more dumbfounded than the rest, but as usual was the first to speak. "William Drake, thought you got over that foolishness after you left Orleans, but here you be as big a sinner as ever."

"I'm not a sinner and if I am, it's your fault."

The Deacon sat up quickly, set his pipe down by his feet, then turned a cold, disapproving face upon the indignant boy. "William, how dare you! Why I have passed the plate in church and have tried for twenty odd years to direct aright the wayward and the sinful. Explain yourself, young man."

"Didn't you tell us every 'young man and young woman' should know 'Macbeth?' "

"Surely."

"Well, we've learned and we like it so much we want to act it. Now if you hadn't told us about it we wouldn't a had to study it and we wouldn't be a wanting to play it. Now isn't it your fault?"

"Well, I did say 'Macbeth' was a pretty good tale for you youngsters, but I had no idea you'd be a wanting to put it on the stage. I don't see no particular harm in playing it, only the tendency is bad. What do you think about it brethren?"

One after another said they didn't know; there had never been any acting in Plainview and they didn't think much of the tendency. Upon which the boy answered they would give their word that nothing but proper plays should be given. After much talk, between the old men, they decided to give Macbeth a try out. The boy went back to his comrades filled with glad tidings and plans for the play.

William took charge. The cast was suitably chosen; Mary, on account of her long red hair, was Lady Macbeth, William was Macbeth for no other reason than that he was a player of long standing. The Carlton triplets were the witches; they always had colds, consequently their voices were characteristic of the weird sisters. The rest of the company were chosen for other obvious reasons.

The play was given in the chapel of the old High School. There was much difficulty in getting together the stage effects and costumes. The armor, especially, caused William and company much trouble. After trying many things, they found by covering their sweaters with silver chains made of tinfoil, they looked like coats of mail and behind the footlights the effect would be very good. Portieres were used for royal robes, consequently every door in Plainview was curtainless. The scenery was in many cases imaginary, but with such effective costuming, that little bit of local color could be dispensed with.

As for the actors, they learned their parts readily and were present at every rehearsal. With the exception of Mary's tears, which flowed freely—in fact, every time William corrected her,

the rehearsals went off unusually well. The last few days before the play the actors worked untiringly, never taking time for anything but sleep. Consequently they were very nearly exhausted when the great day came at last. The excitement kept them up, however. But before the beginning, they became nervous and frightened. When the curtain was pulled aside and even when one side tore, there was little flurry in the wings.

The Witches' Cave, of the first act, reached the highest point. The Carltons fortunately had developed most heavenly colds with touches of sore throats. It was whispered that William had advised a swim in the pond and then had gone off with the boys' clothes forgetting to return for a couple of hours. The caldron, Aunt Mary's wash pot, and the thunder made by throwing rocks on tin from an old roof, together with those three gruesome sisters were so realistic, that Lady Macbeth hugged her attendant with fear.

The play ran on smoothly until Lady Macbeth forgot her lines, but Macbeth gallantly came to the rescue and said them for her. It was the part in which she is encouraging him to do the bloody deed. Of course, if anyone were listening to every word, he would have found it strange to hear Macbeth argue pro and con, but people are not supposed to be so particular.

The murder scene, the pride of William with its wonderful opportunity for him to act, very nearly came to a sad finish. After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth came back upon the stage empty handed. Not until Lady Macbeth said, "Why did you bring these daggers from the place," did he realize that he was daggerless. He stood in the middle of the floor looking blankly from one empty hand to another. Just then there was a loud clatter, loud enough to wake the newly murdered Duncan, as someone "pitched" the swords at Macbeth's feet.

There was only one more break in the production. This occurred in the banquet scene. Banquo had been afraid to return as a ghost from the very beginning, but William had insisted and the warrior had promised to came back although doing so meant great spasms of fright on his part. Now Banquo was very tired after his death, so he went back in the wings to wait. In vain did Macbeth say the table was full, in vain did he fear the ghost

who did not appear. Macbeth went on with his part, beholding apparitions, which, not even his audience shared. Not until after the lines, "Being gone I am a man again" did the ghost appear, his sheets falling off and covered with cobwebs. He came on rapidly, stumbling over the offending costume. He rubbed his eyes and covered his mouth with his hand, vainly trying to hide the telltale signs of his recent nap.

The shadow of the tardy ghost hung over the rest of the performance. Not until the last act was finished and Macbeth lay dead on the battle field was the faux pas of the apparition forgotten.

However, the play was well received even by Deacon Smith and the rest of the board. It was the beginning of a series of plays given in Plainview, all perfectly proper preformances, and the last was given in the most imposing High School in the state.

GLADYS CARB.

A PROBLEM OF THE AGE.

Oh, Mrs. Jennie Jennings Jones,
(She was of high renown)
Was very secret of her age,
Which vexed the prying town.

But when the charter new was passed,
The women all could vote;
"Now all of us will know her age!"
Quote dames of highest note.

No less dismayed was Mrs. Jones,
No secret she'd unfold,
So registered she failed to be,
Till very late, I'm told.

With roguish smile and artful mien,
  She started out with zest,
And consternation great was caused
  By making her request.

The registrar, a good old friend,
  His face aglow with fun,—
Asked timid Mrs. Jones her age,
 "J. Jones, past twenty-one."

CHARLOTTE GREEN.

IN CAMP.

I dreaded to leave my family and go to live with a large group of girls, and gain the title of a "camp girl," but after the train had pulled out of the station, I found myself in the midst of a crowd of girls bubbling over with high spirits and fun, and the trip to camp was very short.

The little station platform was crowded with curious interested natives of the little village when we piled off the train with all our bags and budgets. In a surprisingly short time we were assigned to our places in old hay racks and carriages for our drive to camp. While we lumbered along the old country roads, the old girls discussed the good times they had had the previous summer, pictured to us the places dear to them, and at intervals gave their camp cheer to let the people know that the camp girls had once more returned.

At last we drove into a farmyard and everyone clambered out, dragging their suitcases after them. I thought this plain looking farmhouse could not be camp, as there was not even a sign of a tent, and while I was looking around with a dazed expression, one of the old girls linked her arm in mine and led me down what was called "the trail." I cannot say we walked down it, as our shoes had high heels and the steep incline was carpeted

with pine needles and rocks. After about ten minutes of sliding and stumbling, we at last reached the foot safely, and I found myself standing beside a large wooden building rudely constructed, with the front entirely opened and facing a beautiful still lake about two miles wide. But the mountain, which sloped down to the opposite shore, made this distance seem much less.

We were soon led to our prospective summer home, which looked upon the green mountain then shining soft and misty in the afternoon light. Four girls and a councilor lived in a tent which contained four beds in a row along one side of the tent and on the other was one bed, and a few shelves, where we could keep our own personal belongings. After I was settled, I went to look around a little, and found that there were about twenty tents pitched in two rows. It seemed like a little village.

We had our supper and went to bed early that night as the day's trip had tired us, but it was a long time before I could go to sleep. The stillness of the woods was almost oppressive; now and then a fox barked over on the mountain, but the rustling of the pines in the wind lulled me off to sleep; and it did not seem long before I was awakened by the sun shining in my face. There I lay listening to the call of the loons on the lake and the twittering of the other birds, in the nearby trees, until the bugle sounded on the clear air to tell us it was time to get up.

Then for my first bath in the lake! I got into a clammy wet bathing suit, and with several other girls picked my way gingerly over the muddy, slimy earth to the bathing beach. Just as I took off my coat, a sudden gust of wind struck me, which cooled my enthusiasm for a moment, but after only a slight hesitation with one plunge and a splash, I took my bath and came out feeling very much refreshed. I dressed in my bloomers and jumpers and appeared for setting up drill, which in the days to come proved a great drudgery and seemed a poor way to earn our breakfast. Then the sixty girls sat down to their first morning meal, which proved quite a noisy one, and it was hard to believe that the girls had just become acquainted.

After breakfast, we were all sent down to our tents to clear them up, and to compete for the weekly banner for the most orderly tent. Oh! those inspectors were so particular! A piece

of the broom, or a daddy-long-legs, and we were marked down a point. The competition was very great though, and it made us feel well repaid for our work if we did secure the little banner.

As soon as our work was done, we were called out for rowing lessons. These were very interesting at first, but later how we hated the words, "Pull, draw, drop, shoot, swing," this practice eventually meant that we might be able to compete in the relay race, Water Day, with the younger girls' camp, situated further up the lake.

At eleven o'clock, sounded the whistle for bathing, and soon after, if a visiter had happened to row along on the lake, he would have seen about fifty girls lined up along the beach, wiggling their toes in the water unseen by the councilor in charge, waiting for the signal to run in to be given; and when it was, there was such a splashing and screaming that it was hard to tell what was happening. We could only stay in a short time, during which the girls did their best at swimming and diving, for no girl could use a canoe until she had passed a test in which these were the two essentials.

After luncheon, we all went for "rest hour." This time of day was reserved for writing letters and sleeping. No talking was allowed and this was pretty hard for me, and I was spoken to about it more than ever.

When this quiet hour was over, all the girls climbed the trail for basket ball and baseball, while some went on long walks. These walks were very popular although the pace was very fast, but we didn't mind that for everyone was so congenial and happy. At this time, too, the horses were exercised. Not long after I had arrived, twelve of us took the horses and rode a number of miles to a grove, and there had our supper. After it, we played some games which we had almost forgotten,—tag, hide and seek, and drop the handkerchief. When it grew dark and the moon came up, we rode back. We reached camp about half-past nine, very dusty, and had such a time washing, for the others were all in bed, and we could not have any lights. We enjoyed these picnic suppers more than anything.

Usually after supper we went out on the lake to watch the sun set, for the colors were perfectly beautiful. Then we came in and

danced. But our lights were out at half-past nine exactly, and not a sound echoed through the encampment after that.

HELEN SMITH.

AN EDITORS' MEETING.

An Editors' meeting! What a picture it calls up and what a train of recollections it brings to those who have had the experience of hurrying through pages of writing in a frantic race with time.

We will say that the preliminary details have been arranged for a meeting in which such matters are discussed is a positive joy, compared to the later ones when the day for the magazine to go to press draws perilously near, hanging over one's head like the sword of Damocles.

The late arrival discovers the editors hard at work, some bending over a table upon which manuscripts are piled inches high and the others lounging about in the neighboring chairs, their bodies but not their minds at rest. No one takes any notice of the newcomer, so she tiptoes up to the editor-in-chief and asks what she shall do. This busy person feels around among the loose sheets of paper on the table with one hand and absently passes out several, murmuring something about "Look these over," while all the time she scarcely takes her eyes from the manuscript before her.

Silence reigns for some time. Suddenly a low, gurgling noise which sounds as if it might develop into a laugh, comes from one corner of the room.

"What's the matter?" inquires someone.

"Did you ever hear of a whoop skirt, whoop?"

After the general laugh has subsided, a voice from another corner of the room calls,

"Can shadows be silent?"

"Well they don't usually laugh and talk, do they?" asked a sarcastic one from her position at the table.

"I know, but can you apply that word to shadows?"

"No," remarked the editor-in-chief shortly.

"What shall I say Marion?"

No answer.

"What shall I say?"

"Oh don't ask me. If you had to straighten out this poem, I guess you would think you had something to do. It is good and I hate to cut out the words but the meter is simply impossible."

"Why don't you change the meter and leave the words just as they are?" suggested someone.

Another general laugh. "That was a brilliant remark Grace. If you can do such a thing you'll be the first person to succeed at it."

Poor Grace subsided and the only sound for about five minutes was the scratching of a pen as someone copied away on a theme.

"Oh dear," sighed one of the girls at the table. "Why can't people write so that you can read it. This is nothing but angular scrawling and Miss Holden has put so many marks on the side that I can't tell anything about the old story."

"Read it."

"I can't."

Marion seizes it and reads aloud, "With a piercing 'ouch' the tea kettle fell on Mamie's foot."

"Poor tea kettle! It must have been hurt awfully to make so much fuss," remarked one girl as the others began to laugh.

A knock comes at the door and the English teacher enters. Marion hails her as a deliverer.

"Oh Miss Holden do help us out. I'm working on this theme that you said needed more local color. Just what is local color anyway?"

"Who can define it?" asked Miss Holden, smiling upon the group of expectant faces.

"Why it's, it's—"

"Yes, that's just what I thought," remarked Marion dryly.

"Well I can't define it but I can give an illustration. If you were writing a southern story you would naturally bring in the negroes. That would be local color."

A roar of laughter greeted this unconscious sally and when they at last subsided, Miss Holden said.

"I have some bad news for you girls. Frances has lost her ten page story, Margaret is sick and can't write her sketch."

"Any more?" asked Marion faintly, as she collapsed into a chair nearby.

"Yes, Florence lacks three school news items."

Marion only fanned herself weakly while groans came from all corners of the room. Miss Holden seemed to be the only one equal to the situation.

"Grace, you will have to write the sketch. That one you handed in to me about the old man can be worked up I think. Gertrude, you help Florence with the school news and you Marion—"

"Oh yes, Miss Holden, any small favor I can do for you. I have so little to occupy me," sighed the victim despairingly.

"If we can't find Frances' story you will have to write one yourself, not ten pages perhaps, but a good long one."

"The dressing bell for dinner rang about fifteen minutes ago," suggested Grace mildly.

Marion seized her sweater and hurried out the door while Miss Holden called after her, "Don't forget the meeting tomorrow."

Was she likely to? At the dinner table that night, she was aroused from her meditations to hear someone say,

"How is SPLINTERS work coming on?"

"Oh very nicely," she replied with a sickly smile and a sinking of the heart as she thought of tomorrow and—the editors' meeting

ELIZABETH PECK.

THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE IN SUMMER.

A one-story, brown frame building with three very much worn, wooden steps leading up to the rusty, screen door, and an air of drowsiness surrounding the whole place, this is the village post office as I see it in summer. At twilight, after mail-train, which is the six o'clock flyer, has gone, the post office is at its best. No one misses going for his mail then, for the whole village congregates on the steps, leaning over counters, or against the side of the building—farmers, summer boarders and the country store loafers—all are to be found, talking over crops, or how Squire Smith's best cow was killed, or how Jeremiah Perkins was a carrin' on like a city dude, sellin' his faithful old hosses for one of them there smoke wagons, called "autymobiles." Their gossip even goes as far as to discuss the size of Si Horton's feet, which are the joke of the village, and seem to grow more every day. Poor Si knows it and, when he gets in view of those waiting for the mail, he seems to himself to be all hands and feet. His big face grows red to the ears, and he tries to feel unconscious. His sleeves seem suddenly to have shrunk to his elbows, making his hands dangle awkwardly, and his trousers seem to be half-way up his legs, and he shuffles into the store. The mail window snaps up, and everyone crowds for his mail, forgetting Si's feet in the excitement of getting a letter. Taking care of mail, though, is not the only purpose the office serves. If one would go shopping for shoes, groceries, writing paper, dry goods, candy and perfume, one would not have to step out of the store, for everything is here in a nutshell. The service is not perhaps as quick as at Altman's or McCreery's because Miss Abigail, the sister of the postmaster, is a little hard of hearing and isn't quite sure of the price of each article, consequently the frequent,"Obadiah, what do you sell these for? What say? O yes, sixty-nine cents a pair. Yes, they do look a little worn by the soles, but you see, it happened this way. The Catholic Church always gives a euchre and dance at the town

meetin' place every Labor Day. Obadiah and me always likes to give to it, so last year for a prize for the euchre, we gave this here pair of boots. Young Si won 'em, but land! they didn't come nowhere near fittin' him. Everybody knew he wears about eleven and these are nine and a half. Do you think he'd own up to it? I should say no. He vowed they were comfortable and tried to laugh it off, but he couldn't help limpin' most every step. We says to him, of course, we would give him a pair his size in exchange, but he'd hear none of it and hobbles off, mumblin' to hisself bout people mindin' their own business. We took notice; he didn't wear 'em much. Whenever he came for the Squire's mail he wore his old cowhide ones. It weren't none of our business if he wanted to pinch his feet into number nine and a half shoes. It was his hurt not ours, but I couldn't help takin' a peep at his feet the minute he came in. When they all asked him why he didn't wear 'em. He said he only wore 'em on Sunday. One hot, sleepy day, when I was drowsin' over my knittin' in back of the counter, he comes sneakin' in the store, sort of nervous-like and lookin' to see if anyone was around. He comes tip-toein' up to me and says, whisperin' 'Be Obadiah in?'

" 'No,' says I, 'he's just after steppin' out.'

" 'Good,' says he, 'I hev a favor to ask of ye. I reckon ye remember the pair of boots I won at the party,' he says, confidential-like, 'well, I want to give 'em back, not that they wasn't a good fit, but if it's just the same to you, I need cowhide boots more, so if ye'll change for me, I'll be much obliged.'

"All the time he was a twistin' his hat and standin' first on one foot, then t'other. Feelin' kinder sorry, I said, 'Yes,' sorter ferin' though what Obadiah would say, 'cause the boots were worn some. I got his fit in boots and he went away with a grin of relief on his big broad face that did my heart good, so I sighed and fixed up the boots a bit and put 'em back in the box. Obadiah don't know till this day and yet, they says, a woman can't keep nothin' to herself. The boots is fine leather and the best that's to be found 'round these parts, 'sides he only wore 'em twice. What's that you say? You can't wait? Well, I'm sorry, that's what I am. I can do 'em up in a second for you. Too bad you ain't got the time. Yes, the other things came to one dollar exactly, very much obliged.

If you want to see the shoes again, when you have more time, just happen in and I'll be glad to show 'em. Yes 'tis warm. Good day."

MATILDA KLOPPENBURG.

THIRTY MINUTES LATE.

"Mary, have you seen my shirt waist?" I cried, flinging things recklessly to and fro in my box, which was piled with snowy garments fresh from the laundry.

"Are you blind? There it is right on the chair," answered Mary. "There, Kay, you don't intend to wear anything but boots to a football game? How ridiculous! Take those patent leathers off immediately!" she finished with an "elder-sisterly" air.

Raging inwardly, I yanked off my shoes and reached for the boots. Vindictively I pulled the shoe strings. Snap! They were broken. I rushed quickly for a new one, and as no more mishaps waylaid me, I was soon ready for breakfast.

While hastening to the dining room, I pinned on my hat and fastened my belt. I gazed at my watch when I had eaten a very small breakfast. It said 8.55 and my train left at 9.15. Snatching my furs and purse in my rush through the hall, I ran down the street just in time to see the car disappear around the bend. Fearing that the Boston car would be late, I decided to cut across by a side street. Just as I ran down the hill the car sailed by. With a groan I ran on to the station. Why didn't some of the girls come along with their machines? Surely Peggy was going to the game. Where was she? Stumbling, tired and ready to cry, I stepped into the station. I looked at the clock. Nineteen minutes past nine! The train had left! Strangling a sob, I turned toward the door where a sign met my eye, "Quarter past nine train for Exeter, thirty minutes late."

KATHRYN REDWAY.

SKETCHES.

COKE OVENS.

The machine was speeding along an even macadam road, which circled smoothly around the foot of the hills, and the dim shadows cast by the trees in the pale light of the stars, were motionless and sombre as the night. The road appeared misty and indistinct in the light of the lamps, but suddenly seemed to slide from beneath our feet, leaving us in a cool, dark valley with only the sound of crickets and katydids to keep us company. The trees stood like two lines of dusky sentinels on both sides of the road, guarding it in the daytime from the fierce attacks of the July sun and keeping prisoner the dampness during the nights.

We were out of it and before us a hill clearly cut against a red sky. As the top comes nearer and the red glare stronger, we fancy we can faintly feel the flames until with the top under our wheels we feel the full blasts of it, and see the hundreds of tiny red fires stretching in two lines in front of us, with the road between. A minute's hesitation and we are in the midst of it, this miniature Hell with its tiny ovens. We smell the smoke that rolls above them and hides the few stars that were visible, and the coal dust sweeps in our faces. On, on towards the opening before us, where the last two fires are, guarding the opening to the dark, for there is no living creature here. But stay; to the left, trudging along in the midst of the flames, is a man and a mule. Is he the Lucifer of this? we think, as we pass through the gates, drawing a long breath of relief, for home and a cool road are before us.

ETHEL FORBES.

ON AN INTIMACY WITH ONE'S CLOSET.

What a mysterious, provoking, long suffering thing a closet is! Especially our closet, that has been continually abused and slandered until it is no great wonder the poor stuffed creature is moody and uncompaniable. Four long, trying months it has not known a moment's peace or quiet. There is a continual opening of the door, a grabbing for some needed garment, a muttering when it cannot be found and a scrambling about in its depths, pulling things right and left until they lie in noticeably unbecoming heaps on the floor, to the dismay and embarrassment of our poor closet, who is so proud of her appearance and particular about the smallest details of her person.

One day, no doubt to her amazement, she was disrobed of all the things intrusted to her keeping and, as if a bit distrustful of the whole proceeding, she kept hiding a shoe, a skirt, or even a hat until at last we found them far back under the eaves where she had tried in vain to conceal them. But when all the shoes were set back in a straight row and not a dress swept the floor, I think she creaked joyfully to herself, and was quite happy for a time until in a frantic rush for a car, we tumbled everything into wild disorder again. She has our sympathy, for she can never tell us how badly she feels. She sits mute and still, helpless to right all the wrongs we heap upon her patient hooks. If she could speak, what humiliating tales she would tell about us; of how rudely we had treated her, of all the angry scowls we had cast her way. Truly we are both more than glad she has no tongue.

And then our closet gets so cold. At night I often wonder if she stands shivering just behind the door, while I have so many warm quilts over me. However, she has my warm coat and furs so that she cannot always be so very cold. I wonder, too, if she will be sorry to have us leave in June. I have talked with her and tried to explain how next year she may have two tormentors that are twice as hard to get along with. But she only smiles sarcastically, that wise old closet. She has known so many girls.

And so for the present we will leave her, brown shoe hob-nobbing with black, in the very center of her spacious lap. You really cannot blame her for her trying, provoking way. Can you? GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE BAKE SHOP WOMAN.

We always called her "the bake shop woman," with that curious tendency for the descriptive quality of names, which children are apt to have. Her name was Mrs. Flanders, but to us she was always "the bake shop woman."

We made her daily visits at recess, dashing from school as soon as excused, to hurry around the corner and rush breathlessly into her tiny shop, fearful lest the particular little cake or kind of cookies which we had picked out on our way to school, might be sold. Sometimes they were, but usually we were confronted by such an embarrassment of riches that we could not decide what to buy. A counting of pennies ensued, interspersed by covetous glances first at one shelf, then at another. Spread out in tempting array were dear little cakes, white with chocolate frosting and a nut on top, or chocolate with a cherry stuck into the soft white icing, great round sugar cookies or molasses ones with crinkly edges, and a multitude of other good things, too numerous to mention.

Just as we were saying "eeny, meeny, miny mo," to ourselves, the door from the other room opened and we smelt that warm bready odor that spoke of fresh dainties being baked. "The bake shop woman" entered, her ample figure half filling the doorway. Her sleeves, rolled to the elbows, her gingham apron spotted with some brownish liquid, her hair drawn tightly back from her moist forehead, and her face flushed almost to a purple hue,—all bespoke labors just completed. She beamed good naturedly upon us and placed upon the counter a pan, full of dark brown, steaming gingerbread. Which one of us could resist? We spent all our money upon it. Ethel Adams lost a penny and although we helped her search behind the counter and even

prodded in the cracks of the floor with pins, we would lend her none. We were selfish little brutes when it came to gingerbread. At last "the bake shop woman" gave the cake to her because she said we were such "good little customers of hers."

Once outside, doubts assailed our minds. George Washington cakes and Dolly Madison cookies in the window came before our vision.

Gladys, the optimistic one, tried to console us.

"Never mind, we can get what we want tomorrow. It needn't be gingerbread"—but it almost always was.

ELIZABETH PECK.

ASSISI.

I wish I could make you see it as I have, with the darkness of night enshrouding the tiny hill town and only the cold light of the moon shining on the gloomy monastery whose graceful bell tower looms black against the starlit sky. I often wondered what the moon saw as she swung so high above. If she peered in at the tall, narrow windows of the monastery she might smile at the tonsured heads poring over huge Latin grammars. Some of the dark, tiny streets, try as she will, she cannot penetrate, for the roofs lean jealously over the roadway beneath, like huge black birds with wings outspread.

The square before St. Francis's Church is deserted now of its peasants, fruit venders and beggars. Yet, stay—is that not a man? Or no, it is too small, a boy perhaps, huddled against one of the carved columns that line the piazza. During the warm day had he not sold us tiny nosegays, a rosebud deep in the dark green leaves of fragrant lemon verbena? Yes, surely. His is a far sweeter sleep than that of many far richer and wiser, and the full clear voices of the monks chanting their evening prayers is his lullaby.

The lights burn dim in the Crypt of the Lower Church where St. Francis rests, and the air is cloudy with incense. In the church all is dark, but below, the candles ever flicker and gleam

in the dusky light that enshrouds the body of the gentle monk whose love for all mankind was so immeasureably sweet.

And the bells, ring now soft, now loud, calling to one another in a language all their own, pealing jubilantly, slowly, plaintively; fascinating the listener and soothing him. The morn will come and the years go by, but still the bells will call to one another over the rolling campagna. "For the bells are always ringing in Umbria." GERTRUDE HAUXHURST.

TAKU GLACIER.

The boat moved very slowly now, churning its way carefully amongst the small floes of ice and snow which now and then scraped the sides of the vessel. We were all out on deck crowded at the bow of the boat, well bundled up in coats and furs, for the ice surrounding us made the air bitterly cold, and we shivered as we drew our wraps closer about us, watching our approach to Taku Glacier. Everyone was soon busy with their kodaks. In a few moments the boat stopped, for the Captain said we were as near as safety allowed. We asked him how near we were, and he said the Glacier was a mile away; it certainly did not look over a hundred yards from us, the atmosphere was so clear.

The boat was entirely surrounded by ice and snow now, and directly in front of us rose the majestic mountain of ice, forming a glistening wall between the two precipitous shores. The color near the water and in the deep crevasses was a bright blue, melting into glistening white where the sun struck it. Its tall, white pinnacles seemed in some places to almost touch the sky. It rose to a height of about two hundred and sixty feet and was a mile wide. Just as we were watching it, a huge piece broke off and went crashing, tumbling into the sea with a mighty roar and rumble, that could be heard for miles. We then felt that our boat was quite near enough to the Glacier.

As the boat turned with a great scraping and churning, everybody rushed to the stern and stood there until this magnificent wall of ice was lost to view. ELEANOR BELL.

ON SHOPPING—A MONOLOGUE.

"Where can I find ladies' suits? Third floor? Thank you!.....Mercy! how crowded these elevators are! Will you please let me out? Oh, dear! My hat is way over one ear! Please don't push so! Tommy, are you coming?.....To the right? Thank you!

"Will you show me some suits, please? Velvet? Mercy no! Something inexpensive and neat—serge, I should suggest .....Tommy, let that figure alone, you'll knock it over in a minute! Oh! Pardon me! No, it has too much braid on the back. Style? Well I guess plain things are just as stylish as fussy ones at any season.....No, I don't care for that one, either. How much is that light grey one on the figure? Forty-five! That's too mu—What! Reduced to twenty-nine fifty? I'll try it on. The lines are lovely, don't you think so? Too young? The very idea—how old do you think I am?.....Of course broadcloth isn't serviceable for street wear but it looks so well on me.....I suppose I'd better take something darker ..... Tommy! If you don't stop handling those things I shall spank you!

"Let me try on that one! I don't like the buttons! Yes, I know I could change them but the jacket wrinkles over the shoulders. Besides—the collar doesn't set well.....Come back, Tommy, you'll get lost!

"I like this plain black one but the skirt is a little ti———— Oh! there's Mrs. Dunn, I must speak to her! Just a moment, please!

"My dear! How perfectly lovely! Did you like the climate? That's nice!.....I'm having such a hard time fitting suits! The clerks are so inattentive and stupid. They have absolutely no idea of style! Oh dear! I must go back. Will you keep your eye on my youngster a minute!.....

"You were showing me that black one with the tight skirt—What a good— looking gown that model has on. Is it velvet? What—velveteen? Hump! I thought it was the real thing. That blue one with the black fringe is stunning, too, isn't it? How much is it?.....Where has Tommy disappeared to?.....

Oh yes! That black suit, I have told you three times now that the skirt is too narrow! Can't you understand anything?

"Yes, I like that velvet one very much .....I wish to try it on immediately. How much? Sixty-five? It really isn't a bit becoming is it?.....Pick yourself up, Tommy. you aren't hurt! Gracious! How dirty you do manage to get. I have to change that child's clothes three times a day and still it doesn't take him a minute before he is all grimy.....

"Please take this suit off, right away—it doesn't suit me at all! Oh, that was a pun! Ho-ha! How funny!.....Are these all the suits you have? You haven't a very large variety have you? What—you have shown me over thirty-five? Why it's ridiculous —impossible! Really you are almost impertinent!.....

"Tommy if you touch one more thing I shall tell father as soon as we get home!.....Heavens! How my hair looks! You clerks all manage to pull it down, don't you? You must be a friend of some hairdresser in the establishment. .....Well, if these are all the suits you have I suppose I might as well go! .....Oh! Pardon me! Mercy—I wish people would look where they're going instead of running right plump into you! .....Oh, there's an elevator! We'll have to rush! Tommy, will you hurry? Down! Down! Wait a moment—just a minute!.....

"Tommy, will you run?" BEATRICE CHOWEN.

THE WOODS.

A dazzling mantle of snow stretched as far as the eye could reach, with no touch of city soot. Little spikes of grasses protruded here and there as though they were sentinels guarding the flowerlets sleeping beneath the fleecy coverlet. Several little sparrows peck hungrily at their seeds seeking something to allay their hunger. The ground was covered with little tracks of the tiny woodland creatures, the little hop of the birds, and the leap of the squirrels. In a secluded corner behind a clump of trees lay a pile of leaves which, when pushed aside revealed partridge and wintergreen berries.

"Every pine and fur and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
While the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl."

Not a breath of air stirred and a penetrating stillness enveloped all.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

MY VALENTINE.

A little Cupid with arrow and bow,
Just full of mischief from head to toe,
Sent a snow white dove
With a letter of love
And the message sublime,—
"I'm your Valentine."

The letter t'was sealed with a red, red heart,
And on the stamp dear Cupid's postmark.
I asked the question of every one,
"Who sent me this letter?" and, "Who is it from?"
I looked and looked until I did spy
That mischievous Cupid way up in the sky.

ELLEN BURKE.

A VALENTINE.

Tommy pressed his little, red nose against the plate glass of the big store window; thrust his cold little hands into his ragged pockets and looked longingly at the costly toys displayed in the

window. A dirty, scraggly, little dog stood shivering at his heels and kept looking up into his master's face as much as to say, "Master, why don't you come?" He was an ugly, little cur, a thin, yellow mongrel, but Tommy loved him just as well as if he had been a fat, curly dog of high breed.

One corner of the window at which Tommy was looking was devoted to valentines and his gaze wandered over to these lacy creations. There was one, in particular, pink, with numerous frills and two white doves on it. It cost twenty-five cents which seemed an awful price to Tommy.

As he went home to the dirty tenement, where he lived, he thought more and more about that valentine and how he would like to send it to Annie Lane, a little girl whom Tommy greatly admired and whose father kept a saloon. Even when his mother sent him to the bakery for a penny bun for his supper, the thought was still in his mind. He hurried home and wrapt himself in a dingy blanket in a corner which was his bed and tried to think how he could get the valentine. Finally a thought came to him. He could sell his dog! But he loved the little dog with a deep love and the little dog loved him, for he followed his master everywhere and would lick his face affectionately in the morning when Tommy woke up. The very thought of parting with the pup made him cry, and with a heavy heart and tears on his cheeks he fell asleep.

The next morning was bitter cold. Tommy swallowed some coffee which his mother, a kindly woman, gave him and he hurried away to school. The teacher asked the scholars to write a story about a dog, but Tommy bit his pencil in vain, no composition came and he had to stay after school to make one more useless attempt. He went home, took his little pup in his arms and went sorrowfully out on the street. At the first house to which he went, the woman shut the door in his face and, discouraged, he turned away to continue his quest. At dusk he arrived at a stately mansion, and timidly rang the bell. A maid came to the door and Tommy asked, "Is the master at home?" The maid ushered him into the hall and went away, presently returning, and led him frightened, cold and hugging his dog, into a cheerful room. A man, who was in a big armchair, said, "Well Sir!"

"Would you like to buy a dog?" asked Tommy in a trembling voice.

"A dog! I want a dog? I have one," said the man in an amazed tone.

"Well, what do you want for him?"

"Is two twenty-five cents too much?" said Tommy. The man looked at the little boy a long time and finally said he would take the dog. Tommy squeezed the pup, kissed him, and with tears running down his cheeks held him out. The man saw the tears and said, "Crying, sir, why crying?"

"I l—loved the d—dog," sobbed Tommy. Then the man had to hear the whole story. When Tommy went happily away, he had a dollar in his pocket, the dog in his arms and the kind man was going to call at the tenement.

Tommy went straight down street with a fast beating heart, bought the valentine, then a vase with roses on it for his mother and some "gold" beads which he thought beautiful. When he presented them to her she kissed him (an unusual proceeding) and there were tears in her eyes. Then he hurried down a dark, noisy street where Annie lived, rang the bell at the side door, left the valentine on the step addressed to "Miss Any Lain" and ran away. That night he saw Annie and she said smiling broadly, "Yer sent it to me, didn't yer? It's jest grand."

That night Tommy was so happy he could hardly sleep, and his puppy was curled up beside him on the blanket.

KATHARINE NESMITH.

SCHOOL NEWS.

NOVEMBER 27TH—

On November twenty-seventh, all of the new girls and some of the old girls had the opportunity of seeing Fenway Court, Mrs. John Gardner's "Italian Palace" in Boston. The Boston Art Museum and the Boston Public Library were also visited.

November 29th—December 3d—

After bidding the last girl good-bye, we turned back with rather a homesick feeling; but this could not last long for every minute of our time was to be taken up. As there were only fifteen of us left, the house and cottage girls decided to move over to the hall.

In the afternoon most of us went to pay our regards to Page's and spent the rest of the afternoon shopping. At dinner we were all wondering what we should do that evening, when Miss Parsons and Miss McMillan invited us to an oyster supper in the art room at nine o'clock. Until time to go, we had a five hundred and bridge party in the drawing room.

At nine o'clock, arrayed in kimonos, we all went to the art room and after spending a most delightful evening we bade our hostesses good-night and went to bed with the happy thought that we would be allowed to sleep an hour later than usual the next morning.

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear. We were given our choice of going to church, the football game or walking. Strange to relate most of us went to the game. At two o'clock dinner was announced. We entered the dining room which was beautifully decorated with yellow and white, the hall colors. In the center of the table was a large bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums and we were given the same flowers as favors. Miss Robbins was with us and everyone spent a most delightful two hours at the table.

In the evening, we all went to the theatre and afterwards had a big feast from our Thanksgiving boxes, which lasted far into the night. In spite of the fact that at four o'clock in the afternoon we all thought we should never be able to look at anything to eat again, it was surprising the amount of food we were able to consume when we arrived home in the evening.

Friday and Saturday the girls spent in Boston with friends or doing Christmas shopping or attending the theatre.

Early Sunday afternoon the girls began to return, and although we were glad to see them again we hated to think that our delightful vacation was over.

L. L.
D. K.

DECEMBER 5TH—

As I had heard many favorable and unfavorable comments upon Maud Adams and the play, "Chantecler," it was with great interest that I finally went to see it. I found Miss Adams charming. Her recitation of the prologue, accompanied as it was by the crowing of cocks, ringing of sleigh bells, whistling of blackbirds, gave at once the atmosphere of the country and farmyard. When the curtain rose upon a real farm scene with chicken coops, baskets, cages, an enormous barn and little chickens scurrying about followed by watchful hens, I felt myself a tiny barnyard inhabitant, gazing in wonderment at the huge things about me.

Chantecler as a play, represents that pilgrimage called life—while Chantecler as a character stands for faith in ideals and work. He is surrounded by evil influences represented in the Peacock, hypocrisy, the Blackbird, affectation, the Guinea Hen, frivolity, and the Cat, treachery; all of whom work for Chantecler's destruction. The dog is the only trustworthy friend sharing Chantecler's ideals and understanding him. Day represents everything which is good and beautiful—Night, that which is evil. The owls are the evil elements working only in darkness. They hate Chantecler because he wakes the dawn, keeping them from plundering and killing. They plot with the Blackbird to have a murderous game-cock fight, and kill their rival.

In the first act, a beautiful Hen Pheasant, pursued by a Hound seeks refuge in Chantecler's farmyard. He gives her protection and falls in love with the fair creature. To her he confides his dearest secret—the belief that 'tis he who wakes the dawn in the East with his brave "Cocorico!!" She knows that this is not true and tells him so. His faith is weakened, but he still believes in himself.

In the meantime, the Owls, the Peacock, Blackbird and Cat have carried out their plot. At the Guinea Hen's tea, which he attends only because of the Hen Pheasant's persuasion, Chantecler is confronted by the Game Cock. All are certain of his fall. Envy and hatred, ignorance, ingratitude, folly, ridicule, scepticism and self-distrust;—all have a part in his undoing. They fight and Chantecler is wounded. Suddenly the hoarse croak of the Hawk

is heard—each one looks in despair to Chantecler for protection. He covers them with his wings, while the dread bird swoops twice above their heads. Then when his help is no longer needed, they cry for the fight to go on. Now he is stronger,—having gained new faith and strength from protecting his fellow beings against a common foe—and he fights hard. Chantecler's moral courage finally triumphs over the Game Cock's physical courage. However, he is weak and spent; faith in his companions is gone, he deems himself no longer of use to them, so goes with the Hen Pheasant to the forest.

There a cruel awakening awaits him; he finds that the Nightingale has a more beautiful song than his own. At first the realization crushes him, but when the kindly bird assures him that even though there are songs more beautiful than his, he must sing the song God gave him as heartily as he can. He again takes heart and resolves to do so. There is a sharp crack and something limp and dead falls at Chantecler's feet—the Nightingale has been killed by a poacher. While Chantecler is mourning over the death of this tiny creature, the dawn is slowly rising. The Hen Pheasant, who represents selfishness in love, is jealous of Chantecler's interest in the dawn, so hides the growing light from him by covering his face with her wing. At length, when the dawn bursts with one great wave of color over the earth. she draws away. It is the crisis in Chantecler's life: his faith almost dies, he is utterly without hope. Then, the soft voice of the Nightingale is heard saying, "There must always be a Nightingale in the Forest."

Chantecler answers, "And in the soul, a faith, that lives however oft 'tis slain." He knows that even though his song may not call the dawn from the East, it may wake a sleeping world. He will find new courage in work. If he does his part well, he will make it easier for those who come after him, and they in turn will make the task lighter for their followers, until at the end there will be no more night, no more failure or discouragement for the worker. He begs the Hen Pheasant to return with him to the farmyard, but she refuses—not wishing to be loved less than the dawn.

Chantecler leaves the Forest and goes back to his daily task. Not until Chantecler is in danger of being killed by the hunter,

does the Hen Pheasant forget herself and try to save his life. She falls into the net of the trapper—but rejoices when she hears the crack of the hunter's gun followed by Chantecler's, "Cocorico," for she knows that she will soon be taken to Chantecler's barnyard by the trapper.

As a whole, I was delighted with the play "Chantecler." The allegorical part appealed to me very much—and the stage settings were so well carried out, the barnyard and forests scenes, that I felt myself one of its inhabitants. The best scenes were the Guinea Hen's tea and the second Forest scene, in which the Frogs take part. It made me wonder and wish to watch these dumb farmyard creatures—especially the cock, Chantecler, when in the early dawn he sings his cheery "Cocorico."

Miss Adams interpretation of the character "Chantecler" was extremely good. The Hen Pheasant, by Miss Josephine Victor, was so well done that at times you were inclined to pay more attention to her than to the cock himself. But Miss Victor had a better chance to exhibit good acting, in the graceful movements of the Pheasant Hen, than did Miss Adams as "Chantecler." I. K.

DECEMBER 7TH—

Several girls were only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear four members of the Boston Opera Company, one evening, at Colonial Hall. The concert proved to be even more enjoyable than we had anticipated. The singers were all heard to good advantage in arias from familiar operas and we thoroughly enjoyed their solo work, likewise the duets between the contralto and tenor, soprano and baritone, and also the quartet from Rigoletto, which was the last number on the programe.

It is interesting to note that Mme. Scotney, the soprano, has attained marvelous success in Boston as a grand opera singer and many critics consider that her voice bids fair to rival those of the foremost singers of the present day.

DECEMBER 9TH—

"Did I have a good time? What a foolish question to ask a girl of my disposition. Did you ever hear of my being at a party where I did not have a good time."

She was referring to "The Musical," the first large event of the year. For weeks, the girls had been anxiously awaiting December ninth. Every day that passed brought us one day nearer that precious date.

The house that evening was beautiful. The drawing-rooms were decorated with pink sweet peas, roses and violets. The schoolroom which had been converted into a music hall was almost beyond imagination. No longer could be seen desks and chairs, standing in straight rows, but rather, small folding chairs filled the room. The large blackboards were no more, for the walls were hung with green velvet curtains. The mantelpiece served, not as a bookshelf, but as a resting place for large bunches of chrysanthemums. As the guests arrived, some of the girls, acting as ushers, escorted them into the drawing-room where they were received by Miss Parsons. Other girls were stationed in the back hall to assist those who had been through the drawing-room, in finding seats in the music hall.

The programme that evening might easily be divided into three parts. The first number was one long to be remembered. The sweet trembling notes of the violin seemed so to attract the attention of the audience, that once the music had begun, scarcely a whisper could be heard. Little can be said of Mrs. Parke's playing. Those who were fortunate enough to be able to attend the musical know for themselves how wonderful it was and to those who were not present, I could not attempt to describe it. Likewise in the case of Miss Glorvigen, only those who heard her wonderful power of expression and her splendid interpretation of the pieces she selected, could realize what a treat she afforded to those musically inclined. She is well-known to the girls of Rogers Hall as a teacher and to their friends as a pianist, in both of which capacities she excels. Mrs. Sundelius also needs no introduction. The sweetness and clearness of her voice, combined with the charm of her manner, soon won the hearts of

her listeners and she was enthusiastically received. The frequent and vigorous applause testified that an appreciative audience thoroughly enjoyed each selection of these three musical artists.

After refreshments had been served, the dance began. The girls, who had guests, proceeded to enjoy themselves thoroughly, while those, who were not so fortunate, found that they were by no means excluded from a good time. All too soon it was twelve o'clock and as people began to say good-night to Miss Parsons and the receiving committee, we realized that the long anticipated musical was at an end. A tired but happy crowd of girls wended their way to their respective rooms, to think over the events of the evening and I am afraid, to talk about them for some time.

C. A. A.

DECEMBER 12TH—

Most of us had heard of Dr. Grenfell and his splendid work in Labrador, and many of us had read Norman Duncan's "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," which is a story based upon Dr. Grenfell's life among the northern fishermen who have such a hard struggle for existence.

When we heard, therefore, that he was to speak in Lowell, we were, of course, very anxious to hear him. Many others besides ourselves must have had the same ambition, for the hall was crowded to the doors, and it was with difficulty that even a few of us obtained seats.

I was somewhat surprised, when this much talked of person finally appeared before the curtain, to find him so plain and unassuming. Dr. Grenfell is not a large man and there is nothing at all striking about his appearance. Yet one would know him to be a man of action, both by a certain buoyancy of manner and also by his quick, short enunciation.

He started his lecture by showing us a map of that part of Labrador in which he is working. Then pictures of the country in its primative state before his going there, the improvements which he has brought about, and so on down until the present day.

Dr. Grenfell speaks of his work in that cold, frozen region, not as a duty, but a great privilege and pleasure to help the poor, the

sick and the needy. In short, he loves his work and the people whom he helps. As Mr. Crothers says in one of his essays, Dr. Grenfel is not a missionary who comes back from the North and moves women's guilds to tears and pity by wonderous tales of the privations and hardships he has suffered, but rather inspires their sons with the desire to become missionaries themselves, or at any rate, to do good in some form to their fellow men.

Dr. Grenfel has built many schools and relief stations and has several sail boats which go up and down the coast carrying supplies and aid. He also teaches the people the value of money so that they may demand their just prices for the fish and seal which they catch, and which form the greater part of their livelihood. Before this they were shamefully cheated and barely made the most meager sort of a living. J. A. E.

DECEMBER 15TH—

The usual custom of having the children from St. Anne's visit us before the Christmas vacation was carried out, and even little boys dressed in their best for the occasion came to have tea.

It was not long before their shyness wore off and they made friends, in fact became quite attached to us. We enjoyed feeding them salad, ice cream and cake and seeing their great pleasure. Some of them we asked what they expected from Santa and were quickly informed that they had written him letters, though they didn't know for certain if they had been good enough to get what they wanted.

After a few songs sung by Miss Helen Edlefson, we put on our wraps and started for the gymnasium with as much hope in our hearts for these little ones, as our mothers had probably had for us in our time. My, what a pretty sight! The children held their breath in surprise at the big, bright tree in the middle of the room, hung with candy canes and ornaments, and I do not doubt they spied at once at the bottom of the tree on the floor, the very presents they had asked for. There was a store, full of grocers' goods, a doll, a fire engine, games and an automobile. On the walls laurel was hung and at each window a wreath of bright holly

In real Christmas fashion the girls, all dressed in white, joined hands around the tree, singing "O Tannembaum," "Stille Nacht," "Little Town of Bethlehem," "O come all ye Faithful," and other appropriate hymns.

Santa's sleigh bells were soon heard, and he himself came down the stairs laughing and complaining of the cold. He must have known how anxious the children were for their toys as he lost no time in distributing them. "Where's Johnny, Johnny, come here and get your ark, didn't you write for a Noah's Ark?" The reply was a delighted grin and nothing more. After calling each of the children in turn, Santa wished everyone a Merry Christmas and departed from the noisy room. They were too thoroughly amused to listen to the Glee Club concert that closed the entertainment of the evening, but which nevertheless was appreciated by the guests, the faculty and the girls. We are indebted for its success to the leader, who for the first time succeeded in having a concert and whom we hope will favor us soon again.

The programme was as follows:

1.	"I sing because I love to sing"	The Glee Club
2.	"Love's Old Sweet Song"	Beatrice Chowen Dorothy Benton
3.	"Dearest"	Corinne Dean
4.	"Sweet and Low,"	The Glee Club
5.	"Roses by Summer Forsaken"	Beatrice Chowen
6.	"She Sleeps"	Sylvia Doutney Helen Joseph Dorothy Benton Cynthia Byington
7.	"Le Saran Rose"	Cynthia Byington
8.	"For Auld Lang Syne"	The Glee Club

H. J.

JANUARY 6TH—

The sound of sleigh bells in the crisp, cold air was heard about seven o'clock on the sixth of January. The Hall girls were to entertain the House and the Cottage girls with a sleigh ride. The intense cold soon made us feel that we had to do something to keep warm, so we sang everything from "Beautiful Doll" to "My Old Kentucky Home." The sleigh was a very large one, having a row of long seats on each side. Those who were not as fortunate as their comrades had to sit in the bottom of the sleigh, but the pile of robes there kept us warm. When the sleigh gave a sudden lurch, those on the floor sometimes got a shower of candy which was being passed.

"Don't move!" "You're on my feet." "My foot's asleep!" "I can't sit still any longer, I have got to get up." "I'm sure my ears are frozen." "Do you want to change places?" "Isn't the moon beautiful tonight?" These and many others were the remarks made by the different girls while catching their breaths for the next song.

We rode to Tewksbury, a little village four or five miles out of Lowell, and there, to our great distress, turned around. On the way back, the sleigh got stuck in trying to turn a corner too suddenly. We were then told to get out and push, and finally the sleigh started off again and it did not take the girls very long to climb in.

"Wait! Tell that driver to stop!" came from the back of the sleigh. We had gone quite a distance before we could make the driver hear. "We have left the other man back there!" Suppressed giggles came from the girls, while this unfortunate being was hurried over the slippery ground to the sleigh, puffing and slipping at every step. "All right," and once more we resumed our journey.

Arriving home again, after the House and the Cottage girls gave a loud cheer for the Hall, we were taken over to the House where Miss Parsons had a blazing open fire awaiting us. It certainly felt good as even our mouths were frozen from being open so long. They did not remain this way, for the Hall girls busy in the kitchen, soon served us with steaming hot Welsh

Rabbit. One of the girls played the piano, while others sang, and still others lounged around the fire. When the party broke up, we all went to bed very reluctantly and with great thankfulness in our hearts for the pleasant way in which the Hall girls had entertained us. S. H. H.

JANUARY 16TH—

On the 16th of January ten of the girls chaperoned by Miss Harrison and Miss Hochdoërfer went to Kitson Hall, in Lowell, to hear a Violin recital by Mr. Karl Barlebeu of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Abert Baumgartner, pianist. They gave selections from Bruch, Chopin, Wieniawski, Hubay, and many other well-known artists. All spent a most delightful afternoon and were sorry when it was over.

JANUARY 17TH—

A French play, "Le Maitre de Forge," was given Wednesday afternoon, at the Lowell Opera House, by a very clever French company. Most of the girls, who are in the French classes, went to see it. It was very funny in the first part of the play to hear the actors talking, or rather just making, it seemed to us, unintelligible sounds, but after a while we became accustomed to it and managed to follow the plot fairly easily. The company proved to be finished artists, each one interpreting his or her part well. Between the acts we besieged Miss Linthicum and a few of the more fortunate girls with questions of "Which is the Duke?" "What was the last speech she made?" and innumerable others.

The play proved to be very interesting and exciting, especially in the last act, where a duel was fought. We came away with French phrases ringing in our ears. It almost seemed queer to hear people talk English. Everyone enjoyed herself and I am sure felt that the next time she heard French it would seem less vague to her. M. K.

January 20th—

To those who know anything about music, the name of Joseph Hofmann stands as that of a well-known composer and wonderful musician. Thus it was with the greatest interest that I heard him play.

In this particular concert, his program was divided into three parts, compositions by Beethoven, some of Chopin and selections from other well-known composers.

To one who has not made an exceedingly close study of the musical art, it is practically impossible to intelligently criticise the playing of such a wonderful pianist. One can only sit and admire his marvelous technic and the ease with which he can pass from a quiet, light theme into a wild stormy passage, ending with a marvelous succession of runs and chords. To me the thing most to be admired about Hofmann was the control of his fingers, his perfect interpretation of the composition in hand. He was most enthusiastically received and the audience allowed him to go, only after he had responded to many encores.

January 20th—

"Awake Charlotte? Well, I said that I'd come down here and tell you all about the play and I must say those house girls did well.

"Too bad you had to be sick and miss it all! You know they tried to make it as much like Keith's as possible, and they had an orchestra, which was very good, too; Doris Nissler beat the drum and Emily Ordway played the piano. They furnished the soft music for the sad parts and silences for the dramatic situations, you know. Grace Coleman and Edith Mayer were fine for they both can dance well. The next scene showed "Gert." Dexter sitting on a trunk where she is found by Betty Chowen and they get off some very good and original jokes. I don't happen to have a programme here but I think the next thing was Dorothy Jackson and Emma Arnold as Chantecler and Patou. Yes, I'm sure of it. They were great, and finally Dot made a glorious paper sun rise from behind the scenes.

I had one of the best places in the whole gymnasium, as I was sitting on the parallel bars, pretending I was in the 'peanut gallery.' Therefore, I saw Constance Levy sitting on the top of the piano long before the curtain went up. You should have seen her crawling down over the back of it before she came out in front to do her dance! Betty Chowen played the accompaniment to her song and she also beat one of those triangular things; I don't know what you call it, while Mildred Creese did her clown stunt. Mildred did some wonderful apparent tricks and then closed her act with a sensational feat, standing on the third rung of a step ladder on one foot and making a lightning change of garments. The next thing we gazed upon was Corinne Dean dressed as a choir boy with a very saintly expression and surrounded with palms. She sang a very original little verse to the tune of 'The Palms,' which brought down the house. She also gave an imitation of Caruso singing the prison scene. Only the prison wiggled around in a very suspicious manner which was caused by the hysterics of the person holding it. Wait a minute! I've skipped something, though I'm not sure what it is. Oh, I remember! Agnes Kile as 'Shylook of Shylooks' is bewailing his fate because no maid has asked him to marry her as yet, though he has three lovely caskets prepared for the damsels when they come. Then one appears in the shape of Elizabeth Peck, who is an extremely independent girl. She chooses the casket labeled 'Who chooseth me shall give what many men desire,' and departs with a broad grin and some educators. Gladys Carb is the second and she is very literary and poetical. She gets the second casket, 'She who chooses this gets what she deserves,' and finds one of her returned manuscripts. Harriet Hasty was the third and she gets 'A very common thing,' namely, the man. Ruth Hulburt was the next thing and really with some practise, she ought to make a very good ventriloquist. The last scene was Sara Hays as Monsieur something or other, and his three trained cats who were Beatrice Miller, Lillis Towle and Helen Joseph. They were extremely funny, especially afterwards, when they were running around loose.

"We had ice cream and chocolate cake and then we danced afterwards and we had a wonderful time." E. F.

JANUARY 23RD—

Chaperoned by Miss Harrison, several of the girls went to Kitson Hall to hear a lecture recital on Russian music, given by Mr. Alvah Salmon. Although not a native of Russia, Mr. Salmon has spent many years of investigation and study in Moscow and St. Petersburg and is very familiar with Russian Composers and their work. As soon as he began to speak, we felt that not only did he have a thorough knowledge of his subject, but also that this knowledge was to be communicated to us in a very entertaining manner.

He told us that all critics recognized pessimism as the controlling element in the Russian music but this fact could easily be accounted for when one considered the history of the country and the life of the people. The first music was the folk songs of the peasants and surely the privations and toil of their existence did not tend to develop an optimistic strain in their songs. Mr. Salmon said that it was interesting to note how great and how rapid had been the development of the Russian music until at the present time it bids fair to rival that of Germany.

His interesting talk greatly increased our understanding and enjoyment of the recital which followed. Mr. Salmon, as a pianist, interpreted the works of the Russian Composers with great skill and feeling. He played all kinds of pieces, folk songs or rather adaptations from the peasants' songs, études and sonatas, but they all showed the characteristics of a certain type, the type which makes Russian music easily recognized when heard. All were sad and possessed almost a weird quality, built as they were on scales made up entirely of whole steps or written in the minor, but always beautiful and some were almost overpowering, ending as they did with a wild burst of melody, composed of a marvelous succession of chords.

Many names of the composers were not familiar to us but after the recital, we felt that not only were we in sympathy with the musical movement in Russia, but that we could appreciate the music of that country as we had never been able to do before.

E. P.

JANUARY 23RD—

On Tuesday evening, January twenty-third, Miss Parsons took several of the girls to a concert given by the Choral Society of Lowell, assisted by Miss Knight, Mr. Althouse, Mr. Townsend, and the Boston Festival Orchestra. The chorus was composed of over a hundred people, Mr. E. G. Hood, conducting.

The greater part of the program was composed of the two cantatas, "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and the "Death of Minnehaha." They are taken from Longefellow's "Hiawatha," the first being set to music in 1898, the second, in 1899, by Mr. Coleridge-Taylor of London. The music rivals the words in beauty and wildness. One needed only to close the eyes to hear the wind whispering through the pines or see the firelight flickering on the ghostlike tepees. Only long and careful rehearsal could have resulted in the well-phrased, easy way with which the chorus rendered both of these unusual cantatas. The assisting singers took their parts well, their voices seeming to be wonderfully adapted to that style of music.

Mr. Townsend especially charmed the audience with his full rich voice.

During an interlude, between the two cantatas, several delightful selections were rendered by the assisting talent and the orchestra. Here Mr. Althouse's clear, powerful voice easily carried away the honors. His last solo, "Lovely Month of May," (Hammond) was especially well sung and won him great applause.

All too soon the singing came to an end and we arose with sighs, hoping that we would often be given the opportunity of attending Choral Society concerts. B. C.

JANUARY 27TH—

The Andover Concert was to be the last Saturday in January. The "new girls" wondered what it was like and the "old girls" looked knowing. They told their less fortunate friends all about it, adding a few personal reminiscences to their stories. The Andover Concert and dance had been a great success the year before, and the girls of last year came back in hopes of enjoying another such event.

So January twenty-seventh was anticipated and welcome; it was not only the day of the dance, but the day after the "Mid-Year Exams." We knew that we would get our reward for all those days' study just passed.

The musical clubs came from Andover in a special car, consequently, they arrived together. There was no delay, the concert started at the appointed time. The Mandolin, Glee and Banjo clubs favored us giving school and popular music. They seemed to enjoy entertaining us almost as much as we did being entertained, which was a great deal. The quartet sang some impromptu selections, songs which were great favorites with us. In fact, the entire concert was well-chosen, the programme was varied and rendered in a most delightful fashion.

When our guests had done their part towards the evening's entertainment we became the hostess and the dance began. We danced until twenty minutes of twelve, stopping only during intermissions and for refreshments. "Good-byes" were said most reluctantly. As we started for our rooms we were serenaded from without by our guests.

The evening was a delightful one. The "new girls" were not disappointed and they now have their own stories to tell to next year's "new girls." What a pity Andover entertains us but once a year. G. C.

JANUARY 30TH—

We, the Domestic Science Class, were to give a tea; a wonderful tea, one which would fulfill the expectations of every member of the faculty—for we had heard from several persons that the preceding teas had been most charming social events. So we went to work with the resolution, that our tea was going to be the best ever given to the faculty by a class in domestic science.

An air of enthusiastic activity prevaded the kichen, when I entered it—groups of girls were scattered about the two long tables in the centre of the room; some chopping nuts, some prunes; others mixing cream cheese and pimentos, while others buttered and cut fancy sandwiches. Economical Sally Brown bewailed the waste of bread that resulted in cutting one tiny round sandwich

from two large slices of graham bread; so straightway Violet Sims sought to alleviate the evil by eating the nuts from the corners of the bread which was left over.

After all the sandwiches were made and piled neatly on pretty plates—Miss White told us that we might set the table in the laboratory. That sounds rather cold, but it proved to be very homelike. Pretty nickle tea kettles were placed at each end of the long table, with dainty cups and saucers surrounding them. There were delicious cakes of every description, made by the girls themselves, to be placed on plates; there were candied mint leaves and mint drops; almonds and peanuts, to be divided in fancy baskets and dishes. At length, when we stopped for one brief moment, to examine the table with its pretty pink candelabra shedding a faint glow over all the goodies, we felt that our tea showed promise of being quite a success—then everyone rushed away to don white dresses for the real party.

At four-thirty o'clock the first of our guests arrived. Several of the girls had been appointed to receive and entertain, others to assist in serving them with tea, sandwiches, cakes, candies and nuts. Our guests exclaimed from time to time upon the excellence of flavor and preparation of our dainties. We were delighted! After they had departed, the spirit asserted itself in songs and laughter, while we unset the table, washed dishes and made the kitchen shine.

Our tea had been a charming success; at least, the class thought so, and hoped the faculty did as well. I. K.

FEBRUARY 5TH—

Irving Bachellor lectured at the Colonial Hall in Lowell, and of the fifteen or more girls who went from Rogers Hall not one was disappointed in him. The first thing which impressed me was his extremely musical voice, very powerful and of a great range which made me feel that at any moment he might sing the rest of his thoughts, but in spite of this feeling everyone was rather surprised when he did sing a few little songs by way of illustration of traits of character.

He talked about the "Yankee," a type flourishing in Revolutionary times, and now almost extinct. They were the men who were not scholars, but reasoned things out for themselves; and who were shrewd, hustling and droll in spite of the hardships of their lives. Eben Holden, himself, might have talked as Mr. Bachellor did on the Yankees, and it was not at all difficult to connect the humorous sayings and remarks of the former with the tall, but rather bent man speaking to us.

The second half of the lecture was devoted to special types of the early Americans, the country doctor, who kept no books, and who knew and loved every person in his district; the spinner of everlasting yarns, who begins, "Yes sir, it was sixty-five and the mountains were bare as your hand, and we drove Bill Jones' sheep through the gap, and we had to find the river, and say, I remember when that river was high enough to wash the whole New England States," and so on, ad infiniturn. The last example and the best was that of the "oldest inhabitant," who being now blind, lives in the land of his memory, recalling his native valley as he remembered it in all its splendor of woods and meadows, instead of the village and country houses which his listener sees.

E. F.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

Louise Parker (R. H., '06) of Lowell, at a luncheon recently announced her engagement to Mr. William Hendrix Scarritt of Kansas City.

The engagement is announced of Hilda Talmage (R. H., '06) of Cleveland to Mr. Lundoff.

We hear from Smith College that Alice Cone and Katharine Carr, both (R. H., '09) have been taken into the "Blue Pencil Society."

Isabel Nesmith, of Lowell, has been visiting Mrs. Derby Farrington (Alice Ramsdell) in New York city.

Marjorie Fish (R. H., '08) sailed for Europe, December 2d. She expects to spend most of the winter in Paris.

A son was born to Mrs. Nathaniel B. Davis (Carol Quincy) of Brookline, on September 6th. His name is Nathaniel Burt Davis, Jr.

Mrs. B. E. Mareau (Helen Downer, R. H.,'05) has a daughter, Helen, born June 29th.

At a tea given on New Year's Day, Hilda Baxter of last year's graduating class announced her engagement to Mr. J. Clement Thompson of Lima, Ohio. She is now visiting her sister at Fort Moultrie, S. C.

Marjorie Stanton (R. H., '10) of Grand Rapids, Mich., announced her engagement at a luncheon on December 10th to Mr. Chase Osborn of Marquette, Mich. Kathryn Dyer was visiting her at the time, but has since gone to San Antonio, Texas for a visit.

A very lovely "coming out" dance was given in Lowell, on December 15th, for Meta Jefferson by Mrs. George L. Richardson and Mrs. Jefferson.

Natalie Conant made her debut at a dance given in Lowell, at Colonial Hall, on December 29th. It was a very gay party and many Rogers Hall girls were present.

Mrs. Underhill and Miss Dorothy Underhill sailed Saturday, January 20th, for Brazil. They are planning to take in the far famed trip over the Andes and come back by way of Panama.

Frances Billings has recently played guard in a basket-ball match at Radcliffe.

Edna Mills, we hear, has been taking part in theatricals and she says that her Rogers Hall training was a great help. We hope that she made as great a hit in the r'le of Lydia Languish in "The Rivals," as she did as George Washington here in the good old days.

On December 23d Josephine Howland of Akron, Ohio, was married to Mr. Lawrence Miller Purdy. Mr. and Mrs. Purdy will be at home, after February 1st, at 109 S. Forge Street, Akron.

Eleanor Cushing of Boston was married on January 9th, at Trinity Church, to Mr. Kenneth Ranney Corner of Cleveland. A reception at the Somerset immediately followed the ceremony.

Three of the bridesmaids were Rogers Hall girls; Louise Emerson, Rosabel Sampliner and Elizabeth McCrea. Mr. and Mrs. Corner will be at home after February 15th at 1905 East 105th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Cully Cook (R. H., '10) has been visiting Margaret Dice in Reading, Pa., and assisted at many social functions there. Since there she has visited Carlotta Heath (R. H., '11) who gave a bridge party for her at which there were many Rogers Hall girls.

Helen Brown is visiting her sister in California.

Elizabeth James of New York City has just sailed for Europe.

Louise Ramsdell (R. H., '02) of Buffalo, N. Y., has been spending a couple of weeks at "The Rectory," Kenilworth, Ill., where Dorothy Eckhart (Mrs. E. Reginald Williams, R. H., '02) lives.

We have had a visit at the school from Rachel Morehead (R. H., '09) who is now staying at Helen Huffmans, in Newark, where they are having a gay time. Rach entered right into the school life and made us all enjoy her visit thoroughly. She found many improvements at Rogers Hall since her day but the thing that impressed her greatly was the Sunday night supper, which we always have now in the drawing room by candle light, with a fine open fire to make it seem more cosy.

The marriage of Kate Field of Berkeley, Cal., to Mr. Harry William Sharp took place on Saturday, the twenty-fifth of November. Mr. and Mrs. Sharp will be at home after the first of January in Portland, Oregon.

We have recently been notified of a change of address, that of Nellie M. Abbott (Mrs. Edgar Douglas) to Silm Street, Waterville, Maine. We should be very grateful to hear of any such corrections to the Alumnæ List and they may be sent either to the secretary of the association or to the school.

The engagement is announced of Marguerite Baldwin (R. H., '10) of the Hotel Somerset, Boston, to Mr. Richard Charles Smith of Buffalo, N. Y.

The telephone bell rang.

"Long distance call. Hold the wire, please."

I always get excited about a long distance call. It means either that someone is ill or that I am going to receive an invitation. Holding the wire generally proves to be rather a strain on the nerves.

"How soon can you get ready to come to Riverside? The coasting couldn't be better and the weather is effected the same way. Just throw a few things at your suit case and come ahead. Mrs. Gilbert says that you are to stay just as long as you can."

Would I go? It happened that I had been waiting for more than three years for that coasting and nothing short of paralysis would have kept me at home. My packing was not a particularly protracted undertaking,—a sweater, a knitted cap and a pair of heavy shoes forming the greater part of my baggage.

I reached Riverside just before dinner, the coasting being scheduled for seven-thirty. Right after dinner, George, the instigator of the 'phone call, and his cousin Bill appeared with the bob and we started immediately for the hill, where the rest of the crowd met us. As my experience in coasting has not been very extensive everything interested me and I was just about "all wore out" trying to watch everything and not miss anything. The hill met all the requirements—quite steep, the regulation bump about half way down, a rather abrupt turn at the bottom guarded by the inevitable telegraph pole and stone wall. The first story told me was that of a party, the year before, missing that telegraph pole by inches and then hitting the stone wall with sufficient force to smash two of the steerer's fingers. We were using the same bob but not the same "steerer."

Just here I might rave about the beautiful night, but all I will say is that there really was a full moon. No catastrophes occurred—we did not even upset. Altogether it was a most phenomenal evening and we were foolish enough to believe that everything would be the same the next night.

Unfortunately the following day was rather warm and the snow on the hill melted, then froze again towards night, making the road a glare of ice. Our bob, even with a load of eight, was too light for such a swift track and the first time down we upset in trying to make the turn. No one was any more than bruised

and everyone was game to go down again. I might say for the benefit of the uninitiated that if anything ever happens, the man who is steering might just as well give up hope. His position is similar to that of an engineer on a railroad train only worse. Although it is the duty of the engineer to stay with his train, still he could jump if he wanted to, whereas the man steering a bob is held there by the next three people. The second trip down that inevitable telegraph pole seemed to come towards us by leaps and bounds. I was morally certain that the last second had come for a few of us,—then we went back and looked at our tracks and we saw that we could have come almost an inch closer without hitting the pole. As it was, we just upset again. It may as well be admitted that we took longer in going up the hill and in getting ready to go down again after that experience.

But luck was against us that night. We successfully negotiated the turn on the third attempt and were trying to get a new supply of breath when there was a crash which seemed to us to mean the end of all things. Seven of us picked ourselves up wondering what had hit us. We had run head on into another bob. George, who had been steering, lay unconscious in the middle of the road. Of course we thought he was dead. It seemed that nothing short of a miracle could have prevented his head from being broken. Two people started on a run for the nearest telephone, while the men helped George to a friend's house and the rest of us collected scattered possessions and joined the procession.

The doctor, after a careful examination, pronounced his verdict of a badly mashed left arm, no bones broken. Incidentally, that arm has been absolutely useless for three weeks and bids fair to continue in that state for the same length of time. George had had just time to get his arm up to protect his head and probably, that is all that saved him from death.

For a couple of days I thought that the next time I went coasting I would insist upon a hill all to myself without an obstruction of any kind in sight. Now I am ready for another party on that same hill—which state of mind, I suppose, only goes to prove my brother's firm belief—that I haven't sense enough to be afraid or know when I have had enough.

Amy Condit. (R. H., '11)

ATHLETIC EDITORIAL.

Until Christmas everyone here was very much discouraged and really believed that there was to be no real wintry weather at all. But almost immediately upon the arrival of the New Year, Jack Frost took matters in his own hands and the result is that we have had several weeks of splendid snow and ice.

The girls as a whole have seemed to enter into the spirit of the season and every pleasant afternoon large groups of girls, with skates flung across their backs, trudge through the snow towards Shedd Park. Others are seen dragging heavy "double-runners" or light "bobs" toward their favorite coasting places. Some girls go off without any skates or sleds and we wonder where they are bound, but our curiosity is soon satisfied when we see a pung glide by filled with a noisy, happy load.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association it was decided to buy five or six pairs of snowshoes and these are to be owned by the Association for the use of all the girls. This addition to the school's equipment has already aroused interest because many girls who have never had a chance to take part in this sport will be able to have the pleasure of wandering at random over the wide fields of the surrounding country.

So skiing and snowshoeing are becoming favorite sports. Long tramps are planned, some of which are to be taken by moonlight, ending with a Welsh Rabbit party in the Domestic Science kitchen.

DOROTHY D. BENTON.

HARE AND HOUND CHASE.

Directly after lunch we were all requested to go down to the basement to tear up papers for a "Hare and Hound Chase." We filled four or five old pillowcases with scraps of paper and then at

two-forty the Hares started off, looking very much like peddlers with their packs. They hurried through the Park at a good run and were soon out of sight.

After giving the Hares five minutes' leeway, the Hounds started after them. The ground was a little damp and very slippery and I certainly hope the Hounds fell down as many times, when they climbed the steep hills, as the poor Hares did. We went up and down, over fences and walls, and in one place we were almost tempted to turn around and go home the way we had come. A very fierce dog ran out at us, barking and growling and I believe the only thing that gave us courage was the hope that the Hounds would not dare to follow us.

A number of the girls gave out before the end of the chase, but at three fifty-eight the Hares came panting in, with Julia Edwards in the lead, and crying that the Hounds were close behind them. Sure enough, in two minutes, Ethel Forbes, Margaret King and Grace Coleman came in, winning a very enjoyable race, for the Hounds, by three minutes. DOROTHEA HOLLAND.

SNOWSHOE PARTY.

On the evening of January twenty-sixth, a jolly group of girls assembled at the front gate of Rogers Hall, to start on a snowshoe party. Although some of the girls had never had snowshoes on and some of them had never even seen them, no one was daunted. After much tugging and pulling, and a great deal of grunting and groaning, the girls were finally strapped into their ungraceful slippers and the party started. Pandemonium reigned!

"Wait a minute!" "Oh, I step all over myself!" "Whew! but this snow is cold!" "Help! Help! For I can't swim!" These were some of the remarks hurled back and forth through the night, while those new at the art of snowshoeing stumbled and staggered along, stepping first on their own feet and then on their neighbor's. But it was not for long. It took too much energy to talk and walk at the same time. Gradually the racket ceased, as it became necessary to concentrate the entire mind upon keeping one's feet apart.

Thus the party labored up the hills, laughing as little as possible from lack of breath, when some poor unfortunate fell, and was left to regain her feet as well as she might, until the summit of the hill was reached. Here, where they could look down over the entire city of Lowell, they rested for what seemed a remarkably short breathing space and strengthened themselves for further progress.

Now the course led down the hill, through the trees to Shedd Park. Here it was certainly beautiful! The ground, undisturbed by any travellers, was piled high with the glistening snow, and the trees looked soft and feathery under their fluffy white garments. An ideal spot for a reverie,—but had the dreamer caught sight of the party that precipitated itself down the hillside, it might have disturbed that reverie sadly.

At Shedd Park there was a dead halt while the girls watched the skaters and compared the sharp skates with the clumsy snowshoes they had on, and a good many wished they might skate home, knowing that they would make a more satisfactory performance than at present.

But the night was too cold to allow any lingering, and the toilers soon turned home. The return was much easier, being made strictly by road, and they arrived without any accidents.

After discarding the snowshoes, and, as a consequence, feeling like a sailor on dry land, the girls assembled in Miss Parson's room, where delicious hot chocolate was served; and with laughter and talk, one of the most delightful parties ever held at Rogers Hall came to an end. BEATRICE CHOWEN.

THE DEATH OF REV. A. ST. JOHN CHAMBRÉ, D. D.

The old girls of Rogers Hall will realize how great a loss the school has suffered in the death of Dr. Chambré. He has been a trustee of this school for many years, succeeding the Reverend Edward Abbott, of Cambridge, in that position, and during these years has taken not only a deep interest in the school, but a very personal one in the girls who have come here. Many of us have gone to St. Anne's Church, many have been confirmed there, and although some of us have been years away from the school we still kept our feeling of affectionate respect for him. A few of the girls who knew him best have kept up for many years a correspondence with him, sharing with him the experiences of their lives.

I think none of us who have been in Rogers Hall during Dr. Chambré's trusteeship will forget the kindliness which has shown itself towards us in so many different ways; not the least characteristic of which was his repeated and urgent invitation always to come and see him whenever we might be in Lowell, never to let him pass by without stopping and speaking to him. We always felt he was sincere in this invitation, that he really found much pleasure in his connection with our school.

Not a year has gone by since Dr. Chambré has been a trustee, that he has not tried to know the girls and to add to their pleasure. Before the sickness of his wife he used to ask us to the Rectory. Of late years he has entertained us elsewhere. On the day of his death, there were found among his papers, notes for an entertainment he was planning for the girls. I know that we were all much touched to know that one of Dr. Chambré's last plans was for our happiness.

The Lowell Courier Citizen says of him, "May God send more men like him—who teach more by example than by precept." And we of the school of which he was trustee, appreciate how simply he inspired by his example, Christ's precept, to love one's fellow.

F. L. H. '02.

SPLINTERS

ROGERS HALL SCHOOL

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTENTS.

Editorial . . . . . Elizabeth Peck

Main Department
- Reddy's Sub . . . . . Beatrice Chowen
- A Street Tune . . . . . Gertrude Hawxhurst
- The Young Striker . . . . . Matilda Kloppenburg
- The Rime of the Hackneyed Theme . . . Beatrice Chowen
- A Ghost Story . . . . . Susy McEvoy
- When Louisa Comes A'Visitin' . . . . . Edith Mayer
- The Sugar Bush . . . . . Elizabeth Peck
- The Tiny Wee Bit of a Woman . . . Gertrude Hawxhurst
- Scenes in Italy . . . . . Irene Krull
- How to Write Poetry . . . . . Beatrice Chowen

Sketches
- A Visit to Widow Herman's Parlor . . . . Emma Arnold
- Cave of the Winds. . . . . Eleanor Bell
- "Liza" . . . . . Gertrude Dexter
- The Gulph . . . . . Kathryn Redway
- Pierre . . . . . Matilda Kloppenburg

Juvenile Department
- "Fire Workin's" . . . . . Katherine Nesmith
- An Adventure . . . . . Edith Stevens
- Easter Bells . . . . . Ellen Burke
- Bobby's Burglars . . . . . Elizabeth Meigs

School News

Alumnæ Notes

SPLINTERS

Vol. 12. April, 1912. No. 2.

EDITORS:
Beatrice Chowen, Editor-in-Chief
Elizabeth Peck, Literary Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
Irene Krull — Harriet Hasty
Gertrude Hawxhurst — Ethel Forbes
Dorothy Benton — Edith Stevens

BUSINESS MANAGERS:
Dorothea Holland — Julia Edwards
Gertrude Parker — Charlotte Allen

EDITORIAL.

"WHAT CAN YOU DO?"

How often we hear someone say, "Oh I haven't any talent. I can't do anything." Yes you can. It may not be what you long with all your soul to do, but in some line you may excel. To

one who desires to be a second Melba, to sway huge audiences by her marvelous voice, it may seem very prosaic and insignificant to be able to make delicious things to eat. But who knows, perhaps Melba herself cannot make bread. It requires some skill to have it soft and light. After all, we could get along with singing but how could we live without bread.

Continuing with the subject of music, if you cannot play anything but popular airs, drum away at those, some people prefer them. On the other hand, if your taste and ability run to classic selections, do not despair, your chance will come some day.

In case you admire pictures, long to portray human emotions and human events upon canvas, as realistically as great artists have done, and yet you have always been unfortunate enough to have your dogs mistaken for horses, and your attempts at impressionistic pictures, called blotches of color, do not give up hope, but give up painting instead. Mayhap you can sew. I assure you it is a valuable accomplishment these days.

Perhaps you long to be a second Shakespeare or write as powerfully and wonderfully as Dickens and Scott have done. If you have a speck of such talent in you, work and write, then write again. Should your English teacher, however, assure you tactfully, but firmly, that you have no idea of setting, plot or characters, and that such a thing could never happen to Mary and John under any possible circumstances, or if the theme, over which you labored many weary hours, comes back with some tender words as, "Background lacking," "No atmosphere," "Closer observation," or other kindred expressions, be assured that your talent lies in another direction. If, at the same time the Latin teacher calls upon you for all the declensions which no one else knows, rejoice and be exceeding glad, for if you can successfully wrestle with Latin idioms and constructions, great will be your reward. Geometry with its awe-inspiring originals or intricate theorems, may be your forte, or you may acquire renown in history by being able to tell all the dates from the Founding of Rome to Waterloo. I cannot, in fact, I do not know either. Perhaps you are a bright and shining light in the French class and can "parlez Français" fluently.

If, in all these things, you partially fail, there are athletics. You have a great chance there. Hockey, basket ball, tennis, skating, snowshoeing, all are open to you. Privately, I think the last is easiest, that is if you can manage to keep your feet from tangling up in each other. If after all this someone says, "I can't do any of those things well. I simply can't. Why you know it's the hardest thing in the world for me to,"—etc., for half an hour, ending up with, "I simply can't do anything."

Oh yes you can, my friend. You can talk. You are past master at the "gentle art of conversation."

ELIZABETH PECK.

REDDY'S SUB.

"Strike two," yelled the umpire and once more Reddy Burke clutched the bat and set his jaws with a firm determination. That something was wrong with him, he knew. His knees wabbled beneath him and the very hands, that had been the pride and joy of the team, now trembled so violently that, try as he might, he could not control them. It was the ninth inning and this strike meant the game. He faced the pitcher, as calmly as he could under the circumstances, and when the ball came struck at it blindly. There was a shout of derision and a burst of laughter from the opponent's side—he had missed and the game was lost.

Reddy dropped the bat and started home on a dead run, biting his lips under the humiliation. He tried to crawl into bed without attracting anyone's attention; but his mother, who had heard him running up the stairs, was startled and followed him. She was almost terrified by the sight of his haggard face and called up the doctor. But the doctor, after examining Reddy, was rather doubtful as to what was wrong and the two withdrew for a consultation.

But in that little space of time, Dan Suffield, who was Reddy's inseparable companion and who was allowed the freedom of the

house, strode into the room—still clad in baseball attire. Reddy raised his head with an effort.

"Get out of here!" he wheezed.

What's the row! You're a pretty sick pup, aren't you? What is it anyhow?"

Reddy made a wry face.

"The doc. says it may develope into walking typhoid—he doesn't know anything though."

"Gee whiz! I didn't know it was as bad as that! Walking typhoid! That's what that fool pitcher gets for walking you in the third inning!"

"Don't joke!" pleaded Reddy, "he can't tell what it is yet"—a long pause. "I'm terribly sorry about that game today!"

"Oh that's all right! What does that silly game matter? It's a punk idea anyway—this getting up a team in this little hole of a village! There isn't enough baseball interest to raise fifty cents! I don't know why they insist on playing tomorrow—gee! I'll be glad to get back to college."

"That's the first time I ever heard of you hankering for work."

"Oh come off! Who's going to play tomorrow? You see with you out, we'll be a man short——"

"You don't say," interrupted Reddy dryly.

"Shut up! Where was I?—Oh yes—There's a vacancy that must be filled," he added dramatically, "and no one to fill it!"

"There's the 'Mascot!'" said Reddy, doubtfully, and then they both howled with laughter. Suddenly Dan sat bolt upright and slapped his knee.

"By Jove, that's a good idea, put him in! He's been crazy to play ever since we started up this baseball idea, just crazy to! It will give him the time of his life and besides everybody is so sick of this blamed team that it will give them something new to interest them!"

"That wouldn't be bad," murmured Red, "I can just see that kid's beaming face."

The "Mascot" was a youngster, twelve years of age, who had watched the progress of the baseball practise so devotedly that he had won the hearts of all those around him. To his wonder and

delight he was allowed to have a suit and was employed in carrying the bats off the field.

"Ask him tomorrow morning and tell me how he takes it. Now, please get out of here before the doc. comes. I feel as though I were going to—to—faint, I guess!"

Dan arose reluctantly and started towards the door.

"All right, I'll see the 'Mascot' tonight! Gee! It will be a hot game! I wish you—"

"Get out!" said Reddy.

"—had been more considerate than to get sick for the game, to—"

"Get out," pleaded the invalid.

"—morrow," added Dan. "It's our deuced luck!

"Get out!" sighed Reddy faintly.

"I'm terribly sorry, Red, honestly I am! I wish—" (hand on the doorknob)

"Get out!"

"—I could do something for you (opening the door.) It's a beastly shame I s—"

"Get out!" bellowed Red at the top of his lungs, and Dan got out.

* * * * * * * *

Mrs. Wilton hung up the receiver with a bang. "Frank!" she said so sharply that her husband jumped and looked at her startled. "Do you know that Jim is going to play in that baseball game today?"

"Never!" ejaculated Mr. Wilton in surprise.

"Yes, he's just 'phoned me from Suffield's and he's so excited he can hardly talk! I always knew he'd do something like that if I let him be this silly 'Mascot' or whatever it is. He's just crazy to be a professional player, and I had my heart set on his being a lawyer!" And so on, and so on, until she had gotten herself up to quite a pitch.

"Pooh!" said Mr. Wilton. "It's only a game in a little country town. "There's nothing professional about that! No professionals would let a child play!" Secretly Mr. Wilton was very much pleased by this incident, but he hated to argue the

matter when his better half was so dead against it, so he returned to his paper in silence.

Now came the glorious game! As Jim watched the people pile into the grand stand he felt hot and cold by turn. Terror seized him again and again, and he longed to get up and run and run until he was far from that maddening place. But it was a great moment in his life, he decided, and he sat perfectly rigid until the game began. When his turn came, he walked up to bat with a face as white as a sheet. He could feel every eye riveted upon him and he knew that every person was ready to jeer and hoot. The crowd was already laughing, already tittering at the thought of this mere child playing in the team, but there was not one person in the audience who did not feel the greatest sympathy for him. Even the pitcher, opponent as he was, smiled, as he watched the scared face before him and decided to make it as easy as he could.

Jim watched his motions, fascinated, as he stood on one leg and went through the contortions he had so often watched. The man seemed like some huge serpent, grinning and writhing before him—and he, Jim Wilton, was to be his victim.

"Just lean yer bat aginst it and push, son," admonished someone. Jim shruddered and clutched the bat convulsively. Then the ball came! He judged correctly and jumped back as it whizzed into the catcher's hand.

"Ball one!" said the umpire and the crowd chuckled with delight. Once again the ball came and Jim, excited and dizzy, struck at it and missed.

"Strike one!" A sympathetic murmur ran through the grand stand. The next ball, although Jim avoided it, came directly over the plate. The umpire winked slyly at the first baseman and said calmly:

"Ball two!" Not a dissenting voice arose. The "Mascot" had won everyone, friend or foe, over to his cause.

"Somehow I can't seem to get that ball over the plate," laughed the pitcher as he shied a ball far to the right. Jim wondered why a chorus of laughter greeted this remark.

"Walk him! Walk him!" resounded through the grand stand and bleachers, and Jim, tense as a ridge pole, watched the pitcher

breathlessly. It was the last ball, and almost without looking at it, the umpire announced, "Take your base," and Jim, flushed and radiant, dropped the bat and scurried to his base as though his life depended upon it. As the next man came up, the pitcher gave him a knowing wink and threw his ball. There was a sharp crack, and Jim tore onward to second as the ball flew over his head. He did not know why everybody laughed so! He did not realize that the whole game was practically being sacrificed to please him. During the next few minutes he danced back and forth between second and third, always coming back to touch his toe to the bag in what he considered a very professional way.

But the next man struck out, and Jim was worried! So was his audience! His interest was theirs now. But Dan was next. A mighty cheer arose as he stepped up, grinning in his good-natured way. But, strange to relate, Dan struck twice without success, and the "Mascot's" knees began to tremble. But Dan was determined and the pitcher was sympathetic, and the next ball went flying out into space. At the same moment Jim was racing desperately to third. The fielder, who trotted after the ball, knew it was a foul, so did the umpire, so did everyone. It was on the lips of both umpire and fielder to yell, "foul," when they looked at the flying figure of Jim, and the same impulse checked them both. The grand stand had betrayed nothing. Quick as a flash the fielder pretended to be fumbling the ball, while the crowd, now on its feet, yelled and cheered and shrieked at the "Mascot," who had rounded third, and was conscious of nothing except that he must gain the plate. He could not see the umpire, howling with laughter, nor the fielder so weak that he could scarcely throw the ball back. He merely saw the catcher jumping up and down in pretended excitement. A second later the plate slid under his feet and he heard the ball drop with a thud into the catcher's hand, as he sank exhausted to the ground amid the cheering and shouting from grand stand and bleachers. He had made home!

He was scarcely conscious of what went on during the rest of the game. What did it matter if he did strike out in the eighth inning? Had he not made his run? Was it not he who had raised the score and won the game for them?

When the end came the crowd immediately gathered around him, laughing and congratulating him on winning the game. The team even hoisted him up on their shoulders, and Jim rocked to and fro, so happy that he was almost daxed. His joy was almost too great to realize. It was with difficulty that he broke from the admiring throng and boarded a street car. Shoving his way into the car, he managed to slip into a seat, just being vacated, and there he sat for some time gazing out at the flying scenery in a dazed fashion. It certainly was the greatest day of his life! The talk and laughter of the people about him were absolutely meaningless to him until he heard his name mentioned and grew attentive.

"Jim Winton, the little 'Mascot'?" said the voice. "It sure was more fun watching him, than a regular game! He's a circus!"

"Well, I don't know," remarked a Brunstowman, who had evidently come to see a game and not a circus. "It's a shame to sacrifice the whole game just to please a kid!"

"Oh, come, now!" remarked the other, "You were a kid yourself, once. He doesn't know that he was allowed to run on that foul, and think what a tale he'll have to tell his friends!"

"Run on a foul?" repeated Jim to himself, stunned. "A foul—"

And then the sickening truth dawned on him with a rush! The car became stifling, nauseating! The talk of the people about him grated harshly on his ears. All the roseate dreams of his baseball career vanished like a flash; all the air castles that he had so joyously built now collapsed and left him in utter darkness. He arose and pushed his way to the door, and swung off while the car was still in motion. He did not heed the conductor, who was giving him some sound advice on how to step off a car. He heard and saw nothing. Head down, fists clenched, he ran towards his home, every breath terminating in a sob.

It was about six o'clock when Jim walked up the stairs of his residence, battling vainly with the lump in his throat. He entered calmly enough, and would have maintained his poise until he reached his room, had his mother not greeted him in the hall. He tried to elude her, but she, seeing the grief depicted

on his tear-stained countenance, gathered him into her arms, and he broke down.

"Mother," he quavered, "I've been thinking over things—things in life—" His voice choked, but in a moment he went bravely on.

"I guess I won't be a professional baseballer,—it—it isn't in m-my line—I guess—I guess I'll be a—a lawyer!"

BEATRICE CHOWEN.

A STREET TUNE

In a musty, somber, dull room lined with thick, heavy books covered with white dust, a man bent low over his desk in one corner. His black coat was threadbare and shiny; his face, yellow, like the parchment of the scroll he held in his hands, and his hair was streaked with grey. From time to time he carefully unwound the scroll and scrutinized it closely, his thin lips moving slowly, and as the light that filtered through the dingy window grew dimmer, he stooped lower and still lower over the queer Hebrew letters, until, try as he would, he could not recognize them. And so he arose and walked to the window, looking out upon the soft glow of the dying sunset. But his eyes were hard. He did not see the color in the sky, nor hear the laughing voices of the children in the street below him. The article must be in tomorrow morning if he would win the prize! He must win the prize! It meant money and comfort, in fact, everything he had always desired. All the long, hot day he had pored over the dull, lifeless books, and in vain! He could not find what he sought for. He did not hear the landlady's loud knock, calling him to supper, and so stood gazing vacantly out into the sky, that was grey now, like the face of an old man from which youth's bloom and brightness had vanished.

It was years since he had thought to look outside of the colorless books about him, or to take an interest in any man but

the poor creature that wore his coat and walked in his shoes. He was one of those people who have no aim in life that is not selfish, no purpose but to satisfy their own wants, and so Time had left him quite alone,—a pitiable, loveless creature, deserted and friendless in a big city.

The air seemed to stifle and choke him, and he turned, stumbling through the dark room and hallway to the stairs, and felt his way down to the door and out into the street. The evening air, sweet with the odors of springtime, felt cool and fresh on his hot forehead, and he walked on aimlessly, until he came to the tiny park at the end of the avenue, and sat down on a bench to rest. How soft the air was, and how quiet the spot! The noise in the street was only a muffled hum, and his eyes were just gently closing when he heard, not far away, a hurdy-gurdy playing a tune, strangely familiar to him. Where had he heard it before? And then a vision of a little boy took shape before him, a little boy in a bright red tassel cap, with books under his arm, and a smile on his face for the mother that stood in the doorway waving kisses to him as he danced down the street to school. The rosy little fellow laughed gleefully to himself when he discovered a big, red apple in his lunch basket, placed there by loving hands. As he neared the schoolhouse, the sound of merry music fell upon his ears, and there in the middle of the road was the hurdy-gurdy and everyone was dancing,—and he was dancing with them. The little boy was himself. He turned with a start! "Please, mister, a penny?" and there before him was the image of the little musician who, fifty years ago, used to play that hurdy-gurdy in front of the schoolhouse door for him to dance. He felt in his pocket for a penny, and drew out a dime. But he never thought at all, and pressed it into the dirty outstretched hand, and the tune went on and on, and he sat as in a dream, listening intently, and the hard look left his eyes and he smiled, for he was dancing, dancing, dancing, and the children all about him were laughing merrily. A tear rolled down his cheek and he wiped it hurriedly away, ashamed. He suddenly remembered that he must move homewards, but before he went, the brown hand of the little street musician closed joyously over another dime, his last. He started home. But was it the same

street? How wondrously the lights twinkled in the dusk; and the little, new moon, swinging in the sky, why had he never noticed it before? A child ran past him and fell, and he hurried to lift it up and even patted its brown curls before he let it go. And so he reached his home. The landlady, entertaining a caller in the back parlor, was amazed to hear a masculine whistle ascending the front stairs, to hear a window raised, and then more whistling. She even listened carefully at his door, and could scarcely believe her ears. Had the man gone mad?

No light burned that night in the window where for so many years there had been one; and no grey head pored over a dull book until far into the morning. There was a man leaning far out of the window, gazing at the stars, and whistling a street tune he had heard. GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE YOUNG STRIKER

The big clock in the factory struck twelve, and yet not a sound issued from the large, dark building. The clanging of gates, the mass of workers hurrying to lunch with quick, nervous steps, and the chattering of seven different languages were strangely absent. Eleanor, alone on the street for the first time in her young life, noted all this, and decided that something surely must be wrong. She skipped past the forsaken building down toward the town. What if Mother had said not to go outside the grounds? Was she not as big as the other children she saw alone every day on the street? No nurse tagged on to them, so why should she not be allowed to be as free? Yes, Eleanor had struck. The instinct for her rights was strong within her, even at this early age of seven. As she neared down town, she saw children everywhere. Oh, if she could only play with them!

Going up to one little girl, Eleanor asked timidly, "Can I play, too?"

The girl turned around, her eyes wide with wonderment at Eleanor's fine clothes. She shook her curls. "Me no spik English."

A little girl nearby could hardly wait to answer Eleanor. "We are going to New York," she drew herself up proudly, "on a string of trolley cars with an engine on front."

"Oh, I want to go there! Who lives there?"

"Why, everybody does. It's a big, big place, with lots of people and stores. If you really want to go, I'll take you."

Eleanor bobbed her head eagerly.

"Well, then, stay close to me."

Eleanor stayed, though not without impatience to be off. Presently a man called to them to stay together and follow him. He strode down the street, looking for all the world like the Pied Piper of Hamelin with all the children at his heels.

Their train puffed in at the station, and they were all put aboard. At first, Eleanor felt very much in awe of such a great, steaming monster. However, this feeling soon wore off, and she settled herself with her new-found friend, in the red-cushioned seats, and gazed at the fields, telegraph poles, houses and stations flying by, with her eyes as round as saucers. How long she sat this way she did not know, she was so entranced. Soon her little head dropped lower and lower, then to one side, a stifled yawn or two, drooping eyelids, and—she slept. During all this time, a very different scene was taking place in Lawrence, at the home of a certain rich man, whose small daughter was found missing. Little did the peaceful young dreamer know what misgivings and terrible fears she had caused in this heretofore peaceful home. Frantic telephone calls were sent to all parts of the city. No one had seen her.

In the meantime, Eleanor had slept soundly, and was only awakened by someone tapping her on the shoulder, and the last groan of the train as it jerked into the Grand Central Station. She sat up, rubbing her eyes. Where could she be? Oh, yes! She remembered. Why, this must be New York! But it wasn't half as nice as she expected it to be, and—she was hungry and tired.

"Hurry up," called her friend, "the others are ahead of us."

A big tear welled up in her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. My! but this was a lonesome place! No one paid any attention to her, except some curious bystanders, who regarded

the children with wonder and pity. Eleanor could control herself no longer. She burst into tears. "I want my Mother! I want to go home!" and she sobbed, her little frame shaking all over.

One of the men with the party passed by. Noticing a well-dressed child among the others, who showed poverty so plainly, he demanded to know who she was. The information was given by her companion.

"She wanted to come to New York, so I take her. Now she cry," this last in a disgusted tone.

"What's your name?" the man asked, in a gruff voice.

Between sobs, Eleanor hiccoughed, "E–l–ean–or G–i–l–es—and I want to go home!"

"Holy Smoke! Giles! Why, it's de boss's kid! Somethin' stirrin', I bet, in her home," and he hurried to a telephone, which connected him with the Giles' residence. A tense, masculine voice answered. Before many minutes from the Lawrence end of the call came a, "Wh—a—t! Take care of her, until I get there. Am going right away." The receiver slammed.

Late that night, a tired little body tumbled into her own white cot, much to the relief of the Giles family, and with no little relief to herself. As her Mother tiptoed from the room, she glanced once more at the little tear-stained face, before she turned out the light. The Mother knew it was Eleanor's first and last strike, and she smiled as she softly closed the door.

MATILDA KLOPPENBURG.

THE RIME OF THE HACKNEYED THEME.

It is my English teacher,
And she stoppeth trembling me;
"By thy reddest ink and glittering pen—
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"A theme you owe to me tonight!
At once you must begin!"
"What! Write a theme when coasting's good!
It's monstrous! It's a sin!"

I ran away and got the bob,
And coasted down the hill,
Yet when I thought about that theme,
It made me faint and ill.

And when at last to bed I went,
A hundred daily themes
Danced up and down before my eyes,
And mixed up in my dreams!

There came no good luck albatross,
To soothe me in my rest;
A nightmare pranced across the bed,
And sate upon my chest.

Themes! Themes! Those daily themes!
My very heart did shrink!
The nightmare sate upon my soul,
As black as any ink.

There passed a weary time—my throat
Was parched,—and dazed my eye.
I gazed around for some escape,
No help—no aid was nigh.

Alone! Alone! All, all alone,
With the themes and nightmare near,
And never a saint did pity me,
While I was dumb with fear.

Oh, sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,
But when such dreams do visit you,
May Heaven help your soul!

I woke with a start—a beating of heart,
  Thank Heaven! 'Twas but a dream.
And in the dead of night I rose
  And wrote that awful theme.

I wrote like one that hath been stunned,
  And is of sense forlorn,
A sadder and a wiser maid,
  I rose, the morrow morn.

BEATRICE CHOWEN.

A GHOST STORY.

One day several years ago, I found myself by a careless mistake in changing trains, forced to spend the night in a small country town, which boasted no hotel or inn. After wandering about the two solitary streets of the little village, I stopped, as night was drawing near, to seek lodging in a large, severely plain, white house, set back from the road at the end of the street.

A pull of the squeaky, old-fashioned bell brought to the door a tall, angular woman, with her apron nervously gathered into one hand. Upon telling her my tale of woe, she looked me over suspiciously, but finally decided to let me stay. She had only one unused room, and she confessed that it was poor, but, as it was large and mainly because it was the only one procurable, I gratefully accepted it.

On entering the room, I looked around me, amused. It was furnished with a none too comfortable bed, a cheaply made dresser and washstand, and several straight-backed chairs. One of the two doors led into the long, bare hall, which extended the length of the deserted north end of the house, and the other, repeated pulling and tugging failed to open. The doorknob (as if it had been much used and many times turned), had worn a large hole in the woodwork. I wondered why, in this

vacant part of the house, it should be so constantly used, but, being extremely tired, I decided to cease my investigations as to where it led, and go to bed.

My bed was very near the mysterious door, and directly opposite a window through which I could see a small moonlit, weedy garden, and the pines beyond. I must have fallen asleep, for I remember opening my eyes a few moments later and noticing that it was no longer moonlight. My room was terribly cold, and a mighty blast seemed to be rushing over my bed. It must have come from the mysterious door, and I turned to investigate. But as I did so, two long, clammy, wet arms wound themselves tightly around my neck. At the same instant, the air was rent with piercing shrieks, accompanied by sobbing moans and a terrible noise which sounded more like the flapping of huge wings than anything I can describe. In an instant, more clammy feelers enveloped me. I tried to scream, but they tightened so that I could not—I tried to wrench myself free, but they held me down. Then a terrible, white, damp, cloud-like thing pressed down upon me, pushing me, gasping and choking, back—back—back—

I raised a damp hand to my thumping brow and tried to lift myself unsteadily from my uncomfortable bed on the floor. I seemed to be in a large, white room, half room, half porch, but recently drenched with rain. Above me hung many dripping white sheets that I recognized as the clammy feelers, and withall my discomfort I laughed. Yes, sitting there half on the doorstep of that awful door, and half on the porch, with the wind blowing terrifically enough to open six doors, I laughed at my own silly plight until the tears came. What if I were drenched to the skin? What if rest were impossible for the remainder of the night? Had I not discovered where that mysterious door led to?

Susy McEvoy.

WHEN LOUISA COMES A'VISTEN.

When Aunt May comes a'visten, to stay and have some tea,
She always brings Louisa Anne to play along with me.
Louisa is the nicest girl that I have ever seen;
She has brown hair and eyes of blue, and wears an apron green.

We sit upon the wide staircase and play it is a school;
For blackboards we can use our blocks, and every stair's a stool.
Louisa has a dolly and Susy is her name;
She always is the pupil, when we play this little game.

Louisa is the teacher, while I'm the principal;
And when poor Susy's naughty, I come around and call.
But seems to me that Susy is nearly always good;
You see she's only made of rags, her face is painted wood.

And as we soon grow tired of Susy's vacant looks,
We talk about the things they do in grown up peoples' books.
I turn into a warrior just like the knights of old,
And swear to win Louisa by acts of courage bold.

Too soon, the visit's over and we must end our play;
I whisper to Louisa, "I wish that you could stay."
She answers, "I will come again and we'll play hide and seek."
So I must say goodbye to her and wait the coming week.

EDITH MAYER.

THE "SUGAR BUSH."

To many people, the words "sugar off" are familiar ones, but only those who live in the country can experience the joys of a visit to a "sugar bush." No matter what the dire results for the

indiscreet have been, even they are always ready for the next year's trip.

When the spring days come and all the world seems to be awakening, when the air in the morning is crisp and invigorating, and at noon, the sun has melted thin white veilings of frost on walks and on the ground, so that a steamy vapor rises from them and from the soft warm earth, when all these signs herald a new season of the year, the sap begins to run. We know, although there is little snow in our front yard, that the woods are still blanketed with it, so wait with impatience the day when grandfather comes blustering in to say,

"Well it's about time to make our trip to the old sugar bush, isn't it?"

One year the usual invitation was given and accepted, so that on a certain glorious spring day, we started forth, a laughing, merry crowd, piled upon an old farm wagon, bent upon what, to all appearances, was a straw ride. Our progress was slow for even the big, strong team found it no easy task to pull the wagon over a road, so muddy that the wheels sank deep into the soft mire, but they plodded forward, encouraged at intervals by cries of "Gee up, Sam," "Go long, Molly" from the driver.

At last the woods were reached and the crowd, precipitating themselves with rollicking shouts through the gate, rushed pell-mell into the midst of them. Oh the wonder of those woods in spring! Snow lay here and there, but it was fast beginning to melt away and mysterious little green shoots, which foretold the later appearance of flowers, were heroically pushing themselves up, undaunted by all the obstacles in their path. Pussy willows were about us, while some bushes were already beginning to bud. The men who were helping to make the sugar took small pails of sap from where they hung on the trees, emptying their contents into larger pails and carrying these to a small cabin, hidden among the trees.

"Come on, Jim, I dare you to drink a pail full," cried one boy, undertaking the process himself.

"Pshaw, I am going to wait until it's boiled. Let's see how far along it is," said Mary, starting off toward the cabin, followed by several companions.

Once inside the small building, they all crowded around a huge oblong vat in the center, in which a brownish fluid boiled and bubbled. All sniffed the sweet, warm smell in joyful anticipation of the treat to come.

"Fill up your pans with snow," cried grandfather, who was directing operations. Each one of us seized a pan and sped out doors to pack it with clean white snow, then back again to have its surface covered with wax. Of course, the wax was just hard enough and for a few moments, no one spoke, so busy were they in conveying sticky, stringy masses to their mouths and once the wax was there, laboriously to chew without extracting any of their teeth. Time and again were the pans refilled, but the wise ones did not make a great many trips to the snow outside, knowing that something was yet to come. That something was maple sugar; not hard cakes of it, like those sold in the stores, but at first in the form of dark boiled maple syrup which after being persistently stirred, turned into a mass of creamy, tan colored sugar which could easily be eaten with a spoon.

"Gee, this is good, come on and have some, Grace."

"Oh, I can't, I never want to see, much less eat, anything sweet again," cried the unfortunate victim.

"Eat a pickle," advised another girl who held one, suspended in her hand, while she munched away on a cracker.

Grace, who consistently refused pickles at the table, now proceeded to eat three or four with the greatest relish.

The ride home was a quiet one. Everyone was too full for utterance and the person who mentioned sugar was liable to mob violence. Such a subject no longer appealed; but one and all knew, in their hearts, that next spring when the call came, they would be only too ready to respond.

ELIZABETH PECK.

THE TINY WEE BIT OF A WOMAN.

She had always been so poor; all her life she had wanted so many things that other people had, and now they were all to be hers. All the little things that had been denied her for such an eternity, she was at last to realize. As she sat alone in the dingy third story bedroom that had been her home for long, dreary years, and which she was to leave for a more pretentious residence the next day, she wondered if she were any the happier for the sudden shower of wealth that had fallen across her path, and if the desires, no longer dreams, would bring her more of sorrow than of joy. She fingered her cheap black dress and looked down on her worn shoes. Tomorrow she would look like a new woman. She rested her head on her hand and gazed down into the dimly lighted street below. She wondered what else she would buy; would it be all clothes? And so she pondered, feeling very much as a little child does on Christmas morning before the wonderful stocking, promising such a store of goodies, has revealed its hidden treasures. People said she was a kind, timid, retiring little creature, warm-hearted, and much of a dreamer. The boarders across the hall had watched her go in and out day after day, without addressing hardly a word to her as she passed. She seemed more shadow than woman. At the table they tried in vain to draw her into the conversation, but she appeared so high above them, and far away, that they soon came to leave her quite alone. True, when old Mrs. Maloney was so sick, she spent long hours in reading to the poor soul and even succeeded in keeping the querulous old woman cheery for many weeks, but afterwards she crept back into her dream-lined shell and timidly looked out upon the bustling world about her as if in dread of the creatures that passed her way. They wondered what she would do now that good fortune had come and filled her outstretched hands to overflowing. And they talked much together and shook their heads pessimistically, as those who live in boarding houses are apt to do.

II

It was a cold, blustering night when the cab drivers stamped back and forth before their weary horses, pounding their chests and swearing beneath their breaths. The wind blew the snow in drifts into the gutters and whistled bleakly about the street corners. A woman was walking down a narrow, deserted street, stepping with assurance and looking neither to the right or left, as if in no fear of the dark forms that lurked in the alleyways and peered covetously after her as their eyes fell on the large bag hung over her arm. She held her head erect. There was much of self-confidence in her stride and one felt her to be an able, competent person—a great personality. Her way led into the slums, where ragged, dirty bits of humanity shivered in leaning doorways or staggered into the gay saloons whose doors swung invitingly at every corner. The settlement house was ablaze with light and the sound of music floated into the cold street as she pushed back the door and went in. The speech she made that night was one that wrung many heartstrings. She told of her work among the squalid, pitiable people, who lived in the crowded tenements all about them, of the wretchedness of the big city, its need of help, and the great success of the settlement in meeting this want. The papers praised her next day for her ability, her great heart, and for her enthusiasm in the wonderful work of which she was the very soul. And Mrs. Maloney sat in her back parlor and her needles clicked cheerily as she remarked to Mrs. Murphy from across the hall, "And to think, Mrs. Murphy, that the tiny wee bit of a woman that scurried down these halls not long since, is making for herself a big name. And such a quiet mouse as she was. Sure and I tell ye 'tis queer what money will do for some folks."

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

SCENES IN ITALY.

We had come down from Genoa on our steamer, the night before. Now we were lying quietly out in the Bay of Naples, about one hundred feet from shore, coaling and taking on provisions for the long journey across the ocean. The morning had dawned hot and still, bathing everything in a brilliant, golden light.

I had been up on deck rather early, feasting enthusiastically upon the interesting scenes about me. As I stood in the stern, I could see part of the City of Naples, stretched in an irregular line along the water's edge. It was the usual harbor scene, only made picturesque by quaint, low plastered dwellings and bright colored costumes. Little craft hurried back and forth, freighters and sailing vessels were being loaded with fruit and products of this sunny clime. Far out in the Bay lay several great ocean liners, some still flying the yellow quarantine flag.

A little to the right, the land rolled away from the shore, rising until it reached the crowning height of Vesuvius. There it stood, calm and beautiful, wreathed in violet tints, its crater clearly outlined against a bright, blue sky. But was this Vesuvius that dreadful monster, which had buried Herculaneum and Pompeii beneath its streams of molten lava, and had spread death and destruction over the beautiful fields about its base? I must say that had I not known, I should never have believed, it looked so majestic and silent.

As I turned away from the beautiful picture, and walked down the deck, I noticed Italian venders crawling up the stairway, suspended at the side of the ship, with their wares. They spread them out upon the decks, gesticulating and jabbering insistently to every passerby. The wares consist usually of coral and mosaic ornaments and dainty works in oil, the latter commonly pictures of pretty Italian girls and Italian street and water scenes. They are very often extremely attractive and inexpensive, having been bought for almost nothing from young artists in the schools of Naples and Rome.

During the latter part of the morning, I was ambling merrily about, looking for something to do, when attracted by a rumbling noise. I went to the side rail and looked over. There, directly below where I stood, was a large coal barge, tight against the side of our steamer. Swarming over it, like ants, were men, naked but for clouts of coarse sack, suspended from waist and head, and black as the coal they were carrying. Like automatic machines they walked barefoot over the great hard lumps, filling crude baskets made of twigs, passing over the gangplank and disappearing into the hold, only to appear again with empty baskets. This went on and on until noon. Then they stopped for some moments to eat greedily their chunks of bread and large peaches, black with soot. Some dove into the cool waters of the bay, swam about like fish and emerged, at least one shade lighter, but it would take many hard scrubbings to remove that heavy coating of coal dust from their skins. I watched them as they grinned at one another, jabbering and munching their coarse food, and realized that I could never have imagined man in such a low and degraded condition. Lunch was over. They returned to work with that automatic submission which characterizes a man, who is forced to do over and over again the same uninteresting action. I turned from the sight, sick at heart.

During the course of our pleasant luncheon, I learned, much to my delight, that we were to visit the Blue Grotto of Capri that afternoon. Right after lunch, we hurriedly donned large hats and came out on deck, just in time to descend those miserable wobbly stairs, and to board the little vessel which was waiting to take us. Soon we were steaming out of the bay, watching Vesuvius fade away into the distance. After the oppressive heat of the morning, it was delightful to feel the touch of a soft breeze. However, the water here was far from smooth and I must admit that I felt sorely in need of something interesting to take my mind from my fast growing discomfiture. This was not long in coming, for not far ahead I could distinguish a dark object. As we came nearer and nearer, it shaped itself into a wild and rocky island. It cut the water, sharply rising in ragged cliffs and points. One could easily imagine it the summit of a giant mountain buried miles beneath the sea Now we were close by it and could

see stately white villas, high on the rocks, walled in by plastered walls overhung by vines and flowers. Farther on a tiny bay indented the rocks, forming a flat strip of beach. They had made good use of this to build a landing place, and shops and dwellings outlined a road leading up from it through the rocks. Palm trees waved their feathery branches here and there, and in one place a church spire could be seen.

I was anxiously scanning the shore, now in search of the entrance to the Blue Grotto. Some people were pointing to a dark spot at the water's edge, some distance ahead; so I fastened my attention upon that place. It proved to be a hole worn into the rock about three feet in height and four in width. Surely this could not be the entrance to that marvelous grotto, through which we were to pass. No! Why, as I watched, the swells from our steamer closed right over the opening. We were standing still now and from all directions little row boats came toward us, each manned by a swarthy Italian youth. I would have given worlds to have had some excuse for not going; but having none, descended with the rest and with my Aunt entered one of those little craft. They will take but two persons in one boat.

When we were about twenty-five feet away from the larger vessel, the young man who was manipulating the one oar of our craft, started to direct volleys of Italian at us. Aunt and I looked at one another blankly, and then stared indifferently out across the water. He continued to rant. At length our glance fell upon others of our party in boats ahead, whom, to our dismay, we saw preparing to lie down in the bottom of them. After much fussing, I managed to get Aunt, who is rather a stout person, comfortably resting on her back in the bottom of our craft. Then, with one last glance at the yawning mouth of the grotto, laid down myself, prepared for the worst. I lay still, with my heart beating hard, listening to the shouting of those boatmen, until I could tolerate it no longer—then I sat up. We were about eight feet from the opening. A heavy, iron chain, fixed in the rock at the left, disappeared into the blackness inside. The boatmen put their oars inside the boats, waited for a swell to recede, and then, grasping the chain, pulled, and shot through into the darkness.

I took to the bottom of the boat after that and remained there. Aunt was almost suffocated. Soon, I heard our boatman shout, heard the rattle of the chain—and then felt a cold something pouring over me. I sat up. Everything dark and green about me—we seemed to be floating on a sea of phosphorous in a great cave about one hundred and seventy-five feet long and ninety-eight feet wide, rather rounding in shape, and with a vaulted roof thirty-nine feet in height. After I was in about two or three minutes, my eyes began to burn, and yet there wasn't any sunshine there—parts of the cave were even lost in shadow. But a weird and dazzling light was reflected from the water to the bare rocks above. A boy dove into the water—he was immediately clothed in a garment of silver. It was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.

Suddenly I realized that someone was talking to me. It was Aunt. She was in a most wretched state,—her shirtwaist was wet and stuck tight to her skin, her hair hung in wet strands about her face, and she was scolding furiously about the whole affair. In one hand she held a lamentable sight—her drenched hat. Then I realized that I, myself, was wet to the skin.

We were told that, if we cared to, we might explore a passage about one hundred and sixty feet in length, leading from the back of the cave,—but we preferred not to. After coming out of the grotto quite safely, we boarded our steamer, and were soon on our way to Sorrento. There we stopped to have lunch, and incidentally to dry our clothes. IRENE KRULL.

HOW TO WRITE POETRY.

Write a poem?—Nothing to it!
Let me tell you how to do it!
All the "literary look" requires
Is a sea of paper (and you'll use quires).
Provide yourself with pen and ink—
It's not essential that you think

A subject is the important thing,
You'll always succeed with the topic, "Spring."
You have to follow a certain style,
Byron's, perhaps, (now please don't smile),
Now you've got your meter done,
(Writing poems is such fun.)
Just string in some words that rhyme,
Time or clime or lime or dime,
Jam them in and make them fit.
There, you see?—you've written it.

BEATRICE CHOWEN.

SKETCHES.

A VISIT TO WIDOW HERMAN'S PARLOR.

The sharp, screeching sound of the rusty, old-fashioned door bell re-echoed through the house. In a few moments the door was opened by a neat, though shabbily dressed young girl, who ushered an elderly gentleman into the spacious parlor. The air was somewhat close and damp, no doubt caused by the scarcity of sunshine. In the center of the room some faded, yellow tulips, stiffly bunched in a tall vase, adorned the miniature carved table. The visitor quickly chose the least uncomfortable chair, and lazily removing the stiff, hard cushion, sat down. It had been a long time since he had been in a house of this kind.

It reminded him of his grandmother's house, which he used to visit when a boy. Yes, even the chairs were very similar to hers. Most of them were hard-used rockers, neatly draped at the top by embroidered fringed towels. In front of the largest ones were placed homemade carpet foot stools. In one obscure corner stood an ancient organ. The wide, elaborate, gilt frames which held the huge family portraits conspicuously leaned against the wall.

A picture of "Christ," one of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," and a few sacred mottoes hung awkwardly from some large, rusty nails. One, then, would hardly expect the detailed landscape wall paper to seem out of place. The mammoth mantlepiece was made of smoothly rounded marble. Numerous bronzed shelves, with tiny carved pillars arising from the floor, were cheaply decorated with vases, low vessels and china statues. Above the fireplace, between these ostentatious trimmings, was a small, dusty, oval mirror. On the tiled hearth were many sea shells, souvenirs and dishes, while to the extreme left was a large pasteboard basket filled with a stereoscope and views. Directly across the room from this, a large table leaned against the wall, covered with a flowered table cloth, and piled high with—a Bible, a family album, Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and "Paradise Lost." Just above this on the wall was a bright, yellow rack holding more than its share of garden plants.

The gentleman quite satisfied with his surroundings reclined heavily against the back of his chair.

The stillness was suddenly broken by the piercing shriek—

"John, you have killed him!"

The stranger was on his feet in an instant, so startled that his hair stood on end. He grabbed up his hat with the conviction that he was in a mad house, but before he could escape, a timid, nervous little woman came fluttering down the stairs and without a word to him crossed quickly to a gloomy corner of the room and began excitedly to talk to somebody. It was then that the gentleman noticed the brilliant green and yellow parrot who up to this time had been ominously quiet. The bird now excited to quite a pitch, hopped around in its cage, screaming as loudly as possible.

"Get out, get out! Shut up! Sic'em Tige,—Polly wants a crack—Ha-Ha-Ha, Rats!"

It must be said that the little woman, now no longer timid, greatly resembled the parrot before her, as she danced up and down and scolded, gesticulated, and screamed, in a vain effort to subdue her opponent. It was some time before the bird was so quiet that she might turn around to greet the stranger, but the gentleman, whose nerves had been too badly shaken, had fled.

EMMA ARNOLD.

CAVE OF THE WINDS.

The road suddenly turned to the right and we found ourselves on a steep, rocky trail. Our burros were small mischievous looking little beggars with long, shaggy hair and bright eyes. Our guide who was in the lead on the largest and most ferocious burro called "Satan," by the villagers, was a true type of the Western prairie. His swarthy complexion was browned and hardened by exposure to the sun; he wore black sheep skin trousers and a blue woolen shirt, open at the neck, and a big broadrimmed sombrero pulled over his eyes.

The trail grew steeper and rockier as we progressed, but our burros kept steadily on. The only sound which broke the summer stillness was the hollow, ringing noise made by their hoofs as they struck the rocks and the swish-swish-swish of our guide's whip as he urged the burros on.

The trail became very narrow and we had to proceed in single file. A high, rocky wall rose on one side to a dizzy height, broken now and then by huge rocks which overhung the trail, and here and there little stunted shrubs struggled for existence. On the other side the trail dropped suddenly and abruptly to a sheer depth of many, many feet. Our burros, purely out of mischief, persisted in going frightfully near the edge, though we did our best to make them hug the cliff. Now and then we came to a place where we could get a magnificient view of snow covered Pike's Peak, glistening in the sunlight like millions of diamonds. The little village we had just left, nestled at its foot, rich with its green pastures and trees gay in their summer clothes. Farther in the distance other mountains showed their heads, blue and hazy. Away to the right stood two enormous red sand stone rocks, which guarded, like grim sentinels, the entrance to "The Garden of the Gods."

We had ridden for almost an hour when our guide turned and said,

"There is the cave right ahead of you!" Fifty yards in front, the trail ended at the steps of a little house. We got down, stiffly, from our burros, climbed the steps painfully and bought our tickets and engaged our guide. Starting off again, we crossed a

wooden bridge over a small chasm where two boys once discovered the cave and had descended into it by ropes. Later they made known their discovery and now it is made passable for tourists.

After crossing the bridge we descended into the magnificient "Cave of the Winds." It is lighted by electricty and we felt as though we had entered fairyland, and wouldn't have been greatly surprised if, from some of the dark corners, gnomes and elves had peered at us, wondering at our intrusion. The roof is covered with stalagmites and crystals which glitter and shine when the electricity is turned on them. One especially beautiful formation is called the "Bride's Chamber." The canopy at one side of the altar in the "Bride's Chamber" is pure white at the top and then where the stalactites are attached to the stalagmites, it is slightly pinkish. One wonders how nature could perform such miracles.

Some of the passages are very steep and low, and others, very narrow, as names indicate. "The fat man's misery," and the "tall man's misery," were respectively narrow and low. As I was neither extremely stout or tall they did not affect me.

Our guide was waiting at the steps with our burros, and we were soon trotting off down the trail towards Manitow again. Our burros seemed to know they wre heading towards their stables, so they quickened their usually moderate pace and it was not long before we were at our hotel. ELEANOR BELL.

LIZA.

"Mo' nice honey, I'se de new cook what yor ma sent fo'. She's done gone down street an' axed me to see dat yo' all got yo' break'es'. Sit right down now honey, an' I'll bring y' in sum'in' nice. Y' knows, chile, dey say I'se de bes' cook in des yar parts, an' I reckon dey's right. Ah ain't only thirty-five but ah can cook. Y' see dat ain't such an ancient age, am it, when I tell yo' as how ah 'se fatched up five chilluns, and deys all de nicest and de bes' behaved yong' uns yo' mos' evah seed. De youngest one he's ten and his name's Mose. Dat Mose, y' know he's de smartes' youngster I reckon evah was borned. Why, honey, he can draw

watah and turn the ringah ev'y bit as good as Sam (dat's ma husband.) Den nex' in size an' age am Rastus, yes, sure, gal, Rastus, he ain't quite so good lookin' or quite so bright like ma Mose, but he earnes right smart money for a chile of twelve. He drives de ox caht fo' Mistah James, over yondah when he don't go a fishin', an' earns sometimes as much as a dollah a week, some week, but dat rascal sho' do like to go fishin'. Nex' comes Snowball. Dat's de onliest girl I'se got an' she am de pride of ma flock. Snowball am de blackes' niggah I reck'n I evah seed, but dat chile can sing-um-ume, honey, I wish yo' all could heah her voice! She's de bes' singah in de choir at chu'ch and de bes' lookin' one. Oh, m' Lawd dat chile look so sweet last Sunday. She sho' does know how to dress. Ab saw y' all gwin' down street t' othah day and yo' had on the mos' magnificantest dress I evah saw so Ab goes right home and makes one perxactly like it fo' Snowball. Ob co'se de color, and de trimmin's was different. I made it dat way a purpose cose I didn't want folks to be impressioned dat yo' all struck a bahgin. Y' see Snowball's gown am a deep pink. Dat color seems mos' particalar becomin' to Snowball (she is such a decided brunette), and dey say pink and blue combined am de very latest thing so I got Snowball a blue sash. De colahs am most ha'monious I assurahs yo'. De most attractive featah of dat dress am de passementary up de gore. De 'fect am 'squisite. M' own idea. Yo' know Snowball got a beau, and he am de fines' spec'men of colahed humanity I guess I evah saw. Ah guess he'd marry Snowball in a minute, but I right out and tole him, 'See heah, man, if yo' alls got any intentions on de subject of matrimony, I jus' wants to say dis. Yo' se got to to have a home fo' Snowball. She ain't giving to live wid any of yo' kin folks. No siree! She's ma onlies' girl and I'se goin' to see dat she gets a good home and a niggah what will suppo't her in de style in which she has been accustomed.' Um-m-m, dat's 'xactly what I says to him. Den he bows low and says, 'Dat's me, mum, dat's me.'

"Now de nex' am Amos. He's gone to de city, learnin' to be a chiffonier. I'se mighty proud of dat boy. Po' chile, he's gittin' thin, he only comes home onct a week. Reckon he misses his mammey's co'n bread and greens and po'k. Um-m, honey, ah

does cook greens and po'k so it almost melts in yo' mouth. I'se givin' strait to de kitchen and have—what did yo' say chile? Oh—get yo' some break'es? Why ob cose, I'd done fo'got all 'bout it."

GERTRUDE DEXTER.

THE GULPH.

A narrow road just broad enough for a carriage, winds in and out through the Gulph. This road is the only touch of civilization which has profaned this sacred spot of Nature. On the right, a steep embankment cuts off the deep and dark woods above. Wild underbrush rambles over and sprawls down the banking. Gorgeous bee-balm covers the incline, bordering the path and throwing its bright red against the sombre trees. The wild, strange, yet weird beauty of this scene is relieved by turning to the left. Here a little stream runs cheerily on, gurgling peacefully, flanked by a broad meadow on either side. Faint odors of mint arise, tempting the wanderer to explore. Forget-me-nots border the stream in clumps over a foot thick. Continuous and unbroken as the creek, they fringe the water for miles. Here and there a few moss covered rocks jut out from the stream. Behind one of these, one or two bubbles rise. There a speckled brook trout is revealed resting peacefully in the sheltered corner. A veritable abode for sprites and fairies is this spot and perhaps—who know? —if one waited long enough, they would appear.

KATHRYN REDWAY.

PIERRE.

Curls of smoke were beginning to arise lazily out of the log cabins. This meant that inside, the evening meal was being prepared and night was coming on. Pierre knew this and yet, still he sat. The sun was sinking and it lent a glow to the trees

and sky. Shadows were beginning to creep among the trees and a soft murmuring of the wind went through the woods. In the distance, lights were beginning to twinkle. A city was not far away. Something was in the air. Pierre felt it and it fascinated him. All day he had been in the same place, dreaming, thinking. It was a custom of his to go into the woods early in the morning and stay all day, with a couple of hard pieces of bread to sustain him. He had gone out when the dew was still on the grass and everything was new. He sat through noon and watched the sun go slowly round its course and finally sink. He loved to lie flat on his back, his head resting on his arms and one foot crossing the other, and listen to the sounds of the forest. He knew he was a dreamer. He had been told many times. Only last night, something had happened which was awakening him, and he had come out into his favorite haunt to think it over. He knew his father and mother were no longer young. They had enough to eat and lived comfortably,—that was all Pierre knew or thought about.

When his father and mother thought he was asleep last night, they spoke of him. They were French-Canadians, honest and sensible. The little money they had, would not last forever,—and if they should die or the money should give out, what would become of Pierre? This was the discussion to which Pierre had listened, awake in in every nerve. He ought to have gone to work, instead of dreaming his young days away. The old father shook his head. Something must be done, soon. Money was giving out and they could not afford to support Pierre much longer. He was strong and old enough to earn his own living. But what was to be done? What was he good for?

Their talk lasted a long time. This was what had set him thinking. This was what made him toss all night, and arise early. Yes, surely—he must do something. This is why he had thought all day in his solitude, and even at this late hour, sat immovable. He realized what a burden he was on his people,—he, who did nothing for himself—nothing but dream. He was awakened now. He would keep his parents with the power of his young brain and body, and not be a hindrance to them. Even at that moment, Pierre reflected, his mother, dear, tender, old

soul, was probably asking why Pierre did not return, and his father was, no doubt, replying that there was no need to worry, he was not doing anything different from what he usually did all day. "They will be able to say it no longer," thought Pierre.

It was the awakening of everything. Spring was here! That was what Pierre felt in the air. He recognized it now. Everything was beginning anew.

Pierre arose and shook off his torpor. Through the darkening shadows, he walked with a new tread, and determination written in every feature. MATILDA KLOPPENBURG.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

"FIRE WORKIN'S."

The first day of July was very hot; not a breath of wind stirred the trees, and the bees droned lazily in the garden. Out in the hayfields the sun beat down mercilessly, and the men stopped to wipe their brows repeatedly.

Little Lydia took the pewter bell from the shelf, went to the door, and rang it lustily. It was a welcome sound to the hot haymakers, for it meant dinner. They stopped at the pump for a refreshing duck, and then stamped into the long dining room, to eat ravenously the boiled dinner that Lydia set before them. For, although eighty in the shade, it also was Thursday, and, as a boiled dinner always came on Thursday, no matter what the temperature, a boiled dinner it was.

A boy in a patched, brown suit came in with the men, and managed to whisper to Lydia, his sister, "Oh, Lydy, come down to the east meadow at about three. Jim's going to tell about the Fourth."

When the "hands" had finished and returned to work, Lydia's mother, who was a tall, sharp woman, and looked as if she ruled everything with a rod of iron, said, "Take your dinner and set

out on th' steps and eat it, and then come in and wash the dishes, and feed the cat and hens. There's a sight o' work to be done."

Lydia hurried through her dinner, although the steps were deliciously cool and the kitchen very hot. She hoped earnestly that Jim would wait, for she loved stories, and Jim's certainly were marvelous. However, she hurried through her duties, washed her hot little face in a basin of deliciously cool water, put on a huge gingham sunbonnet, and was just hurrying out the door when her mother called to her, "If you be goin' down to the fields, take this pitcher of ginger beer to the folks."

Although the heat was excessive and the pitcher heavy, in her eagerness to hear all of Jim's story, she forgot it all. The men crowded around Lydia, all trying to say something witty to show their appreciation of the beer.

Jim was a big, sunburnt man, with a kindly, good-natured face. He wore blue overalls, and a tattered shirt, and a straw hat that certainly had seen better days. But then, in such weather, people like well ventilated clothes! Jim settled comfortably against a haystack, with the children squatted beside him with eager, shining faces.

"Wal," he began with a drawl, "when I was a leetle gal," with a wink at Lydia.

"Oh, Jim, tell nice ones," said Lydia, with an eager smile.

"When I was a boy," said Jim, "we useter to hev a sight o' fun on the Fourth. We'd tie a tin can on the cat's tail, and she'd run around like she wus mad and scare everyone nigh crazy. In the evenin', there was fireworks on the Common, and we'd go and watch 'um and fire off firecrackers till goin' on three o'clock."

"Do they still have fire workin's?" inquired Davie, eagerly.

"Shore," answered Jim. "I'd take you to see 'um, but yer pa wants me to fetch the new cow over to Eaton, an' I won't be back till late." Here a voice floated out on the still, summer afternoon air, "Ly-dy, Ly-dy."

"Oh, dear," cried Lydia, "that's ma, wantin' me to pick strawberries. Thank you for the tale, Jim," she said quaintly, and she sped quickly over the hot fields.

It was very hot picking strawberries, and not until the beautiful twilight did she have any leisure time. Davie beckoned to her and said, "Come out in the apple tree. I want to tell you something." It was cool, peaceful and sweet out there, after the busy day. A few robins chirped sleepily in the branches, and in the fields the katydids were cheerfully singing. The smell of fresh hay crept up from the fields, and the first star shone over the apple trees. When the children were settled comfortably in the tree, Davie said importantly, "I'll take you to see the fire workin's tomorrow night, Lydy!" Lydia gasped.

"Oh, Davie, what would mother say? Wouldn't it be nice, though!" she exclaimed.

"Well," persisted Davie, "she'd say 'No,' anyway, but we kin go, and she'll never know we've been. I've never seed any workin's, and I want to. Will you go, Lydy?"

Lydia did not want to displease her mother, but she did want to go with her brother. "Well," she said slowly, "I'll go, Davie."

The next day was almost as hot as the one before. All day Davie worked in the hayfields, for little farm boys have to work in the busy haying time, cutting the hay, or raking it up, or "treading" into the cart to make more room. Lydia was especially dutiful, but went about with a guilty air.

At last evening, with its cool relief, came. At seven o'clock, Davie and Lydia stole through the orchard, over a stone wall, and into the road. The two started down the country road, where many people were going to the village to see the festivities. It was three long miles to the village, and when arrived there they went to the store and inquired when the "fire workin's" began. They were told at "nine o'clock," so they went onto the Common and waited. When they did begin, the children watched breathlessly, hand in hand, the wonderful rockets and Roman candles. They even surpassed Jim's description.

At last there were no more wonders to be seen, and the children started home. The tall pines and hemlocks cast long, black shadows across the road, and now and then a twig snapped in the bushes. Lydia, tired and frightened, began to cry. "Don't cry sister dear. I will not let anything hurt you," said Davie. Davie himself was getting alarmed by his adventures. It was late when

the two stole silently up the stairs; but the farmer, who was reading in the front room, saw them, and said sternly, "David, where have you been? Come here."

Lydia began to weep, but Davie said manfully, "I've been to see the fire workin's in the village. You see, sir," he said respectfully, "we'd never seed any afore, and I took my sister to see 'um." He spoke bravely, but he looked anxious.

The farmer's eyes twinkled, but he said, "You've made your ma worry, but I'm glad you kin take care o' your sister. Next time, ask me, and I'll let you go."

Davie took his sister upstairs, and said, "You see, he wa'n't cross, Lydy, so don't cry." The two little figures stole to bed and soon were sleeping peacefully in the starlit night.

KATHERINE NESMITH.

AN ADVENTURE.

Miss Jones woke up, feeling that something had happened or was going to happen. She thought and thought. Suddenly, an idea flashed through her head. "Yes, that's it," she murmured aloud. "Yesterday I set the mouse trap."

For many nights now, Miss Jones had been bothered by mice that scampered through the old walls of her tiny cottage. Only the day before she had gone to the village and secured a beautiful red mouse trap and a piece of strong cheese. Then she set the trap and placing a bit of cheese inside had taken it to her closet where she had found some chewed papers.

Miss Jones hurried to dress and get her breakfast. Such a thing as a live mouse (for the trap caged the thief, not killed it), was a wonderful event in her monotonous life, so she did all her housework first and even cleaned all the rooms, for no particular reason. It must not be thought that Miss Jones liked to kill mice, she was far too gentle for that, but her delight was in getting rid of the pests. This simple minded old lady intended to let the mouse loose in the pasture. Of course it could not find its way back from there. As it was she was quite nervous

and trembled as she put on her shawl preparatory to going out to the field. Then she mounted the stairs and opened the closet door. Shuddering she hesitated, then pulled down the trap. Lo and behold! there was nothing in it save the untouched cheese.

EDITH STEVENS.

EASTER BELLS.

Hear the Easter Bells chiming
And ringing with trills,
Telling their story o'er vale and hills,
Calling the people to join the glad throng
Of the children, who're listening
To the Easter Bells' song.

Glad Alleluias they ring to the skies,
Who join in their praises
Of Christ, who did rise.
The birds and the flowers
Greet this glad Easter Day,
Singing and praising,
For everyone's gay.

ELLEN BURKE.

BOBBY'S BURGLARS.

Suddenly little Bobby Burt, who was seven years old, heard a crash down stairs. His father had told him that when he heard a sound like burglars, he was to come and wake him up, but Bobby was in such a hurry to see what this was that he forgot to call, but went to his father's drawer and got his revolver. Then he went down stairs and there he saw two burglars breaking into the safe. He was just too late, for the burglars had seen him and took the revolver out of his hands and tied a handkerchief around his

mouth. Bobby struggled to get away but couldn't. Just as they were going out, taking Bobby with them, one of the burglars stepped on his dog's tail which caused him to yelp. They rushed out as quickly as they could, but unfortunately the dog was left behind in the house. He started to whine and it woke up Mr. Burt, who came downstairs to see what the matter was. He saw the dog and thought that there had been burglars. He went upstairs and when he found that Bobby was gone, called the police. They came up as quickly as they could and the dog helped them hunt for Bobby and the burglars. In about two hours they found them down by the bank of the river. The burglars were just going to throw Bobby in, when he fell out of bed and hit his head against the bedpost. ELIZABETH MEIGS.

SCHOOL NEWS.

FEBRUARY 10TH—

Saturday dawned clear and cold. Early in the morning everything was hustle and bustle preparing for the night of the great event. At noon, when the decorating committee had put the finishing touches on the rooms, we were allowed to go in. The big, double parlors were decorated with tulips and bright yellow jonquils. The girls' parlor, however, was the place which appealed to most of us. The walls were covered with the banners of the different colleges, that were to be represented that night, and every nook and corner was filled with pillows. How strange and bare the schoolroom looked with its brightly polished floors!

During the early part of the afternoon, the men who had arrived in time, called upon the girls they were to take to the dance, and the bell for stand-up supper rang all too soon. After supper a general uproar insued, while we adorned ourselves for the joyous "hop." The guests began coming at eight o'clock. The loud chugging of the taxicabs, the muffled grinding of auto-

mobiles, and then the hoarse, broken voice of a cabman broke excitedly upon the expectant hostesses. The door opened and shut quickly, but still long enough to let in a sharp, cutting sweep of wind as the men and women, clad in heavy fur wraps, hurried upstairs.

Soon after the guests were assembled, the orchestra seated in the ballroom, began to play a popular two step. The couples formed readily and glided under the brilliant lights. Later in the evening dainty refreshments were served, which were very welcome to all. The cruel black hands of the clock now neared the hour of twelve. Oh, if the dancing could only last longer, the time had been so short, and the "Mid-Year Dance" was over. It didn't seem possible. And the last reluctant guest had slowly dragged his unwilling feet out of the door and the house was still, save for hushed giggles from behind closed doors and murmurs, "Wasn't he dandy? Not good-looking but so nice and a fine dancer, and did you see Alice's man? My dear!" But even those sounds died away and the Hall was wrapped in sleep.

Harriet Jacobs

FEBRUARY 13TH, 20TH, 27TH—

On Tuesday evening, February thirteenth, Mr. Marshall Darrach gave the first of his series of three Shakespearean Readings. Mr Darrach, himself, is so delightful that his personality is very charming. He is a big, broad-shouldered man with one of the most pleasing voices I have ever heard, and with a power of placing it so that it fits the person he is portraying. On this evening, he gave "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He impersonated every character to perfection, from the dainty little fairy queen, down to the ridiculous "Nick Bottom," the weaver. I think Mr. Darrach excels in giving his comic characters. His Helena was a little disappointing, but he made up for it in the delightful way he interpreted his other parts, especially those of the men.

On the following Tuesday, Mr. Darrach gave "Macbeth." This was not quite as interesting to me as the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for Mr. Darrach seemed to be more at home in

comedy than in tragedy. Nevertheless everyone enjoyed this immensely and I think no one who was there could ever forget the sleepy porter, when to the rappings on the door at midnight, he called, "Knock, knock, knock," in a thick, hoarse voice.

But to me the most enjoyable of all the readings was given on the twenty-seventh of February, the "Comedy of Errors." Here Mr. Darrach was in his element and the spirit in which he interpreted the play so affected the audience, that it was impossible to resist it. His portrayal of the two Dromios was especially clever and the way in which he differentiated the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios was most skillful. Never once did you get the characters confused.

As the "Comedy of Errors" is rather short, at the end Mr. Darrach gave three little poems of his own composition. They were very pretty and made a very fitting end for the Shakespearean Readings.

H. J.

Helen Joseph

FEBRUARY 21ST—24TH—

To have a vacation break the monotony of the long winter term, was an unexpected joy to the girls. Many of them left to spend the time with friends or relatives, but the majority remained at school. It might be more correct to say, they slept at school, for most of their time was taken up by numerous trips to Boston. From stories told upon their return, these must have been very successful, great excitement prevailed and everybody talked at once—

"My dear, I saw Nazimova today and she is wonderful," cried one.

"Well, I wish you could see Viola Allen. She's playing in 'The Herfords,' and she is the most adorable person I ever saw," cried another.

From a group in another corner came expressions like these:

"Yes, I met a girl from home and we took luncheon at Du Pont's. If you haven't been there you certainly ought to go. It's perfectly great."

"Well, we went into Boston on a late train, but had time to do a little shopping and make the usual visit to Huyler's," etc., etc.

On the days spent at school, the girls found plenty of things to occupy their time. Keith's theatre proved quite an attraction and Page's came in for its share of attention.

As Thursday was Washington's Birthday, something out of the ordinary was planned. The table was prettily decorated with flowers, while at each seat were novel place cards and attractive little favors, appropriate to the occasion. After dinner, cards were the feature of the evening.

The girls were only too delighted to find that they were to be allowed to sleep as long as they wished the following morning, and could cook their own breakfast in their rooms.

When the girls, who were so fortunate as to be invited to the Andover and Exeter Proms, returned, more excitement prevailed, for glowing accounts were given of the dances.

Saturday night ended our vacation and it was with reluctance that we went back to our school duties.

G. D.

Gertrude Dexter

February 27th—

Some of the girls who had heard the Paul Marcel Company in French plays on their first visit to Lowell, were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing them again, while those to whom it was a new experience were anxious to see how much they could understand of "Les Fréres Ennemis." How much they did understand still remains a mystery, but splendid training for the ear was thus afforded. At any rate, one and all came away, having absorbed the main points of the play and had withal, a splendid time.

March 1st—March 8th—

Several of the girls had the opportunity of going into Boston to hear two concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The soloists on these occasions were Heinrich Gebhardt and Maud Powell.

March 3rd—

Our usual pleasant Sunday evening was made even more enjoyable by a reading by Miss Mabel Hill. I think we are apt to forget there is a literature in the making in our own Country, so busy are we in reading the classics of the older Nations. Miss Hill recognized this tendency in girls and so she came to tell us about Walt Whitman, the poet, who has found the real meaning and spirit of our Republic.

Miss Hill outlined briefly his life and read to us from his poems. She gave reasons why some of his poetry is objectionable; why it is best unread. She then spoke of his other and better verses, the poems which exalt our Democracy. Miss Hill made us understand how directly Walt Whitman has interpreted the spirit of our Nation in "Comradeship." Every verse gave us another view of the poet's treatment of this subject and we saw through Walt Whitman's eyes the immensity of this Country and its aim.

The reading was over all too soon, and we asked in vain for more. Miss Hill most graciously refused us saying we had had enough for one evening. She was quite right, she had given us much to think over, first whether this real "Comradeship" of men truly exists in this Nation of Democracy, whether it was the aim or whether it was only the song of the Poet filled with Patriotism. Since that evening I have decided no idle song could ring as true as that Whitman sang in "The Leaves of Grass." G. C.

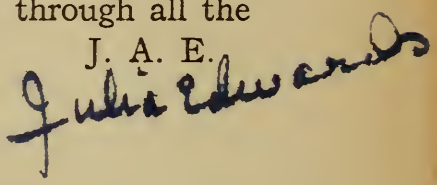
March 8th—

Miss Parsons announced a great treat one Friday night at the close of dinner,—Miss Robbins was coming to talk to us about the Wagner Operas.

She began by telling of Wagner's early life and his struggle to gain a livelihood. She touched upon his friendship with the famous musician, Listz, and later with the young King of Bavaria, who wished to keep the great musician always near him. Miss Robbins then gave brief resumés of some of Wagner's Operas,—"The Flying Dutchman," "Tristan and Ysolde" and "Rheingold," "The Walkyrie," "Siegfried" and "The Dusk of the Gods"

taken from the "Nibelungenlied," and then ended her talk with a very interesting account of her visit to Bayreuth, that delightful little Bavarian town in which the Wagner Theatre is situated way up on a hill. Here Miss Robbins saw "Parsifal" presented just as Wagner intended it should be. She finished her reading with some remarks of Symonds on the wonder and beauty of this great composer's work, which is destined to live through all the countless ages.

J. A. E.



March 9th—

We old girls had looked forward to Saturday night all the week, for that was the evening set apart for the new girls' party. It was a great mystery as to what this entertainment was to be; a dance of some kind? a play? a card party? Not one of us knew, or if we did, we did not tell.

After dinner, the old girls were requested to go upstairs and stay there until the bell rang. How long that half hour seemed!! But finally, the signal was given and we trooped down stairs. At the foot of the staircase we found ourselves quite entangled in a huge spider web. Each girl was given a string which she must follow until the end was reached, where, in a tiny English walnut, her fortune was revealed. When each one had had her fortune laid before her, she was led to tables, upon which were many kinds of games. Here were glasses, each filled with a mixture of beans, peas and rice, and the object of the contest was to make the largest piles of the different kinds in a certain length of time. There was a game of jabbing peanuts with a hat pin, and next to it, a table covered with pictures cut from advertisements. The best table of all contained, "The Art Gallery," all sorts of articles representing famous pictures. There were eight of these tables, each one very different from the others.

Later in the evening we were interrupted by the announcement that everyone was to go upstairs and take a trip over Fort Hill Park in the new and wonderful airship. So we made our way to the third floor, but were suddenly stopped and blindfolded, and led into a dark room. A deep, unnatural voice greeted us, requesting us to "step up." We obeyed, and almost immediately the engine

started and we felt ourselves soaring over great heights. Our dreams were rudely startled, however, when we heard someone shout "jump!" We needed no second bidding and we landed, rather sooner than we expected, in just the same place we had started from, and we are all still wondering what the airship really was.

Next we were escorted into the art room. What a change! Small tables were scattered in all directions and upon each was a candle with a red shade which threw a beautiful dim glow over everything. We then enjoyed some delicious refreshments and were only too sorry when the time came to say goodnight to our hostesses.

D. D. B.

March 11th—

Miss McMillan took the Physics class to the Electric Power Station on Perry Street. When we arrived we found three most courteous guides waiting to show us around the plant.

First of all we went into the boiler room where our guides explained to us how the furnaces are fed by automatic stokers, and how much coal they burn in a day. We saw the way the coal comes in from outdoors by means of a small car which runs up an incline track and then dumps the coal into chutes which feed the coal to the furnaces. A glimpse into one of the furnaces showed us the meaning of "white heat"—a temperature of about 3000° F.

In the main room we were particularly interested in the large dynamo or generator operated by a turbine engine. From a platform around the top of the generator we looked down into this machine, making hundreds of revolutions a second.

In the switchboard gallery we saw the recording instruments and switches. Here a man was stationed to record and control the output of the electrical current. Next we went up on a still higher gallery where are located the connections carrying the current from the switches to the different circuits, distributing the electricity throughout the city; here, also, were the great coils of copper wire which form the lightning arresters protecting the station instruments and machinery from damage by lightning coming in over the circuit wires.

Our guides then took us to the basement where we saw the horizontal engines driving other machinery; here, also, we saw the base of the great vertical turbine generator of the floor above. By mounting a short ladder we were able to take a look at the storage batteries under construction.

Following our guides to the office we were shown some of the records of the station. The station was most attractive with its polished brass, rubber treads, and painted walls. Our courteous guides gave us a most enjoyable afternoon, and we came away more interested in dynamos and motors than we had ever been before.

E. A. E.

Betty Eastman

March 13th—

Several of the girls went to Copley Hall, in Boston, to see an exhibition of Spanish paintings. Most of them were by artists of the old school, although there were several pictures by Sorolla and other artists of the modern school.

March 13th—

Calvé in Carmen! How many times we had heard these words and wondered if we would ever see the well-known opera, with this great prima donna in the title rôle. Therefore, when a few of the musically inclined girls found that such an opportunity was to be theirs, they eagerly seized upon it, nor did they regret their choice.

As the orchestra commenced to play the familiar airs of the opera, our interest began, an interest which did not slacken until the curtain fell after the death of Carmen. Calvé's interpretation of the part, showed her perfect familiarity with every phase of it and we never ceased to marvel over the wide range of her contralto voice, the ease with which she went from one passage to another, be it high or low.

Clément as her lover, was a most impassioned, although despairing one. His acting in the last scene, where his rage and jealousy cause him to kill the girl whom he loves but who scorns him, showed ability and feeling but it was his voice with which we were chiefly concerned. Some voices we may admire although we do not like them, but with Clément's we both admire and like.

Of course the Choruses were wonderfully well trained and rendered just the proper amount of support.

Carmen is an exceedingly lovely opera in its scenic effects. One scene was particularly beautiful. A faint, bluish tinge in the sky heralded the approach of dawn and as the blue turned into pink the gypsy band could be seen climbing one by one over the surrounding rocks, bearing huge bundles of smuggled goods which they deposited upon the ground and like moving shadows, glided to and fro. When the yellowish light appeared, casting a bright glow on the distant mountains and the full radiance of the rising sun burst upon the scene, the gypsies are lounging in attitudes of repose, their gay, brightly colored costumes forming a marked and pleasing contrast to the dull, gray rocks and barren ground of the landscape.

The music is very pretty, light, airy, and as we left the opera house, the familiar strains ran through our heads until at last we unconsciously began to hum them.

E. P.

Elizabeth Pool

March 16th—

Having always heard that Thais was a very beautiful opera, we were most excited at the prospect of seeing it, the more so, because Mary Garden was to sing the title rôle.

It is hard to conceive how the part of the Alexandrian maiden could have been portrayed more perfectly. Mary Garden was very beautiful, every action, every gesture was full of grace and it was a pleasure to see her grasp of the essentials of her part. She was fascinating in her movements and her voice was wonderful. She seemed to have perfect control over it and one never had the fear of her faltering, even when she soared into the region of high notes.

Too much praise cannot be given Maurice Renaud in his part of Athanael, the monk, who saves Thais from a life of sin. His rôle called for dramatic acting and he supplied the need. In the scene where he gives Thais over to the white nuns to spend the rest of her life, his acting is especially good. Suddenly he realized that he felt for her, not a spiritual but a human love. Terrible is his cry of anguish, as he exclaimes, "Je ne la verrai plus, je ne la verrai plus."

The music of this opera of "Massenet's" is very beautiful. Most familiar to all, perhaps, is "The Meditation." As the haunting, appealing melody stole forth from the orchestra, the whole house listened, silent, intent. Whenever this same strain was played again, we all heard it with pure enjoyment.

The lights were flashed on and we came to the realization that our next duty was to catch a train. But even in our frantic rush for a street car, our thoughts were still of Thais. E. P.

March 19th—

Miss Mary Nesmith has given to Rogers Hall, four busts which belonged to her sister, Mrs. John Bell Bouton, who was always interested in the school.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

In the next issue of Splinters we hope to be able to give the name of the novel which Caroline Wright (R. H., 1903) has written. The book is now being published and until it is put on the market the name cannot be given. Rogers Hall girls who have known the authoress either as Caroline or Miss Wright will be interested in reading her book.

The announcement of Rebecca Reynolds' engagement to Mr. Charles Farrington Lewis (Harvard, '12) of Jamaica Plain was made at a bridge party at which many Rogers Hall girls were present. Mr. Lewis' friends were told at the Pi Eta dance in the evening.

The engagement is announced of Helen Watters of Boston to Mr. Samuel Hale Pillsbury of that city.

Mollie Hall of Milton is engaged to Mr. Arthur W. Page (Harvard, '05) of New York City.

The engagement is announced of Carol Calhoun of Cleveland, Ohio, to Mr. Lyman S. Narten.

At a dinner given in Lowell, the fifteenth of December, the engagement was announced of Louise Talbot to Mr. Howard Russell Shroyer of Portland, Oregon.

The marriage of Dorothy Rice of Scranton, Pa., to Mr. Donald Ferguson Palmer, took place on the twenty-fifth of March, at "The Blackstone" in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will be at home after the fifteenth of April at 1228 Jefferson Street, Paducah, Ky.

Louise Parker was married on the twentieth of February, to Mr. William Hendrix Scarritt of Kansas City. It was a house wedding with a reception following the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Scarritt will be at home after April fifteenth at 4136 Warwick Boulevard, Kansas City, Mo.

Nan Ogden has been visiting Grace Smith in Rutherford, N. J.

Opal Bracken (R. H., '06) was in Northampton for the festivities at Smith College on the twenty-second of February.

Helen Faulds has been visiting friends in N. Y., and is now spending a few days at Lake Pleasant in the Adirondacks.

Our Mid-Year Party was graced by the presence of two of last year class, Carlotta Heath and Rachel Jones, who were sent for hurriedly to help entertain some extra men.

Cully Cook of Portland, Ore., and Carlotta Heath of Newark, N. J., spent Sunday at the school on their way home after numerous visits.

Madeline Smith or "Pinkie" as she is best known, made us a visit on the third of March.

Alice Cone (R. H., 1909) has been recently elected to the Board of the Smith College Monthly.

Mrs. Edwin S. Hylan (Sue Simpson) and husband sail for Europe, soon, where they will take numerous automobile tours.

Mrs. Lowell Chapin (Bessie Chalifoux) of South Bend, Ind., has a daughter, Elizabeth, born February fifth.

Mrs. Herbert L. Swift (Berenice Jocelyn) of Chicago, died very suddenly on March fifth of pleurisy. She was one of the first Rogers Hall girls and was well-known and well loved always. She has been most prominent in Chicago society and has spent much time in travel.

HON. GEORGE F. RICHARDSON.

In the death of Mr. Richardson on March 22d, Rogers Hall lost one of her oldest Trustees, who has served loyally on the Board from the very beginning. As Miss Rogers' lawyer he took a very active part in the founding of the school and gave generously of his time and thought during those early years.

The old girls of the school still remember the treat it was to spend an evening in his home in order to enjoy with him his precious Shakespearian collection. For Mr. Richardson was an ardent student of Shakespeare and the drama and during his trips abroad he had collected many valuable volumes, including copies of the First and Second Folios. To hold such a rare volume in one's own hands means much and I can still recall the thrill with which I touched those pages. Mr. Richardson was always glad to answer our questions and eagerly encouraged us to read and reread the plays; and above all, he said, be sure to see them acted, for then only do we know them as their author meant them to be known. Such evenings as these we girls eagerly anticipated and gladly do we treasure the memory of the hospitality of our host and hostess.

Though the failure of his health kept Mr. Richardson of late years from actively participating in the work of the Trustees, yet he still retained his interest in Rogers Hall and remained on the Board where as Vice-President he had so often presided. We of the first class to receive diplomas remember his earnest speech as he gave them, urging us to cherish a high moral ideal and to be true to the best interests of our city and country. And as his kindly face smiled upon us we felt we at least knew one of whom this could be rightly said.

H. F. H., '99.

Open A Charge Account



OVER 700 CHOICE STYLES
TO SELECT FROM

WRITE FOR OUR BEAUTIFUL FASHION BOOK; IT EXPLAINS ALL

Bernard Mayer Company

1040 West 35th Street

Chicago, Ill.

SPLINTERS

ROGERS HALL SCHOOL

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

CONTENTS.

Editorial . . . . . Elizabeth Peck

Main Department

A Wooden Doll . . . . . Gertrude Hawxhurst

The Art of Writing Ballads . . . . . Beatrice Chowen

From Grandfather's Corner . . . . . Elizabeth Peck

A Dog Story . . . . . Dorothy Benton

The Diary of a Would-Be Athlete . . . . Elizabeth Peck

A Westmoreland Poet . . . . . Ethel Forbes

Sketch Department

A Fall of Slate . . . . . Ethel Forbes

A Fish Story . . . . . Kathrine Kidder

A Peddler of Fish . . . . . Gertrude Hawxhurst

The Harp Man . . . . . Ethel Forbes

Under the Greenwood Tree . . . . . Matilda Kloppenburg

School News

Athletic Department

Senior Week

Alumnæ Notes

SPLINTERS

Vol. 12. JUNE, 1912. No. 4.

EDITORS:
BEATRICE CHOWEN, Editor-in-Chief
ELIZABETH PECK, Literary Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
IRENE KRULL — HARRIET HASTY
GERTRUDE HAWXHURST — ETHEL FORBES
DOROTHY BENTON — EDITH STEVENS

BUSINESS MANAGERS:
DOROTHEA HOLLAND — JULIA EDWARDS
GERTRUDE PARKER — CHARLOTTE ALLEN

EDITORIAL.

We are commonly accustomed to speak of man as the ruler of the universe, a title which carries with it the understanding that he is the conqueror also. True, man has marvelously controlled the elements, compelled steam and electricity to do his bidding, and harnessed water power to turn the wheels of huge

factories. Wealth has stepped in to render the way of life easy, but there is one thing even the richest men cannot command,—I refer to the weather.

The Weather is an old friend of ours, our constant companion, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, till death us do part. In fact, he is often instrumental in causing these states of mind and body, but he is always with us, whether he comes as friend or foe. At times, the Weather is a most bright, good-natured little fellow. He was in just such a happy mood when I had my first conversation with him. Perched on my window sill, his round, jolly face was wreathed in smiles, while a sunbeam fell aslant of his peaked cap. I had said I was very glad to see him.

"Oh, yes, of course you are when I feel like this. Everyone likes me if the skies are blue, the sun shines, and if I allow all the picnics, pleasure trips and other nonsensical things which people insist on indulging in, to proceed without sending a thunder storm or rain to spoil what they call fun."

"And why shouldn't you allow it?" I ventured boldly.

"Why not, indeed? Because I don't wish to," he rejoined, with an impish smile. "I wouldn't send unexpected rain so often if people were only sensible and pleasant, if it came when really necessary. Human beings don't seem to realize that if it wasn't for rain, almost all that they depend on—food, and the natural beauty of the world—would be denied them. Nature is pretty dependent on me, you know," he remarked, with a slightly boastful air. "But the hot and cold freaks are just as bad," he continued. "One huddles over the radiator every moment and never ventures out doors, although wrapped up in every imaginable kind of clothing, without shivering, and exclaiming, 'How cold it is!' The other one fans herself continually, and almost faints every time she looks at the thermometer. Oh, I have no patience with human beings. They own umbrellas and rubbers. Why should they complain if I do send rain once in awhile?"

The Weather gazed at me so intently that I felt obliged to say something.

"Sometimes it comes so quickly that they are not prepared with rubbers and umbrellas," I ventured.

"Serves them right."

My visitor, because of the long recital of his woes and the vehement denunciation of mankind, had lost his sunny smile; his head was hanging, and his whole body seemed limp. Suddenly, he slid off my sill, and disappeared from view.

I looked out the window. It was raining. Now, I had no intention of going outdoors, in fact, had planned to read the whole afternoon, but my wrath, at seeing the rain persistently soaking the ground, made me reflect on some of the sayings of my recent visitor. It is evidently only a noble minded man who can rise above such an apparently small annoyance as the weather, Emerson was such a one. He found New England interesting. because there were more changes of weather there than anywhere else. He was able to get something out of all its moods.

But how many of us are like Emerson? So that the "lords of creation" would not become too haughty and conceited, one little thing remained to baffle and defy them. Perhaps it is just as well to have something left, which we cannot control. The weather is doubtless a good disciplinarian, striving to create in us an equable, calm, peaceful state of mind. It is well that we should assume a sort of quiet indifference to the antics of our constant companion. A sound bit of philosophy, put into verse, comes from one of our poets.

"Ain't no use in kickin'
Won't help a bit;
Kind of weather, what you got,
Is what you're gwine to git."

Elizabeth Peck.

A WOODEN DOLL.

It was in the most inconspicuous corner of his store window, hidden behind wooden bears, carved plates, and shallies with their lacy balconies and winding stairways. He had tried, and he had failed! Dolls brought a good price, and Carle had grown rich because of his dextrous handling of the white wood and colors. If he but looked across the street, within Carle's store window, he could see rows upon rows of wooden faces smiling mockingly back at him, but his poor attempt at a doll sat stiff and unlovely, behind the goods in his own window. Bette had believed in him, and little Franz; even he had been sure of his ability. Too sure, it seemed, for the thought of his failure rankled in his heart unceasingly. Always, the face of that pitiful, wooden doll stared unblinkingly at him, that grossly colored, imperfectly carven little image that symbolized bitter disappointment. Always, as he sat on his low, wooden stool in the queer cluttered-up workroom at the back of the house, he went over in his mind how it had all happened. He had purchased a piece of the firm, white wood, had hurried home so fast he had forgotten the blue yarn for Bette, from which she made his thick, durable socks. He remembered, as if it were yesterday, how little Franz had begged to watch him carve the doll, and how he, the father, impatiently pushed him from the workshop, so that, all alone, he might whittle and shape the wood,—into what? Only a rude copy of Carle's, which he had striven to surpass. Thus he had sat, hunched over his stool, with his failure between his knees, while the room darkened, the doll houses on the shelves grew shapeless, and old Frau Godeau trudged homeward past his window with her goats, whose soft, pattering feet stopped before his gate, as they nibbled at the young shoots in his garden plot.

Today a steady stream of tourists had visited his shop and the shallies and plates had rapidly disappeared from the window until the doll, far to one side, was exposed to the view of all

loiterers and shoppers. The last garrulous American had left the store, the clocks that lined the walls ticked loudly in the welcome silence. Peter dropped his tired head into his hands, only to be aroused by the sweet, childish voice of Franz calling,

"Father, I say. Father, have you heard the news?" And not waiting for an answer proceeded with his story. "A magician has come, father. He can do the most wondrous things, all the town is astir. And father, can I go tonight to the big performance at the hall?"

Eager eyes were upturned to his own, a pleading, quivering mouth lifted. So he drew out the needed money and Franz skipped joyously away to where his companions were waiting. The shop seemed suddenly depressing, gloomy. He rose and walked to the window, the wrinkles deepening in his forehead, his eyes half closed. But mercy on us, what was this? A little stranger gazing in at his window with wide, longing eyes. It was unbearable to see a child so sad. He opened the door and spoke softly,

"Little one, who art thou?" Slowly and hesitatingly she sidled up to him, a chubby finger in her mouth.

"Bino, pretty, pretty Bino," and she pointed with a moist, red finger at the wooden doll, then stretched out her arms to it. Quickly, almost roughly, he whirled her up in his arms and carried her into the shop. She wanted, loved, his wooden doll. It was unbelievable! He lifted her to the low counter, placing the doll in her eager arms, and so she sat and rocked her wooden baby, back and forth, back and forth, crooning the while a soft lullaby.

"Pretty, pretty Bino, my Bino," the words ran.

For a long time she sat thus, while he watched and blessed her. Suddenly, she slipped down from the counter and scurried out of the door. Gone like a breath and gone was the wooden doll. He breathed more freely and Bette remarked at the table he had never been more gay. The evening paper, brought by Franz from the book store, lay before his plate. He placed his broad brimmed spectacles over his short nose, then began to read slowly and painstakingly the latest news. The pope was seriously ill. That was bad, very bad, and he crossed himself

devoutly. Wood was cheaper. Father Goriot had lost his purse while journeying to Berne. What was this? Five thousand marks reward. A child had disappeared. Therein followed a minute description of how it had all happened. A part of it he read to Bette, who was anxiously scanning his face, as if it were possible to read there the news that was causing him such excitement.

"The evening of the 15th, our little daughter, Jean, disappeared. She was playing in the yard with her Bino, a pet name she had for all dolls. That was the last we saw of her. A reward is offered for her speedy and safe return."

The type grew large and red before his eyes, the word Bino stood out clearly. Where had he ever heard that odd baby word before? Bette thought her husband had gone mad for he sat stupidly staring at the sheet before him murmuring in his deep guttural voice, "Bino, Bino, Bino." Yes, surely he was crazed for he had jumped up, and without a word had rushed out of the door and as far as she could see him he was still running, wildly waving the evening paper, his coat tails flying in the breeze.

For hours Bette and little Franz sat by the window, that looked out on the small garden plot, anxiously awaiting their lord's return. The unfinished supper grew cold and the room dark. The first star hanging above Mt. Blanc winked gleefully at the two figures peering out at the lonely road, still, save for the low tinkle of cow bells on the distant mountain slopes. It seemed hours and then:

"Franz, Franz, see the great crowd coming down the lane and your father at the head. Quick, child—come!" Out of the house flew Bette to meet her husband who was leading by the hand a baby girl, clutching in her frightened little arms a clumsy wooden doll.

"Ah, Bette, you can never know how tiny she is, and how pitiful. Take her, Bette, you are a woman." As the good soul stooped to lift the child, two arms were outstretched to her and the baby was held close to the kind, motherly breast. Franz, mixing with the crowd that filled the road, heard Old François say to Rouget, the shoemaker:

"'Tis, a great ladies' daughter I heard. Peter has won a fortune. He will be rich. Richer than any of us. Luck is a strange thing, a strange thing. And it all came to him through a wooden doll, Rouget, a homely, wooden doll."

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE ART OF WRITING BALLADS.

Alice and Frances had put their heads together. Alice and Frances were about to write a poem. Yes, Alice's teacher had demanded a ballad of any size, kind or description for her next class and Alice and Frances were really going to compose it. Alice was to write it down and Frances was to furnish the inspiration. Alone in their room, genius burned high. Alice began:

"Sir Johnny was a—"

"Oh don't use such a prosaic name. Say, Sir—Sir—Douglas."

"No ma'am! I like Johnny! 'Sir Johnny was a noble knight' " she sang.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Frances, stopping up her ears. "There's nothing poetic about that! You ought to say something like, 'Sir Jonathan, a warrior bold, beloved by all the land—' "

"Why that's not at all 'ballady,' " retorted Alice, "that sounds more like an epitaph! This has such a lovely swing to it!"

"Sir Johnny was a noble knight," she shouted, pounding the table to emphasize the meter.

" 'Beloved from pole to pole,' " quoted Frances.

"Oh, don't drag in the 'beloved!' Now listen!"

" 'Sir Johnny was a noble knight,
The noblest in the land—' "

"I think your gift at poetry is really sump'in' grand," finished her roommate, exasperatingly.

"Oh, will you quit!" cried Alice, in despair. "I'm dead serious, and I've got to have this in tomorrow morning!"

"Well, let me think! Here, I'll write it for you!" Frances seized the paper, and a moment later threw down her pencil triumphantly.

"Here it is!" she said, dramatically.

" 'Sir Johnny was a noble knight,
The noblest in the land—' "

"I had that much before, thank you!" interrupted Alice.

"Will you kindly let me finish?"

" 'Sir Johnny was a noble knight,' " she began again.

" 'The noblest in the land,
He joined the Salvation Army,
And played a rubber band!' "

"Oh!" shrieked Alice, wrathfully. "How dare you? How dare you abuse my patience?"

"Oh, Catiline!" finished Frances. "The trouble with your poetry is that you don't get enough action into the first line. Since Johnny is a warrior, you ought to begin something like this—'Sir Johnny fit the Corsicans!' "

"Why not 'fought?' " remarked Alice cautiously.

Frances looked nonplussed for a moment.

"Oh, it's more poetical," she said at last. Alice shook her head doubtfully.

"I don't quite like that—Oh! I've got it!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Listen!"

" 'Sir Johnny had a lovely horse!' "—

Frances threw back her head and howled with laughter.

"Oh, noble work, Alice! 'Lovely' is exactly the adjective to apply to a husky horse!"

"I don't see why a horse can't be lovely, as well as anything else. 'Johnny had a lovely horse,' " Alice persisted doggedly.

"In the course of scientific research," remarked Frances sagely, "it has also been discovered that, 'Mary had a little lamb.' Surely, you couldn't be thinking of,

" 'Sir Johnny had a lovely horse,
It's fleece was white as—!' "

"Oh, you are hateful!" cried Alice, on the verge of tears. "If you know so much more about it, I wish you'd write the

blamed thing!" So saying, she hurled the offending tablet at her roommate's head. Frances arose, with the dignity befitting such an occasion, and picked up the tablet. She then turned her back to her antagonistic roommate, and devoted her whole time and soul to poetry. After a long interval, she laid down her pencil very quietly, and remarked, in the tone of one who has just conquered in a struggle with his soul:

"Alice, I have written your poem!"

Alice clinched her fists threateningly.

"Now, let me give you fair warning, that if you have been writing any more funny business, I'll—"

"Alice," cried Frances reproachfully. "You wrong me! You injure me deeply! Now hearken!"

" 'Sir Johnny had a noble horse,
He rode him everywhere,
The beast walked out from under him,
And left him in mid-air!' "

Alice giggled, despite herself, and, catching the spirit of the thing, she continued—

" 'And when his ladylove came by,
And saw him sitting there—' "

A sharp rap at the door interrupted them, and one of the teachers entered.

"Why all this noise, at this time of night?" she demanded, half laughingly, as she noticed their startled faces. Alice wiped the perspiration from her brow, and looked at the clock. Two and a half hours had elapsed since they had first started to compose.

"We were trying to compose a poem," she said at last.

"It must have been a rather hilarious one."

"No, indeed! Miss Warren! It was very serious," said Alice reprovingly.

"Well, I just wanted to tell you that it is long past time for your lights to be out," and she withdrew from the room.

Frances arose and stretched herself.

"Exactly how far had you gotten?" she asked.

" 'Sir Johnny had a lovely horse—' "

"You've said that exactly twenty-five times," remarked Frances scathingly. "Let's quit this silly doggerel!"

"It isn't doggerel," said Alice, "it's horserel." And Frances was too tired to chastise her.

"Let's go to bed," she suggested at last. Alice seconded the motion, and for all we know Sir Johnny is still sitting in mid-air.

BEATRICE CHOWEN.

FROM GRANDFATHER'S CORNER.

It had always been somewhat of a mystery to me why Grandfather was so fond of his corner on the wide veranda Day after day he sat basking in the sun, his feet crossed, chair tilted back, at a perilous angle, with his pipe as a constant companion. To be sure, the piazza was extremely pleasant and through the tightly woven vines, one had a good view of the road; but what of interest could possibly happen on a country road? Grandfather disputed this assertion and bade me experiment. Now a visit to the farm was an annual event on my part, so that all the village people were known to me, but it was with a good deal of skepticism that one day I took up my station in Grandfather's chair.

For the first few moments, there were few passersby. Al Perkins rattled past in his old spring wagon, his brown mare going at a good pace. Then old John Martin appeared, his torn broad-brimmed straw hat pulled down over his face. He was leaning back under the welcoming shade of a huge, blue parasol, advertising "Omega Oil," while his horse ambled along, head hung low in discouragement, barely managing to lift his feet. Alice Wright raced by on her bicycle, her black hair streaming in the breeze, the ribbon having long since been left behind. Alice was the tomboy of Evansville.

For a long time after these familiar folk had passed, no one appeared, and I was about to give up in despair when a cloud of

dust, a honk, honk, and a streak of red announced the passage of the Palmers in their touring car. They were the *nouveaux riches* of the town and had not yet learned discretion. Although none of the people in the car were distinguishable, I could see in my mind's eye, the ample figure of Mrs. Percival Floyd Palmer, arrayed in a brilliant purple automobile coat. Purple was this year's color, and in Evansville, Mrs. Palmer was its most enthusiastic supporter. My mind went back to the time when I had first known them. They were poor enough then, with their tiny bare house. Now they were worth an immense amount of money and tried to act accordingly. Mary Isabelle, now known as Marie Isabella, had been sent away to school, but it was a matter of doubt in my mind how long she would be content to stay. Evansville always knew of their doings. Mrs. Palmer saw to that. I, myself, had been consulted about the new house.

It was to be of 'colideum' architecture with a 'spinal' staircase.

I smiled at the choice of words, but at the same time wondered if their failings were not magnified by the fact that they materially possessed so much more than I. Queer creatures we mortals be!

But if there was the slightest bit of envy on my part, because it was such a wonderful day for an automobile ride, I knew there was no place for such a feeling in the heart of the man who came driving along in his old, round-topped buggy. Dr. Miles, if he had collected half the fees owed him, might have owned an automobile long ago, but though he possessed very little of this world's goods, he had in untold abundance the love of his patients.

Another buggy appeared. It was the Temple sisters. One could not help feeling that they had become spinsters more from necessity than from choice. As usual, Miss Maria drove, that is, she slapped the reins over the horse's back at regular intervals, although this action had no apparent effect on the constant jogging gait of old Molly. Miss Ann wore the same kind of a prim bonnet as her sister, with a tiny bunch of nodding black daisies, but she did not sit with that ramrod stiffness which characterized her companion. Rumor had it that Miss Ann had once been on the verge of an engagement. Grandfather vouched for the truth of this, but he always had all the gossip of the village at his tongue's

end. At least the danger of Miss Ann taking the fatal step was long since past.

In a moment a motorcycle dashed by with a deafening chug, chug, again disturbing the quiet of the country road. Soon a young boy and girl appeared on their way home from school, he carrying her books and smiling upon her. It was Gladys Graham and young Haley. Grandfather said they had had a "falling out." The quarrel was evidently made up.

Two small children appeared, the girl dangling her straw hat by its rubber, her gingham dress, likewise her mouth, smeared with a sticky fluid. The boy who was in overalls, was still engaged in making way with the last bit of an all-day sucker. They were the Ellsworth twins, inveterate candy eaters, both of them.

The screen door creaked and Grandfather shuffled out in time to see the twins trudging along the dusty road.

"Did you ever see them when they weren't eating candy?" I asked.

"Yes, a few times in church. Have you heard of their last trick?"

"No, what?"

"Eating ivory soap with the idea that it was cream taffy. Don't you think my corner is pretty nice?" he continued, settling himself in his accustomed chair.

"I see, now, why you know so much about what is going on in the village. But did you know that Gladys Graham and Charles Haley were keeping company again?" I cried with a slight air of truimph at imparting some news.

Grandfather leaned back in his chair, took a long puff at his favorite pipe and said slowly, a twinkle in his eye:

"Oh, yes, they went past together yesterday."

Elizabeth Peck.

A DOG STORY.

It was a wonderfully clear day in August, rather warm it must be confessed, yet not uncomfortable for a walk, so I strolled listlessly out into the country to escape the continuous bustle of the city. I came upon a narrow lane leading into a cool-looking grove of trees, and as I trudged along I heard the sound of many voices.

Now I had come into the country to escape noise, yet my curiosity was so great that I turned in the direction from which it came, and soon saw in the distance, black, sooty smoke rolling in great puffs in the sky, and from all directions men, boys, and an occasional small girl, rushing, very much out of breath, towards the fire.

I, too, quickened my footsteps and ran with the others until I came to where a small frame building was being consumed by the flames. Around, were an unusually large crowd for a country fire, everyone offering suggestions, talking at the same time. The smoke was stifling, and the heat of the flames so great that, as I pushed my way nearer to the fire, my face was scorched. Nearby was a fire engine clanging and rumbling and a chemical stood at one side ready for use. Suddenly, above the uproar, a hoarse voice broke out, "He's going in!" I craned my neck.

From among the crowd a huge collie leaped towards the house and disappeared through the flaming doorway. As he vanished an intense silence fell on the crowd except for the moans of one woman who stood in front of the door wringing her hands. The moments dragged by like years as the crowd waited. Then the dog reappeared through the smoke, bearing in his jaws a small child. Instantly, two of the men in the crowd rushed forward, snatched up the child and took it to the woman. She pressed it to her heart, her shoulders trembling. I felt the sobs rising within me.

"Well, that's over!" said a gruff voice. I turned quickly, to see a man folding up his camera. I turned to the house, the flames had subsided, the house was still there. I realized I was on a modern stage, and oh, horrors, posing for a moving picture show! DOROTHY BENTON.

THE DIARY OF A WOULD-BE ATHLETE.

Oct. 15—

Having at last become fairly well settled in school, (to tell the truth, I never thought it would be such hard work), I have decided to go out for athletics. I never was particularly interested in them, but the girls seem to talk of scarcely anything else, especially now that the hockey season has begun. So I have decided that since an athletic girl is quite an important person, I shall be one. Then, too, I think it would be rather nice to get your letters at the end of the year for making the hockey, baseball and basket ball teams. Hockey practice is this afternoon. I haven't quite decided what position to play, but I think I should like bully.

Oct. 16—

I do not think that I like hockey. It is really so senseless, knocking a little ball all over the field as if you were playing croquet. I always hated croquet. Of course, I suppose it wouldn't be so bad if one could hit the provoking ball or after hitting it, send it where one wished. I told the girl who seemed to have charge of affairs, that I wanted to play bully, but she said:

"Perhaps you had better try some other position until you get a little used to the game."

I like Helen, so I said nothing when she put me way back in the field somewhere and told me to stop any balls that came my way. Well, they all seemed to come my way, that is, I thought they did and then—I couldn't find them at all for a minute.

A few I stopped, but couldn't seem to hit them the way I wanted to. It's funny how easy it is to hit the ground instead of the ball. After practise I didn't say anything more to Helen about playing bully. I thought I would wait until I had practised a little more.

I don't see how anyone can call athletics healthy. I should rather say that they were excruciatingly painful. This morning, when I started to get up, I thought that my roommate must have been pounding, or at least sitting on me during the still watches of the night. Then, when I walked, my legs felt as if someone were jerking the chords right and left. I spoke to one of the girls about my agonies and she only said in a careless way:

"Oh, yes, of course you're lame but it won't last long."

I should hope not. No, I do not think that I like hockey.

Oct. 18—

I am still lame. It takes me at least five minutes to go upstairs, then I spend the rest of my time dreading the trip down. If it wasn't for Helen Paterson, whom I like so well, I wouldn't go out for practise. Then, too, I have some school spirit and I don't want to deprive the team of my help in winning.

Oct. 26—

I am deeply offended. Helen asked me today why I had not been to practise. I told her I had other things to do. She said:

"Well, if you don't come out more, you won't even make the team."

It is strange what threats some people make when they are in a temper.

Nov. 4—

A more wretched, miserable being could not be found in the western hemisphere. My hopes are shattered, my fond expectations are not realized. I am bathed in tears. I fly to to my diary for consolation. Gladys, my roommate, will not suffice in such an emergency. The truth is, I have not made the team. I do not know why. I never thought that Helen was partial,

but she has put Gladys Davidson in my place. I fear my athletic days are over. But I bear no ill will. I wish the team success, although I am afraid we have little hope of winning.

Jan. 8—

My resolution is broken. So few girls went out for the first practise of basket ball, that I felt it my duty to help the future team along. I have played before, but no one seemed very much impressed with the fact, although I was put on as forward where I have a chance to make baskets. I confess I missed a good many chances, but I don't know how one could very well do otherwise with such a tall girl for a guard. I couldn't throw the ball without having her knock it.

Jan. 12—

I do wish that Margaret wouldn't think it necessary to tell me so much about basket ball. One would think I had never played before. I spoke to one of the girls about it and she said, "Oh, you mustn't get peeved. That's her business you know."

I must remark here that peeved is another word for mad. I sometimes think that girls don't understand me very well.

Feb. 16—

I am a sub. It is practically the same as being on the team, for if anyone gets hurt, which almost always happens, the sub plays. I am quite happy over that, although a little provoked because Margaret did not take some advice of mine as I meant it. I asked her why in the world she didn't have Frances Parker play jumping center. She said quite sharply, "Chiefly because she isn't in the least fitted for it."

Feb. 18—

I played on the team and we won. I think basket ball is a healthier game than hockey.

April 25—

The baseball season has begun. I never thought that girls could play baseball, and I haven't changed my mind. I think

it is terribly complicated. First, they put me 'way out in the field, and told me to catch all the balls that came that way. For a long time none came, and I was looking at first baseman when someone yelled, "Fielder." I looked up in time to see a ball bumping along the ground, and stooped to pick it up, but somehow it went right through my fingers. This happened several times. Then, all of a sudden, everybody left the field, and the others went out. But the worst of all was batting. I couldn't tell where the balls were coming. Then someone called, "Three strikes; you're out," when I hadn't hit at a single ball. I was mad and started to explain, but it seems that if a ball is good, if it goes in a certain way over the funny home stone, it is a strike, whether you hit at it or not. First thing I knew, we had to go out into the field again, goodness knows why, but I began to understand the game better a little later on. The next time I went to bat, there was an awful green, slimy worm on the stone, and while I was trying to shove it off, someone called, "Go ahead." I said that I wouldn't while that awful thing was wiggling at my feet, but they all laughed so hard that I got mad, gave it a shove, and batted so hard that the ball went 'way off somewhere. The stupid girl on third base never even tried to run home, but just stood there giggling, and while I was calling to her to come on, everyone began to laugh so hard, that I thought there must be some terribly funny joke. It seems I should have run to first base. Well, I don't know how one can remember everything one ought to do.

May 5—

I am still practising baseball, but do not like it very well.

May 16—

I played the position of fielder in the great game. We lost, but the opposing team were wonderful in their long distance batting. Some of the girls on our team seemed to lose their heads.

May 25—

Our games are all over. I wonder if I went to a summer camp, whether I would be able to make my R. H. in the fall.

It isn't so easy to win your letters as I supposed. Perhaps that's why I want them. ELIZABETH PECK.

A WESTMORELAND POET.

"Why cannot a poet be born in good old Westmoreland County as well as in England, Scotland or France?" Why not, indeed? Let the readers judge. The complaint of all poets is that nobody appreciates good poetry, or if they do appreciate it they never read any of the poets of the time.

A school paper is a small thing in which to extol the qualities of any writer of rhymes, but this man has made so many bids to fame that it may prove interesting for us to see if they have any foundation.

John F. Bair was a minister in the Reformed Church until ten years ago. Then someone suggested in a jesting mood that he publish some of the rhymes that he had written in odd moments of inspiration. They sold rapidly in the countryside, and soon finding that he could not serve the church and the muses, he let the church suffer, and resigned. His whole time was now spent in writing poems, and in reading them at sociables, prayer meetings and strawberry festivals. He rode a rather bolting Pegasus at first, but gradually he settled into a more regular gait. His first extended effort of an epic nature, was the "Andrews Raid," which is an absorbingly interesting dramatic theme, but too complex of plot, and intricately written to give satisfying quotations from. Bair's shorter verses, though, are both interesting and quotable, and show not only versatility, but also a great desire to reform all sinners. While preaching in a town in Illinois, he conducted a vigorous campaign for prohibition, and has since

written much about this part of his career. The first quotation is from, "Leave that Crêpe upon that Door."

I walked down street this afternoon,
I passed by Jim McCoy's saloon,
A place I oft had passed before;
I saw black crêpe upon the door.

Some of the passages are very forceful, especially that part in which an old drunkard describes the evils brought upon him by drinking.

"My wife today would not lie still
In that graveyard upon the hill.
For I, when drunk, dealt her that blow
Which caused her death, as many know.

My daughter would not be insane,
Nor I be filled with grief and shame,
If crêpe had always there been hung
To warn all men, both old and young.

Oh, Jim, let me make one request,
Before they lay my form to rest;
Open that vile saloon no more
But leave that crêpe upon that door."

Another short sonnet calls up to a person of imagination, all the wild places of the earth, home and barnyard, the wonderful tropical forests on the shores of the Amazon, and the icy regions of the poles. It is called a "Monstrous Family." It's chief charm consists in its extreme simplicity and the way he brings up so many different pictures by using so few words.

"Tom cat, guinea pig, shepherd dog,
Peacock, turkey, Berkshire hog,
Pug dog, poodle dog and raccoon,
White duck, black duck, penguin, loon,
Reindeer, big horn, tall giraffe.
Hergood, Holstein, Durham calf,
Lion, tiger, grizzly bear,

Possum, rabbit, beaver, hare,
Leopard, puma and cougar,
Tapir, chamois, jaguar,
Elephant, camel and ground hog,
White rat, gray rat, fierce bull dog,
Nanny goat, billy goat, and donkey
Make a monstrous family."

This is certainly the soul of brevity and the meter is well nigh perfect.

In one place though, this rider of Pegasus has flown too near the sun. He attempted a review of Kipling's poem, "The King," and compared him unfavorably with Will Carleton and Josiah G. Holland. But there never has been anybody, no matter how sure footed, who has not made at least one misstep. Bair received a very interesting letter from Kipling, himself, after having sent him a copy of his literary efforts—the mistake was not so bad as it might have been.

Bair's last and crowning piece of work is a long poem called "Drucilla." In this he sets forth his views on matrimony and life in general. It is the one work with which the author, himself, is supremely satisfied. He had the idea indeed, before writing it, that the next product of his pen "would rival Longfellow's Evangeline." The theme is that of the disgusting market of matrimony, to which American millionaires send their daughters, to bid for foreign titles, and the vigor of his language is amazing. He often used words of his own coining, following in this respect the example of many eighteenth century poets. This is illustrated in the following, when Drucilla's mother acknowledges their former social sphere.

"Yes, said her mother, I know it, but we now live in a city,
We should seek after refinement and our friends never should know that
We were once common back-woodsers, scratching around o'er the mountains;
Here you are mourning, Drucilla, over that plain common fellow,

Take my advice now and drop him, let some young man of high
standing
Here in the heart of this city, with you from hence forth keep
comp'ny."

Back-"woodsers" is certainly a descriptive word. He uses poetic license in making this, but that is allowable. His sarcasm is superb in the stanza describing Drucilla's contempt of the shallow minded society leaders.

"Evening came and the swell comp'ny turned out arrayed in their
jewels.
You should have seen Mrs. Osburn trying to show off before them,
Trying to induce Drucilla to imitate them and also
Talk like one whose tongue is crippled, words like tomowah and
butta,
New Yok and Pittsbug and so forth, actions intensely disgusting,
Or which at any rate should be to any sensible person.
On all such actions Drucilla looked with contempt and displeasure,
Little cared she for the comp'ny of such vain ignorant people."

There are many examples of dramatic action throughout this epic, of which I can only give one. It may not be the best, but it is, I hope, a fair sample. Ralph, the poor but true lover of Drucilla, has angered her slightly, and this scene follows. Somebody has said the ability of a poet to make the action clear and striking is the test of his genius as a dramatist, and, judging by that standard, would this not make a good drama?

"As he stood laughing, Drucilla picked up a cushion, and threw it
At him, while he ran off, dodging just as the missile passed by him.
"My," he bawled out from the stairway, "but you're a fine shot,
Drucilla,
You should have gone with the captain off to the Philippine Islands,
You'd have shot down all the Spaniards, ending the war in short
order.' "

I would like to quote for many pages yet, but I have neither the space nor the time. This short review will, I hope, give my readers a clear idea of Bair and also a glimpse of some of the idiosyncrasies of modern verse writers who are striving for a niche in the Hall of Fame. To be sure, all the modern poets have not the same ear marks, but the foundations of their creed are to be found in Bair. Realism, first and foremost, simplicity, and the use of words in general use in the United States, is Bair's aim. Has he achieved this end?

My one regret in writing this article is that the illustrations in the book cannot be printed with it. Bair does the pictures himself, aspiring to art as well as to the service of Calliope. The only idea I can give of them is that they are about on a par with his verse, though he should make a better poet than an artist.

ETHEL FORBES.

SKETCH DEPARTMENT.

A FALL OF SLATE.

We sped along the road in the early evening, the town lying far behind us, and the coal tipple across the road in front. It stood out black against the sunset, the only moving thing about it being the little coal car, which was rolled across the top to where a waiting engine stood panting on the tracks by the road-side. Across the tracks stood the coal mine, its electric lights already burning over the mouth of the pit, as well as over the small track which led to the tipple. At one end of the building, shone the name, "Keystone No. 8," while around the track in front of the building, stood a small group of men, putting something on a flat car. When we came back, it was dark, but as we rode under the tipple, the same group of men were gathered by the side

of the road. The lamps in their caps gave the only light, and their black faces, under the unsteady flames, had an unnatural look. We stopped. In their midst was a stretcher. "Only another fall of slate," one of the men replied indifferently to our question. "We're waitin' for the ambulance."

ETHEL FORBES.

A FISH STORY.

The usual expectant crowd of youngsters was gathered around Uncle William, waiting for a yarn with which he seldom failed to delight his young admirers. The faded blue eyes of the old man lit upon a fish pole which one of the little boys held in his hand, and a slow smile overspread his wrinkled face.

"Catch any fish, Tommy?" he inquired.

The boy's face fell.

"No, I had a bite but couldn't pull him in. Oh, he was a great whopper."

"Too bad. You ought to go to Robbins' pool. That is where your Uncle William used to go when he was a boy. Strange fish were there. I remember one in particular."

"Is it a story?" inquired Jim.

"Yes, quite a one."

"Oh tell us," came in a chorus.

"Waal," began Uncle William slowly, "I wasn't much older than you when it happened. Sometimes I went to Robbins' pool just to watch the fish swimming idly around. I used to lie flat on my stomach in the long, green grass and peer at them as they flashed by through the shallow water, down, down to the deepest part where the biggest trout could lie in concealment. One day, I was thinking about what I would be when I grew up. All of a sudden, a great splash sent the water flying into my face and when I looked around to see what had made it, what do you suppose I saw?"

"What?" came in a breathless whisper from his listeners.

"A fish was nibbling the grass under the water. I couldn't believe it at first, but he kept on eating it just like a cow. He must have been terribly hungry for I watched him until it was too dark to see any longer. You can imagine how surprised I was to see a fish do such a funny thing, and I went the next day to see if I could find them again. Sure enough he was there. This time he nibbled the grass near the water for awhile, then began to come up further and further on the bank. For a week or so afterwards, I could not go to the pool but when I did—"

"Was the fish there?" interrupted Tommy eagerly.

"No, he wasn't. Search as I would, I couldn't find him."

"Didn't you ever find him?" asked Frank.

"I'm coming to that in just a minute," smiled Uncle William.

"The next time I went to Robbins' Pool, I had my fish pole, but I soon dropped it for there, nibbling the grass, was my old friend."

"How did you know him?" asked practical Jane.

"Why shouldn't I, after watching every flip of his tail for several days?"

This argument was unanswerable so Jane subsided.

"Well, do you know that fish was so scared at seeing me that he flopped back into the water and was drowned."

KATHRINE KIDDER.

A PEDDLER OF FISH.

Early on summer mornings, whether the mist hung thick and grey over the sea, or the sun shone brightly down upon it, the old stooped seaman peddled his clams and mussels from door to door, clumping past in his worn shoes and rubber coat, a wide waterproof hat pulled far down over his face. A large covered basket always swung over one arm, and he often stopped to rest it on a nearby fence or stone wall, and if the morning was unusually warm, to wipe his swarthy, tanned face with the back of his coarse hand. A life on the open, wind-swept sea had left hard wrinkles on his

face, delightful wrinkles however, for they all went up instead of down. You could hear him coming a block away for he always shuffled along, and his voice was harsh and grating when he called out, "Nice fresh clams today. Nice fresh clams." Yet it was a strong, confident, whole hearted voice that left no doubt in your mind of his ability to grapple with difficulties and to overcome them. I often wondered just what he did with his small earnings,—if he had anyone in all the world to love and care for. He shunned the garrulous landladies, and fat, important cooks whom the other peddlers of sea foods spent their precious time in gossiping with over back fences and through pantry windows. Day after day he plodded down the streets, his eyes on his shuffling, clumsy feet, calling out his wares.

One day I saw him stop before Mrs. Willits' door, the querulous old soul across the street, who sat by her back parlor window all day, and so learned that my second maid was very familiar with the butcher's boy, which bit of scandal she did not fail to impart to my unbelieving ears at the first opportunity. That day he had two baskets, one was filled with lobsters, big fellows that would bring a good price, and when he entered Mrs. Willits' door, he left the lobsters on the stoop outside. Great was my consternation when I discovered, sidling slowly up to the basket, a small, curly haired boy whose eager, hungry eyes shifted uneasily from the neighboring windows to the basket at his feet. Quickly he lifted the thick rubber covering, snatched one of the lobsters, and ran down the street as fast as his legs could carry him, right into the arms of old Pete Flannigan, our one policeman. It all happened so suddenly, I am not quite certain as to what occurred. I know the poor, starved little fellow was hustled back to Mrs. Willits' door by his coat collar and that the old weather-beaten seaman met them at the gate. Mrs. Willits was shouting in the meantime, "Thief, scamp, despicable rogue!" at the trembling terror striken bit of humanity that squirmed in Pete's firm grasp. Then our wrinkled fisherman smiled. I remember the softness and kindliness of his voice. All his roughness seemed to drop from him like an old, worn garment.

"Hold on now, officer, I take it there ai'nt no better fri'nd of mine than this boy, and him and me are jest on our way to the pier for it's good catchin' weather,—but I warn ye 't will blow clear before night." He lifted the heavy baskets and covered them carefully. "So haul ahead sonny, you'll be in the way o' bein' a fisherman yet, I mistrust." Pat Flannigan turned abruptly and went down the street shrugging his shoulders, while Mrs. Willets flounced into the house, vigorously slamming the door. The last I saw of the old fisherman was his broad shuffling figure plodding down the sandy road with a little boy skipping merrily beside him.

The next day when I ran to the window to see him pass by, he carried but one basket, for the other hung over the arm of a jubilant little urchin, trudging with him down the street past Pat Flannigan to Mrs. Willets' gate.

GERTRUDE HAWXHURST.

THE HARP MAN.

It was a very warm evening, and, to the people on the porch, a very oppressive one, without a breath of air stirring. Even the trees were still and silent, and if it had not been for the humming noises in the grass beneath, and the occasional plah! plah! of a grasshopper crossing the paving, one might have thought everything asleep. From far away, came the faint thum! thum! of a harp, which, now and then, could be recognized as "Annie Laurie."

His music could not have been appreciated, for he came nearer and nearer to us, with only an occasional pause. Finally he appeared at the gate, and was immediately asked to come into the yard. He came and stood on the pavement. The arc light in the street, falling on him dimly through the trees, threw a romantic glow over his old ill-fitting clothes and his typical Italian features. He played for us, one piece after another. Many of the girls left the porch, as the creakings of the wicker

chairs attested, until there were but three of us left. The harpist's repertoire was small. He repeated over and over again the Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffman," until the gable roof on the end of the wing glided out like a gondola into the dim canal of the milky way. He departed after a while, shambling down the street with the harp swung over his back; and the grasshoppers came back to the paving. ETHEL FORBES.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

Supper is over, and we stroll out to the back porch and down the steps. The lilac bushes and apple trees, all in full bloom, fill the air with sweetness, and you can fairly sniff the spring. Twilight is coming on, and a silver crescent appears just beyond the trees.

"Let's walk down and sit under the lilac bushes," and the two Seniors sauntered down, arm-in-arm, to the rustic old bench.

"Just to think," sighs one, "only one whole week more of school. I can hardly realize it."

The other does not speak—but thinks hard—and her face speaks volumes.

"I never believed I would ever see the day when I would be a full-fledged Senior. It used to seem so far off. But here we are, with our rings,—and then people would easily recognize us as such by our dignified manner." The last remark brought a "Humph!" from the silent one, which one of the faculty would have echoed, probably, if she were to hear the bold statement.

"Why, it seems just a short time ago that I arrived, baggage in hand, shy and expectant, wondering what the future held for me here."

"Lots of things have happened," responded the silent one, warming to the subject, "and I would not give up these two years for anything."

"Nor would I," declared the other. "Just suppose we hadn't been put to room together,—or, worse still, you had gone to another school,—we never would have met, and I wonder what each of us would be doing now."

"Don't bring up such unpleasant thoughts, you goose. It is enough to know that we are the happiest of roommates, and are going to keep up our friendship—"

"'Forever and ever,'" quoth the other. And they shook hands on it.

"My dear, do you remember what an awful time you had trying to get me to go out for athletics? I couldn't see anything but hard work in it, but now, I wish I could do it all over again. Why, I remember the first time, coming out for hockey and standing right under that big tree down there, hoping I would not be noticed or given any position. A hockey stick was placed in my hands, and I tried to look as if I really knew something about the game, but in reality, I couldn't have distinguished a hockey stick from a baseball bat. The first thing I knew, I found myself sprinting down the field, pigtails flying, with a resolve to hit the ball as my sole aim in life, and invariably hitting it with any side but the right one."

"I remember you then. It was funny to watch the expression of your face when the ball went past you, blissfully unconscious of your strenuous efforts to change its destination. I knew then you were out for athletics for good and all."

A bell sounded faintly in their ears, and they awoke to the fact that it was considerably darker, the moon showing up brighter through the trees.

They reluctantly arose, each realizing only too keenly that they would pass out and join the "Alums," giving way to new girls, who would take their places, and each year would raise the standard of the school higher and higher. They silently walked up the steps and through the hall, answering the call to prayers.

MATILDA KLOPPENBURG.

SCHOOL NEWS.

I

The editors of SPLINTERS are,
  Without a word of doubt,
The best of editors in town
  To get the SPLINTERS out.

II

Instead of having Dickens' plays,
  Or coming round to one
And saying, "Where's your little poem,
  It's time that it was done?"

III

They ought to form a Needle Club,
  With bright, sharp needles too,
The SPLINTERS would come easily
  If this work they should do.

IV

For now the SPLINTERS stick and pull,
  They have to tug them fast,
With needles ready for hard work
  They'd got them out at last.

EDITH STEVENS.

MARCH 23D—

"SPLINTERS PLAY."

It may safely be said Dickens has as many admirers among us as any author we know. So when we realized that this year would give us an opportunity to celebrate in his honor, we wel-

comed the centennial. We were convinced that Dickens, the great lover of young people, would want us to celebrate his hundredth birthday, but we did not know just how to do it.

Parties and school girls are always connected, because the former is the best known means of having a good time. So it was naturally our first thought. Of course if it was to be a Dickens party, everyone must be dressed as one of his characters. This, however, would be difficult, as we had no family cedar chest to rummage, no grandmother's old finery from which to pick and hardly time to plan. What could be worse than a poorly gotten up affair? Again, there had been many parties this year. Therefore, our first plan was abandoned.

I do not know who suggested it, but it was a very good plan, to turn our Dickens' party into a "SPLINTERS" play. In this way we were able to give much time to the production and to make it a party worth while. Scenes from "Pickwick Papers," Miss Wardell and her love affairs; from "David Copperfield," David's adoption by Miss Betsy Trotwood and from "Our Mutual Friend," the Wilfer family at the time of Bella's return from the Boffins and her love scene with John Rakesmith, were selected.

The parts were chosen most fittingly and the girls accepted them with rare good humor, ready to sacrifice any personal charm to become the caricatures Dickens often depicted. In fact, they took this as part of the fun, each rehearsal furnishing them more enjoyment. During the play, the actors had a much better time than the audience could possibly have had.

The costumes were truly Dickenesque. The "men" wore frills, beaver hats and tight trousers, such as would suit the most exacting taste of any Beau Brummel of the early nineteenth century. The ladies dressed in the best hoop skirt finery. The settings formed a most picturesque background to these people of the last century.

But not one of those behind the scenes realized how effective it all was, until the audience gave them sufficient proof. They not only showed their appreciation for the settings, but also for the acting. The players showed their sympathetic understanding of Dickens in the interpretation of his people.

I think I said Dickens was a favorite with most of us; since the play, he has become an even greater one. He is discussed more often and read more extensively. So the production of the Dickens' play performed a treble purpose. It awakened new interest in the author, furnished great enjoyment to many and it was the means of alleviating the deficit of "SPLINTERS."

APRIL 13TH—

THE PICNIC ON ROBIN'S HILL.

The glorious Spring term of which we new girls had heard so much had now arrived and in order to start it off right, we decided to go to Robin's Hill for a picnic. On the afternoon before the day set, a committee was appointed to prepare the eats. Maybe it wasn't fun making sandwiches, packing baskets and getting all ready, so that in the morning we could start out without a hitch. Those who were good mathematicians counted sandwiches and divided cakes and olives to see that we would have enough, for woe be unto the cooks if they didn't have food enough to go around.

Saturday morning! Our car came at ten o'clock. Such sights as we were when we went through Lowell, decked out in all our oldest hats and coats, for no really respectable looking person is allowed to go to one of our school picnics. When we got to Chelmsford, a pretty little New England village, we had to leave the car and walk the rest of the way, about a mile, to the top of the hill. There were a few of the girls who rode up, with the baskets, in a wagon, "to guard them," they said, but I've been wondering ever since if they didn't try a few of the sandwiches—just to see if they were of exactly the right flavor.

By noon, we had safely reached our picnic grounds. Such a starved lot of people as we were, but, if I remember correctly, I didn't hear those who rode up with the baskets complaining much. I wonder why!! But, starved or not, everybody set to work gathering sticks for the fires, and I am sure that I contributed at least two twigs to one pile. Soon the water for the coffee was

boiling, and the lamb chops broiling. Then a mad rush was made for both,—but what fun would a staid and proper picnic be? Those sandwiches, which we had counted so carefully, disappeared like lightning. Then the arithmeticians got to work to find out who had eaten more than her share, but, really, that was more the work of a detective, as the sandwiches were well hidden and no clues could possibly be found.

When we were all so full that life looked rosy again, we were just plain lazy, so found cozy spots among the trees, and laid down for a little snooze.

Three o'clock came all too soon, and we had to gather up our belongings and march back to Chelmsford. On the way, we stopped at a farmhouse to see some of the cunningest little puppies, then continued on our journey. At last we came to the village. Our car was not there when we arrived, so we invested in candy and sodas to pass away the time. When "Our Special" finally appeared on the scene, we were mighty loath to leave. H. J.

April 17th—

THE DARTMOUTH GLEE CLUB CONCERT.

As a rule, not many things along the social line happen during the spring term; mainly, I suppose, because almost all of our good times take place out of doors, such as bacon bats, walks to Billerica, and the like. So, when an event like the Dartmouth Glee Club Concert comes to town, the girls rush and take advantage of it, to air their good clothes and ball room manners.

Almost the whole school turned out for the event en masse, so the R. H. girls occupied three or four rows of seats, down near the front, of course. The Glee Club selections were splendid, especially the "Hanover Winter Song," which the men sang with true college jest and spirit. Then, too, the Mandolin Club gave some very pleasing selections, and of these the String Quartette stands out as having done some splendid work, not at all amateurish, but really surprisingly good.

Two of the men gave "Hawaii Hoola Song and Dance," which, of course, was screamingly funny, and, as usual, took exceedingly well with their most enthusiastic audience. After we all had risen and sung the Alma Mater, the chairs were removed, and those girls who were fortunate enough to have friends in the club danced. But that really sounds too alarming, because we all danced, at least some, and it was a mighty regretful troupe of Cinderellas that Miss Parsons took home with her when the clock struck eleven. C. F. L.

April 20th—

DINNER AT BILLERICA.

Yesterday was the most delightful warm spring day that we have had this year.

We had planned to go to Billerica after lunch, but it was too hot then, so we waited until four o'clock. Even then, some of the girls were too lazy to walk the six miles, and decided to go on the car. Those who walked though were not sorry, for the country was beautiful, as it always is in Massachusetts. We found the people who had gone on the car waiting for us, so we just had time to wash our hands and go in to dinner.

The Inn is a typical New England farm house. The front entrance brought you into a small, quaint hallway, at the end of which was a huge, old-fashioned fireplace. The rooms opened from both sides of the hallway, and in one of these we had our chicken and waffle dinner.

After dinner, we amused ourselves wandering around the town, and drinking soda waters in the little drug store. By way of excitement, some few of us managed to get lost for a few minutes, but aside from that, nothing happened.

We had the car to ourselves coming home, and so could sing and talk to our hearts' content. E. A.

April 26th—

THE FRENCH PLAY.

It was Saturday evening, and we were all assembled in the drawing room to see the French Play. As there was not room enough for us all to have chairs in the front drawing room, and as this was strictly a home affair, we collected pillows, and, after the fashion of the college girls, seated ourselves on the floor.

It was some minutes before we were settled, and then Miss Linthicum appeared before the "curtain," that is, the folding doors, and gave us a synopsis of the play in English, so that some of us who were still in the first stages of the language might be able to show signs of intelligence once in awhile, at least.

The play was "La Cigale Chez les Fourmis," and it was given beautifully, with scarcely a hitch. Susan McEvoy looked the part of the lazy, cultured grasshopper, Monsieur Paul de Vineuil, to perfection. Her extreme thinness, and the way she used her hands and knees helped the impersonator. The family of working ants, on whose bounty Monsieur Chameroy hoped to get a living, Monsieur Chameroy, Madame Chameroy, and their beautiful daughter. They all did very well, and even some of the people in beginners' French could understand part of what they said, Miss Linthicum having trained them so well in their diction.

After we had congratulated all the members of the cast, chocolate was served in the library. D. K.

April 27th—

"EXCUSE ME."

We had planned to "see Boston" on the twenty-seventh,—Bunker Hill, the Old North Church, Faneuil Hall—and learn something of the interesting old city we are so near, but the weather, which has so often been perverse this spring, said: "No, 'to see Boston' may be both interesting and instructive, but in my

present mood it will be highly uncomfortable. So stay at home, and go to 'Excuse Me,' instead." And we obeyed the weather.

"Excuse Me" proved a very amusing farce, and well worth an afternoon. Like all farces, the mood in which one goes is all important, but we went in a most cheerful one, and came back even more so. F. H.

April 29th—

MISS FORBES-ROBERTSON'S LECTURE.

On Monday, the twenty-ninth, Miss Forbes-Robertson lectured before the Middlesex Women's Club. The subject, "The Drama as a Social Force," proved especially interesting to the girls, who have taken the course in "The Development of the Drama" this year.

Miss Forbes-Robertson informed us immediately that the title of her lecture, although selected by herself, was inadequate to express the idea which she wished to convey, so we must forget about it in connection with what she was about to say.

Then she went back to the drama of the old Greek and Roman theatres, tracing its growth and development through the centuries, up to the modern English and American dramas. Having reached this point, she took up the plays of Ibsen, Mackaye and Gallsworthy. She pointed out the importance of these in informing the people-at-large, in the most vivid and effective way possible—of the conditions of the world, our country and society. "The Pigeon," "Justice" and "Strife" were among the most important mentioned. Here Miss Forbes-Robertson digressed in order to express her opinion of the modern musical comedy. She objected to it strongly, not only because of its poor standards, but because of the strong taste for this sort of play, which is being cultivated in the younger generation. Even now the average young person, she thinks, prefers hearing one of these musical comedies, in which inferior singing, acting and beauty are the salient factors, to a good, strong play. If this continues, the rising young dramatists, who are anxious and able to produce plays of vital interest and

importance, Miss Forbes-Robertson says, will not be encouraged, and will finally be forced to cease writing. The result will be that the valuable Movement in the Drama today will be checked. Miss Forbes-Robertson advised fathers and mothers to encourage the interest of their sons and daughters in the modern drama; in plays of worth and interest. She believes this to be one of the strongest forces at work, at present, for the improvement of social conditions.

Miss Forbes-Robertson, herself, is a very charming person. She is thoroughly English in her dress, carriage and manner of speaking. She spoke of the American idea of Women's Clubs as a very good one, and hoped that the English women would soon realize its value. I. H. K.

May 2d—

"The New England and Western Clubs go to see Billie Burke."

The Ohio girls had formed a club. That was the beginning of it. Why? To prove that this was the finest state in the union, and how? By showing what a bully time Ohio people could have together. This method of displaying one's loyalty to one's native clime became popular. One after another, other clubs were formed. The Western Club is made up of the girls west of the Mississippi, and a jolly crowd they are. Then of a sudden the real aristocrats, the New Yorkers, came into prominence, and last, but not least, came the old and exclusive New Englanders, who can boast of the membership of Miss Parsons and Miss Faulkner. The clubs were formed, now what to do.

On an evening in the middle of May, meetings were held at which celebrations in honor of native places were planned. I belong to the exclusive New Englanders. A box party to see Billie Burke the following night was enthusiastically agreed upon, and we decided to be very secretive concerning it. Two of us were appointed to ask permission of Miss Parsons, and very mysterious did we act as we began our whispered conversation with her.

Imagine our surprise and consternation when we were informed that one of the other clubs had planned the same trip and had already received permission. The Westerners! However, she said we might go also, and anyway we doubted if they were going to have a box party. Think of the fun we could have looking down upon them with our opera glasses. Many were the little groups in low toned conversation the next day and the excitement was great when our New England Club assembled in front of the Hall, just before starting off, and gave our new yell, which was greeted with applause from the windows above. We went in the first carriages, with the Western Club close at our heels, both reaching the theatre at about the same time. We then claimed three boxes of Page and Shaw's at the box office, nothing being left undone and sauntered leisurely into our boxes, half of us on one side and half on the other of the house. After we were comfortably seated, we took our opera glasses and focused them around the theatre until we discovered a little group, gaily talking and laughing and trying hard to pretend they didn't see us.

Soon, though, the curtain went up and our friendly rivalry was quite forgotten in the charms and delightful personality of Billie Burke.

The play wasn't at all unusual, but Billie Burke, herself, is so sweet and has such wonderful hair; she makes such a delicious child that we all came home glad that we had formed our clubs and sorry enough for those who belong neither to New England nor west of the Mississippi. SYLVIA DOUTNEY.

MAY 3D—

A FRENCH BOARDING SCHOOL.

When we heard that Miss Williams of Smith College was to give us an address after dinner, it did not greatly appeal to us at first, for we feared that it would be upon some highly intellectual subject that we could not grasp. But every one was so surprised and charmed with Miss Williams and her talk, that we now hate to think that we had ever such doubts.

Miss Williams' theme that night was on "A French Boarding School." She, having attended one herself, was able to describe, not only the school, it's work and the life therein, but to give us little phases of the French girl's life and her ideas of things in general. Shut up within four walls, and rarely, if ever, allowed to speak to men, the comparatively free manners of an American girl were strange to them indeed. One of her first, but perhaps most painful experiences occurred on her second day in school. Aroused from her study by the music of a band and the sound of marching, and being interested in the new world about her, and curious to see all that was within her power, she stepped upon her little cot bed and thrust her head out of the small church-like window above. What a sight met her eyes! A regiment of gay young soldiers was passing by and to one who had never before seen such a display, it was a revelation. Needless to say, it was Miss Williams' last look out of that window for, as she told us, it is not modest or in anyway proper for a girl in France to look out upon the street. To some of the girls here this seemed almost unreal, but it only brought back to my mind the months that I spent in a convent where everything worth while was "impossible."

The French are noted for their clothes and it is from them we get our styles, but the girls with whom Miss Williams lived, seemed most eager to be allowed to see her gowns and perhaps try them on. Her shoes and the number of pairs she had, seemed most wonderful to them. The French shoes, as every one knows, are "sad"—long, flat and made alike for both feet.

To me it was rather surprising to learn that the American girls are considered "wicked" in the eyes of foreign girls. The French to me have always stood for "high life" in society and when I heard Miss Williams speak of the difficulty she had in convincing the girls that all American women do not smoke, I came to the conclusion that perhaps my idea of the French was also false.

The evening passed quickly, being extremely enjoyable as well as instructive. We only hope that in the year to come we will have the great pleasure of hearing Miss Williams speak again.

C. A. A.

May 4th—

TO CONCORD BY THE OLD TURNPIKE ROAD.

It was not until the drags were at the door that I decided that I really wanted to go to Concord. Then the four horses and the high seats of each coach seemed to promise more than the mere dusty ride to see places you ought to see, and I think we all climbed in with the feeling that we were going to have a glorious day. It was not very warm when we started out, but by the time we came to Billerica, most of us were only too glad to stop and get some ice cream or a drink of water at a little drug store. The rest of the way was rather tiresome, in fact, the only thing I remember about it was the dust. In the square in Concord we drew up in front of a quaint little inn where we were to have lunch. It had been the headquarters of a British general, and in the dinning room where we had our lunch, George Washington had once had dinner with Lafayette. In another room, there was an old mahogany bar on which some famous Major Pitcairn was said to have stirred a whisky toddy with his fingers. The whole house was covered with signs and placards, telling what each nook and cranny had been used for in colonial times, and showing the spots on the floor where some famous man had stood and said something funny or famous. It made us feel rather afraid to move around very much for fear we would break some beautiful but rickety piece of furniture, or disturb some of the time honored spirits of the departed, so most of us were rather glad when everybody had bought all the postal cards they wanted and we could go to the old Burial Grounds. It lay on the opposite side of the square on a hill side, with a winding path of large stones leading to the summit. We only stayed there a few minutes, and then went on down a long, shady road past Hawthorne's old manse to the bridge where the "Embattled farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world."

The green trees, arched over the road, made a delicate and perfect frame for the Statue of the Minute Man, which stood in the full blaze of the sun beyond them. The river was the same

as it had been in 1875, the country was the same, the old manse was there, and it needed very little imagination to forget the modern bridge and the statue and see the farmers and the red coats. But the invariable picture post card booths destroyed the illusion. A hot little shack which contains a stout woman, who insists upon selling you gems of thought, from every known poet, peanuts, china jugs and pictures. Nearly everybody bought pictures of everything around the country side before we came home. We waited at an old house near the bridge until the drags came to take us to Louise Alcott's House, and from there to Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The Alcott House was just an ordinary New England house, with nothing particular to distinguish it except a doorkeeper, and the fact that no one lives there at present. But the fact that it is only an ordinary house makes it seem more like the home of "Little Women," and of "Jack and Jill." You can even recognize some of the nooks and crannies of the house described in her books, and the wooded ridge has not changed since Meg and Alice played there.

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at the first glance looks like a modern cemetery, but in mounting the hill you go back a generation. The graves of Emerson, Thoreau, Louise Alcott and Hawthorne, lying in the shadows under the old trees, make the place sacred indeed, and it was with regret that we left the cool quiet hill top for our ride back to school. E. F.

MAY 17TH—

THE OHIO CLUB AT GROTON.

Though the Ohio Club was the last to start out for their own little celebration, they declare that they had the best time. The unique idea of taking a motor trip aroused much curiosity in everyone, perhaps because it was kept a dark secret until the appointed time, Friday, May seventeenth.

Two automobiles, large enough to accommodate the party, which numbered eleven in all, including Miss McMillan and Miss Hochdörfe, drove up in front of the school. The girls who were

left behind hung out of the windows, jealous enough to renounce their own state and claim Ohio.

A more sunshiny day could not have been chosen for the ride to Groton, some thirteen miles from Lowell. With everybody in the gayest of spirits, it was impossible to refrain from airing their voices on this unusual lark. At four thirty they arrived at their destination, which proved to be an attractive inn, a landmark of Revolutionary days. Tea was served after we had investigated the little low ceilinged rooms, which contained many relics of bygone times.

A contented crowd piled into the machines for a drive through the grounds of the famous Groton school. The boys were playing baseball and one and all of the girls expressed their regret at not being eligible for entrance.

The ride home was delightful, being only too short. On their return, a cheer was given for the best state in the Union.

H. J.

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT.

FIELD DAY.

Founders Day, Tuesday, May 7th, was to be Field Day, as usual, but lo! and behold! What a disappointment! When Tuesday came, it was raining as hard as it could. How the telephone did ring! And how busy Miss Parsons was, telling "the would-be" visitors that this joyous day must be postponed until the next pleasant day. "But it never rains but it pours," and so it rained and rained, with no prospect whatsoever of clearing, and everyone went to their classes with long faces and wilted spirits. It seemed as if everything was wrong. It was so confusing; Wednesday's lessons Tuesday, Thursday's lessons Wednesday, and so on, until everyone, including teachers, got so tangled that we could hardly get out. But on Thursday the

unexpected happened, and the sun shone bright and clear, and this was Field Day.

Soon after breakfast everyone went to the schoolroom, where Major Stott told us many interesting things about the Misses Rogers and about Rogers Hall.

Later in the morning, the usual Field stunts were "pulled off." No records were broken, but the girls showed faithful preparation in all their stunts. Ethel Hockmeyer won the meet, and Barbara Brown closely followed. There were about fifty spectators, nearly twenty-five of whom were Rogers Hall Alumnæ.

After such a strenuous morning, everyone welcomed luncheon with anything but dainty appetites. Only those who were to play in the ball game that afternoon ate sparingly of the usual Field Day lunch of lobster salad and strawberry ice.

Usually, in the afternoon of Field Day, the Varsity and Alumnæ basket ball teams enter into hot conflict, but this year, on account of scarcity of time and preparation, baseball took the place of the other more strenuous game. "Mink" Moses, the star pitcher, came back and twirled. The poor Varsity players, who had been accustomed to the slow balls of our present pitchers, were rather taken aback, as they serenely watched "Mink's" balls whirl past them, and Miss MacFarlane's voice call, "Strike!" But such torture could not last forever, and in the fifth inning, with the score ten to four in favor of the Alumnæ, the weather took pity on them, and without the slightest warning, it began to thunder and pour perfect torrents. All sorts of noises, in forms of squeals and giggles were heard, and the field was cleared in great confusion. It seemed that no two people ran alike. Each person had their own peculiar brand.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in the drawing room, where the girls had a chance to show their talent either at the piano or singing.

The line up for the two teams was as follows:

Alumnæ.	Varsity.
Condit, Amy—C. F.	Benton, Dorothy—1st B.
Pond, Lucy—S. S.	Holland, Dorathea—S. S.
Moses, Mildred—P.	Coleman, Grace—R. F.
Harrison, Florence—3d B.	Parker, Gertrude—P.
Edlefson, Helen—1st B.	Doutney, Sylvia—2nd B.
Pike, Evelyn—2nd B.	Hays, Sara—3rd B.
Faulkner, Alice—C.	Hockmeyer, Ethel—L. F.
Nesmith, Helen—R. F.	Holden, Mary—C.
Burke, Julia—L. F.	Brown, Barbarra—C. F.

Score: 10—4, favor Alumnæ. B. W.

FIELD DAY EVENTS—THE WINNERS.

I. 50 Yard Dash—
1st —B. Brown
2nd—K. Nesmith
3rd —S. Hays

II. Three Legged Race—
1st —Hays and Babcock
2nd—Brown and Holden
3rd —Talbot and Hockmeyer

III. Throwing the Basket Ball—
1st —Hays

IV. Throwing the Base Ball— Record: 202 ft.
1st —Benton
2nd—Doutney
3rd —Parker

V. Running High Jump— Record: 5 ft., 1 in.
1st —Babcock, 4 ft., 11 in.
2nd—Hockmeyer
3rd —Stevens

VI. Potato Race—
1st —B. Brown
2nd—S. Hays
3rd —E. Hockmeyer

VII. Junior 50 Yard Dash—
1st —E. Stevens
2nd—B. Meigs
3rd —E. Whidden

VIII. Putting the Shot— Record: 27 ft.
1st —E. Callahan
2nd—N. Babcock
3rd —D. Holland

IX. Junior Potato Race—
1st —E. Stevens
2nd—B. Meigs
3rd —M. Stover

X. Hop, Step and Jump— Record: 30 ft., 3 in.
1st —E. Hockmeyer
2nd—S. Hays
3rd —B. Brown

XI. 75 Yard Dash—
1st —K. Nesmith
2nd—G. Coleman
3rd —B. Brown

XII. Running Broad Jump— Record: 12 ft., 11 in.
1st —B. Brown
2nd—E. Hockmeyer
3rd —D. Holland

XIII. Sack Race—
1st —E. Hockmeyer
2nd—E. Stevens
3rd —B. Meigs

XIV. Obstacle Race—
1st —E. Hockmeyer
2nd—K. Nesmith

XV. Relay Race—
Won by Day Team
2nd—House Team

THE HOUSE VS. HALL BASEBALL GAME.

The morning of the House vs. Hall baseball game was cloudy, and everyone was excited for fear that the game would have to be put off, as it had been once before, but by afternoon the sun came out beautifully.

In the first inning, both teams played well, but in the first half of the second, the Hall played wretchedly, and the House made eighteen runs. After that, the Hall began to recuperate, the pitcher to steady down, and in the third inning, she struck out three successive men. At the end of the fourth inning, the score stood 26—24, in their favor.

There were so many runs that, after the fourth inning, the study bell rang, and we were obliged to end a very exciting game.

Both captains played well, and they certainly set good examples for their teams. Sara Hays and Cynthia Byington each made a home run for the House, while Dorothy Benton made two for the Hall, once letting in four men.

The supporters of both the House and the Hall cheered their teams so well that many were unable to talk, to congratulate them afterwards.

Hall.	House.
Doutney, S.—P.	Miller, B.—P.
King, M.—C.	Hays, S.—C.
Benton, D.—1st B.	Byington, C.—1st B.
Kloppenburg, M.—2nd B.	Green, H.—2nd B.
Walker, B.—3rd B.	Chowen, B.—3rd B.
Holland, D.—S. S.	Dexter, G.—S. S.
Coleman, G.—R. F.	Peck, E.—L. F.
Kessinger, D.—C. F.	Ordway, E.—C. F.
Huston, E.—L. F.	Hasty, H.—R. F.

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Of course this spring has generally been conceded to deserve the prize for dampness and the conditions at Rogers Hall have not been unique. But even admitting the general condition, there seems to have been a definite attempt on the part of the weather to intervene between us and athletics. Everything has been delayed; basket ball rendered impossible and the tennis put off until the finals of the tournament had to be played at the eleventh hour on Monday morning when everyone was so rushed that a really fine game was missed by most of the school.

The preliminary rounds were one-sided and uninteresting except for the defeat of Sylvia Doutney and Elizabeth Huston by Dorathea Holland and Beatrice Walker who being new to the game did not hope to survive the first round. They lasted,

however, until the finals where their playing furnished the feature of the tournament.

The winners of the tournament, Dorothy Benton and Helen Joseph, had been expected to win with ease. In point of form, brilliancy and energy of attack they most certainly did outshine their opponents but for sheer ability to return the balls, Beatrice and Dorathea played a much more consistent game. They covered their court effectively, returned everything that came their way and won their points by allowing their more dashing but also more erratic opponents to beat themselves.

Instead of being the walkover that everyone had expected, Dorothy and Helen won only after most strenuous efforts and after their opponents had been three times within one point of the prize. The score, 7–5; 6–8; and 11–9 indicates the closeness of the match. F. L. H.

EDITORIAL.

Our heartiest congratulations to the girls who have won the R. H.'s! As Elizabeth Talbot said in her speech, "Rogers Hall has a fashion of growing better every year," and this year the girls who wear the R. H. have greater cause to be proud than any who have had them before, because it represents more.

The old standard by which the selection was made has not been altogether satisfactory. In a school of this size it sometimes happens that a girl will make all three teams who does not care greatly for athletics and who does not really excel in them. Then too, it has been thought that if the R. H. is to stand for all that it should, it ought not to be given to any girl who does not contribute to the good sportsmanship that games are supposed to promote. This matter has been discussed for the last two years; this year, owing to an unforseen difficulty; we were forced into adopting a new standard. The weather played havoc with our basket ball field, the development of these teams was impossible and therefore the old requirement of making the three teams could not be enforced.

A committee, Miss MacFarlane, the head of the gymnasium department, two of the faculty who are alumnæ of Rogers Hall and devoted to athletics, Miss Faulkner and Miss Harrison, met to discuss a new set of requirements. They drew up the following which were approved by Miss Parsons: (1) Membership on three teams (this year only two was possible); (2) The Winning of Points on Field Day; (3) Faithfulness in Gymnasium Work; (4) Sportsmanship; (5) Work for the Athletic Association; (6) Tennis, Fencing and Minor Sports.

This year the Committee made the awards of the R. H.'s in a little more lenient fashion than it will again for it was felt unjust to be very strict as the standard was not clearly understood. Another year it does intend to stick closely to it. The first four requirements will be necessary, the last two while not indispensable will be considered.

As to the present winners of the R. H.'s, several of them would measure up to as high a standard as could ever be reasonaby required. The winners and a list of their qualifications is given. From the Hall:

Dorothy Benton—Captain of Hall hockey team, baseball team, winner in tennis tournament, won points Field Day, President of Athletic Association. Has been faithful in her gymnasium work and a good sportsman.

Dorathea Holland—Both teams, won points Field Day, finals in tennis. Has been for two years conspicuous for her even temper, good humor, and hard work on the Field and in the gymnasium.

Margaret King—Captain of winning baseball team, hockey team. Field Day. Has been one of the two new girls who have been the most interested in sports.

Sylvia Doutney—Excels in athletics, pitcher on Hall baseball team, half back on hockey, won points Field Day.

Those who won R. H.'s from the House were:

Beatrice Chowen—Treasurer of Athletic Association for last two years. Captain House hockey team, 3rd base on baseball team. Field Day. Through sheer effort of will turned out a team in the House which beat the Hall hockey team and gave the Day

team a bad scare, with the poorest material the House has had in years. Has been a hard and faithful worker in every department of gymnasium work.

Sarah Hays—Captain of House baseball team, won 3rd place on Field Day, center half on House hockey team. Shares with Margaret King the honor of being the only new girls to win R. H.'s.

Cynthia Byington—A consistant worker in athletics for the last two years. Made both teams. Field Day. Knows how to take victory or defeat.

The Day girls are all winning their R. H.'s for the second time. There is no need to speak of their attitude towards athletics or their gymnasium work for they have won the respect of every girl and teacher in school for their fairness, faithfulness, courtesy and even temper. They are:

Gertrude Parker—Captain of Baseball.

Mary Holden—Captain of Hockey team.

Ethel Hockmeyer—Winner in Field Day.

Barbara Brown—Second place in Field Day.

Of course they were all in Field Day and played on both teams.

Our congratulations and good luck to the wearers of the R. H.!

SENIOR WEEK.

"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In the days of my childhood, in my joyful school days."

Mrs. Parker, Gertrude's mother, was the first to entertain the Class of 1912, and it was a much excited and very happy crowd that departed from Rogers Hall one evening early in May.

I assure you, we felt important, indeed, as we said "Good bye" to our under-classmates and got into our carriages and rode away. Their turn would come, of course, to celebrate but ours was here!

Gertrude had gone home early that she might receive us in state, but Mrs. Parker was so cordial and Gertrude seemed so

very natural that we all felt very much at home before dinner was announced and we trooped into the dining room.

My! but everything tasted good, and we thirteen hungry girls certainly did justice to the dinner. During the course of the meal we naturally drifted into conversation about the future. Where would we all be at this time next year? Who would be the class bride? Of course, we could not come to the same conclusions, but that only added to the interest. We talked, too, of many other things; a little gossip, a few secrets, many plans, and several would-be witticisms until all too soon dinner was over.

In the drawing room the rug had been taken up, and we danced and played and sang until our carriages came and we were obliged, all too soon, to don our wraps and bid our hostesses good night. If all our senior parties are as nice, being a senior is a very pleasant condition. J. E.

"A great welcome makes a merry feast."

It was very hot on the Tuesday afternoon we started to Mrs. Talbot's for tea. Some of us had been taking college examinations or working on SPLINTERS, and the train on the way to Billerica was stuffy. But oh, the relief, on arriving, to walk up the long, elm-shaded street with the breeze blowing in our faces!

When we came to the house, Mrs. Talbot met us with a most cordial welcome and took us out to the spacious, shady veranda where all kinds of nice, cooling refreshments were served, and then later we explored the grounds until, before we realized it, the afternoon had dwindled away and we had to say goodby. B. C.

"Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue."

On the twenty-first of May Miss Parsons honoured the Senior Class with a dinner. The table was prettily decorated

with red carnations; and the candlelight from the tall, silver candelabras, falling on the flowers and the faces of the lucky thirteen, made a pleasing picture.

After dinner, coffee was served in the drawing room and each member of the class was requested to do some "stunt." The announcement struck terror into many hearts. In vain the timid ones sought to leave the drawing room on one pretext or another; in vain the unaccomplished hid behind the excuse that they "didn't know anything"—they were mercilessly dragged back into the lime-light and made to go through some ludicrous performance while the others laughed until the tears came.

The most notable performance of the evening was performed by Dorathea Holland. It is called the "Frog Stunt," and is a feat that will never be forgotten by the Class of 1912. It was not until every girl had done her stunt that the circle broke up and the members of the class drifted off to bed, with the memory of her overthrown dignity still fresh in her mind. B. C.

"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast."

To depart in the middle of the morning for the Country Club, leaving one's friends hard at work, is indeed to realize to the full the joys of being a senior, and so it was that, filled with satisfaction, we marched sedately to the gate, then scrambled joyously for the front seat of the car on the morning of May 29th, when we went to the Vesper Club for luncheon.

The seniors at Rogers Hall have gone out here for luncheon for several years now, and of course we had heard a good deal about it, but we did not realize until we had started out on the long ride along the river just how attractive it was going to be. The swinging bridge, too, proved just as exciting as other senior classes had said, so it was with very cheerful countenances that we sat down at the table. Our appetites somewhat appeased, just to prove that we were really intellectual seniors we turned our attention to the making of "Daffydillies." Dorathea Holland was awarded the prize.

After luncheon we spent the afternoon playing tennis, canoeing, and walking through the beautiful pines of the Island on which the Vesper Club is situated. Some of the more lazy gossiped about the future until four o'clock was upon us and we had to go. But oh, the pleasure of telling the girls at school all about it! S. D.

"We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade."

On the evening of May thirty-first the Class Supper was held in the laboratory adjoining the Domestic Science kitchen in the House. Not that the food prepared needed analyzing, but it was an ideal spot for a banquet. Three of the seniors did practically all the cooking and the rest sat around and tried to look important. When the door was finally opened, we crowded eagerly into the room where the table was prettily decorated in green and white with dainty hand painted place cards. Betty Callahan, the president, was called upon to make a speech, and being unprepared, was somewhat taken back, but she arose and delivered an address which might be termed "short but sweet." The Senior poem was then read by Betty Chowen, and then Elizabeth Talbot was given a chance to rehearse for Commencement before a very enthusiastic audience.

Then came the Prophecy which we had waited for so long! Dorathea Holland, the prophetess, arose with a dignity that was not long to be maintained. The mirth of her hilarious audience was too much for her, and the entire class wept with laughter over their ridiculous fates.

After the supper the staid old seniors played Hide-and-Seek and all the other childish games they had enjoyed "in the days of their youth." After the fun was over and it was time to retire, the entire class made a round of the houses, serenading and cheering the teachers. After receiving as much applause as was deserved, considering the quality of the music, the gathering broke up, and stumbling steps and queer, hoarse voices indicated that the seniors had returned from their Supper. B. C.

SENIOR DANCE.

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,
I laugh'd and danc'd and talk'd and sung."

Saturday evening, June the first, was the eventful night of the Senior Dance! The Weather Man behaved beautifully—not one tiny fault could be found with his conduct, for he realized that he had tricked us too long.

Inside, the walls were decorated with banners and pennants of the various colleges in the country, while the mantelpieces were banked with gorgeous flowers. Outside, it was a veritable fairyland! Lanterns had been strung under all the trees, making a network of soft, shimmering lights that cast a delicate radiance over the guests, as they strolled leisurely across the lawn. But soon strains of a waltz floated out from the open windows and everyone hurried back to the pleasures of dancing.

During the intermission, delicious refreshments were served and plates were carried out to every possible nook and cranny of the lawn. Again the music called them back, and dancing continued until twelve o'clock. The fatal hour came all too soon and the guests departed, leaving the girls to talk over all the events of the evening, but Sleep crept on them unawares, and one by one the voices died away. B. C.

"Fare thee well, and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well."

Dances and luncheons are joyous functions, and even when one is going away one can't help but rejoice and be glad that one is a senior until, the last dance over, one realizes that the good times of our schooldays are over, and then we are serious enough.

Sunday morning we went to church together to hear Mr. Ferrin preach to us on the text, "Let no man despise your youth."

He told us that youth was a fine thing because of its great opportunities and possibilities, and he told us, too, that this present time was one to test all our capacity, yet it was a fine one to live in because it was so full of progress. Then he spoke to us of the relation between youth and age, their dependence on one another, and he told us of the friendship between Paul and Timothy,—the younger man's devotion to the elder who guided and advised him, and the beauty of their relationship.

Then Sunday night came, and surely the Weather has been good to us these last days, for it was a wonderful evening, and after supper on the back porch and prayers, during which Cynthia sang to us, were over, we all walked up the Hill to take a last look down over the city. It was the best of all our Sunday evenings.

Monday was a busy day. In the afternoon the musical, the presentation of the R. H.'s, many visitors, and the stand-up supper, with our families arriving every few minutes, made the day seem only a minute long, and before we knew it Tuesday and Commencement were here.

The visitors arrived early, so we had to be up earlier still and help get ready. Of course the seniors did not have to work, but most of us preferred to help; to sit around did not seem natural. By ten o'clock everything was ready, the tables out on the lawn, the diplomas on the desk, we seniors in line, with the Trustees' wives and all the other girls ready to usher. The reception was very interesting, but through it all we remembered that it was the last of our school days and that, as Mr. Ferrin had said, "youth is the time for preparation, when one leaves school the time for accomplishment has come."

This thought was still lingering in our minds as we filed into the schoolroom to receive our diplomas and hear Mr. Bliss Perry speak. It was a speech never to be forgotten. We seniors were startled into the fact that we could no longer take life just as it came to us, but would have to go out to meet it. A good many of us had misinterpreted the word Commencement. It had really only meant "finishing" to some of us and Mr. Perry opened our eyes to the fact that it was really the beginning. He tried to show us what is necessary to a successful life and what is the quality

most necessary to bring to life today. He said it was self-discipline that without it clear thinking was impossible.

How helpless and dependent we seemed! As we sat there listening to what lay before us, there was not one of us now who was not glad that father or mother was not far away and we realized that Mr. Ferrin was right when he told us that youth needs the friendship of those who are older.

We wondered what we could do if left alone, and this was the thought that more than anything else made us realize for the first time the true meaning of the motto engraved in our class rings:

"Deeds not words."

Mr. Ferrin, in the absence of Dr. Greene, presented us with our diplomas, Elizabeth Talbot gave our gift to the school and after that came the Benediction, and we were alumnæ receiving the congratulations of our friends.

The luncheon served out on the lawn was so attractive, the place so beautiful, that we found ourselves waiting until the last minute, then we tore ourselves away, said our good-bys in a rush and perhaps it was just as well that we hadn't time to linger.

B. C.

"When Time who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past shall stay,
And half our joys renew."

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

At a tea given by Eugenia Meigs in Lowell, the engagement was announced of Madge Hockmeyer to Mr. Robert Parker.

Elizabeth Field (R. H., '09) has announced her engagement to Mr. Arthur Archibald Haddon of Muskegon, Mich.

The engagement is announced of Pauline Farrington (R. H., '05) to Mr. Henry Wilder of Lowell.

Hilda Talmage (R. H., '06) whose engagement to Mr. Lundoff of Cleveland was announced in the February number of SPLINTERS is to be married on June 5th. Helen Foster is to be her maid of honor and Betty James will be one of her bridesmaids.

Molly Beach (R. H., '07) has been in California since the first part of March. She speaks of having seen Helen Doolittle several times and expects to spend a few days with Mrs. Trefethen (Miss Annable).

Clara Danielson sailed for Europe in May.

Mrs. Henry Smith (Edna Foster) of Buffalo expects to spend the summer at her cottage at Lake Placid where Mrs. Howard Kellogg (Cyrena Case) will pay her a visit.

Mrs. Rolfe Smith (Mary Dewey, R. H., '97) of Leominster has a daughter, born April 29th. Her name is Alice Wheelock Smith.

The wedding of Carol Calhoun of Cleveland to Mr. Lyman Marten took place on May 23rd. It was a very lovely house wedding with a reception following the ceremony. Rachel Morehead and Elizabeth McCrea, both Rogers Hall girls, were bridesmaids.

The marriage of Dorothy Rice to Mr. Donald Ferguson Palmer has recently been announced. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will be at home after April 15th at 1228 Jefferson St., Paducah, Ky.

Helen Watters of Boston was married on June 1st to Mr. Samuel Hale Pillsbury. A reception at the Tedesco Country Club in Swampscott followed the ceremony.

On her way East Helen Brown visited Helen Gallup in Sandusky, Ohio. She had been visiting Margaret McKindley in Duluth and told wonderful things of Margaret's accomplishments as a musician, dancer and housewife.

Helen Porter expects to visit in the West this summer.

Ruth Woodbury has been spending a month at Ormond, Florida where she met Miriam Pierce and Stella Fleer. She has

visited in Platsburg this winter and speaks of seeing Caroline Newton there.

Helen Faulds is spending a few weeks at Lake Pleasant in the Adirondacks.

All the Alumnæ seem most interested in the new gymnasium and we hope next June to have a good swim in the swimming pool at our biennial reunion. Please begin planning now to come and don't let anything interfere.

Mrs. John Jacob Rogers (Edith Nourse) will appear in the receiving line at Commencement as Mr. Rogers has been appointed a trustee of the school.

Mrs. Woodman (Ethel Everett, R. H., '02) sailed for Naples a short time ago.

Carlotta Heath (R. H., '11) sails June 8th for Europe where she will do some traveling in Switzerland and Italy, but will spend most of the summer on the coast of Brittany. She is to be with Miss MacMillan and her sister Mrs. Bray of N. Y.

Helen Hill is going to spend the summer in Europe. She will join the Appalachian Club on their traveling trip through the Tyrol and the Dolomites and expects to visit friends in Wales and London.

Florence Harrison is to spend part of the summer at Camp Hanown in Thetford, N. H.

Many Alumnæ were present at Field Day, some bringing their children to see the games. Mrs. Albert Lindsley's(Ruth Coburn) boys were especially interested in the Alumnæ-Varsity baseball game. There will soon be an alumnæ children's team to compete with the varsity.

Mrs. Frank Torrey (Marion Needham, '01, alias mère) is now a mère in real earnest. She has two little boys, three and four years old, and wants to enter them at Rogers Hall at least for dances in the future.

Mrs. Grant Dowse (Juliette Huntress, '04) has a son born in March. His name is Charles Francis Dowse.

There will be several "old girls" as guests at Commencement. Grace Watson is coming from Fort Plains, N. Y., Anna Kuttner from Bryn Mawr and Helen Gallup from Sandusky.

Ruth Chapman has been spending a few weeks in N. Y. She expects a visit from Gwendolen Perry on her way home from Chicago. Ruth has been doing some social service work this winter.

Agnes Tibbetts is doing settlement work in Boston.

Katharine Carr has been elected to the Press Board at Smith College.

Miss Parsons went up to Smith for the Greek Play which was given there with great success. She visited Miss Williams and was entertained by Katharine Carr and Mary Walker, two of the Rogers Hall girls at college now.

Mrs. Karl Pitcher (Marjorie Fox) has been ill with appendicitis.

The engagement has been announced of Helen Fisher of Gloucester to Mr. Chester Clark.

Beatrice Mudgett has announced her engagement to Mr. Oakley.

Those of us who remember Cornelia Cooke's (R. H., '08) masterpiece "Alone Upon the Housetops to the North," will be interested to know that according to the Portland papers she made a decided hit in the rôle of Dorothy in a musical comedy called the "Campus Mouser," given by the society people of Portland. She sang two very clever songs with a chorus of pretty dancers and was the one to capture the hero.

At a luncheon given on June 6th Harriet Parsons (R. H., '05) announced her engagement to Mr. Harrison King of Jacksonville, Ill. She expects to be married in October.

Cards are out for the wedding of Marguerite Baldwin (R. H., '10) to Mr. Richard Charles Smith on Wednesday the 19th of June at "The Somerset" in Boston. A reception will immediately follow the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will be at home after September 2nd at 27 Dorchester Road, Buffalo, N. Y.

The engagement of one of the girls at the school this year was announced during the Easter vacation, Cynthia Byington to Mr. William Head of Utica, N. Y. Rogers Hall will be well represented at her wedding which is planned for September.

Alice Mather will be married on the evening of Saturday, the twenty-ninth of June, to the Reverend Harry Oscar Martin.

Cards have been received for the marriage of Edna Lees Mills on the evening of Thursday, the twentieth of June, to Mr. Holland Montague Merrick, Jr., at Christ Episcopal Church, Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

The old girls who were back at Commencement this year were:

Mrs. John Rogers (Edith Nourse).
Mrs. Boyden Pillsbury (Estelle Irish).
Belle Shedd.
Alice Billings.
Helen Brown.
Leslie Brown.
Ruth Burke.
Mrs. Lindsley (Ruth Coburn).
Lena Bowen.
Helen Edlefson.
Mrs. McLane (Dorothy Ellingwood).
Mrs. Swan (Louise Ellingwood).
Alice Faulkner.
Clara Francis.
Mildred Moses.
Helen Gallup.
Florence Harrison.
Helen Hill.
Sally Hobson.
Madge Hockmeyer.
Mrs. James Goodwin (Alice McEvoy).
Rachel Jones.
Annis Kendal.
Anna Kuttner.
Mildred Mansfield.
Margaret McKindley.
Helen Nesmith.
Isabel Nesmith.

Mary Nickerson.
Madeleine White.
Marion Stott.
Agnes Tibbetts.
Mary Walker.
Grace Watson.
Elizabeth Wilder.
Caroline Wright.
Dorothy Wright.
Eugenia Meigs.

The book we mentioned in the February number by an Alumna of R. H. is to be published this summer under the title "The Even Hand" by "Quincy Germaine."

We shall soon send out notices to all the Alumnæ and hope that they will receive your immediate attention so that a complete printed list with the correct addresses may be made.